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# MODERN SCREEN

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CIRCULATION  
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MAGAZINE



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# 3 THRILLING ADVANTAGES MAKE *DewySheen* THE LIPSTICK FOR YOU!



1

*Keeps lips looking appealingly moist... as though kissed by morning dew.*

2

*Imparts and holds a glistening sheen... that adds vibrant freshness to lips.*

3

*Helps keep lips tenderly soft and petal-smooth.*

## THE LIPS HE LOVES



## HAVE A DEWY SHEEN

Men dislike dull, dry-looking lips. They are attracted to lips that always appear moist and lustrous... the glamorous effect DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK now makes possible.

TONIGHT... give your lips a new, tempting appeal! Give them all three thrilling advantages that Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK alone offers! Let your lips look dewy-moist... lustrous as satin... as smooth as a petal. A newly patented ingredient, found only in DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK, makes this alluring dewy-sheen effect possible.

Try it! See why millions are switching to DEWY-SHEEN! Marvel at the fresh, alive beauty it imparts and holds to your lips! Only 10c at ten-cent stores. Large size \$1 at Drug & Dept. Stores.

CHOOSE FROM NINE EXQUISITE SHADES  
TANGERINE RASPBERRY SUNSET RED LIGHT  
CARDINAL PETAL PINK MEDIUM ORCHID LILAC

## DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK SET

Contains three different shades keyed to your type for Morning, Afternoon and Evening wear. Only 10c at ten-cent stores. If unobtainable, write direct, enclosing 10c (Canada 15c). Mention type: Blonde, Auburn, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. CLARK-MILLNER CO., Dept. 15-K, 450 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill. In Canada, 426 St. Helen St., Montreal.

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So easy to conceal embarrassing pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises, or any skin discoloration with HIDE-IT. Lasts until removed with cream. Splendid make-up base. Choose from Light, Medium, Brunette, Sun-Tan. \$1 at drug and dept. stores. 10c size at ten-cent stores.

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HIDES BLEMISHES

*Twin Sisters*  
**DEWY-SHEEN**  
PAT. PENDING  
**LIPSTICK**

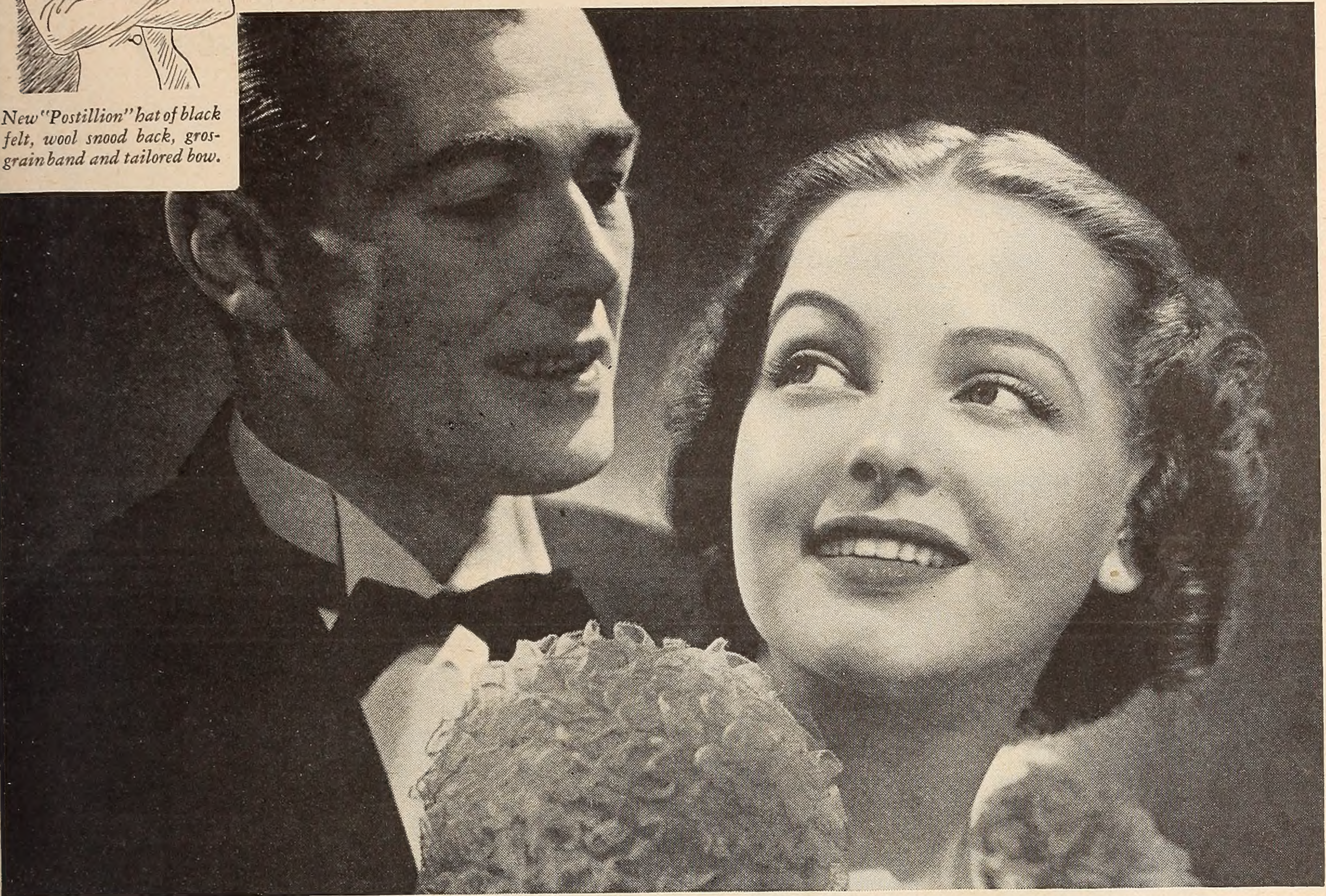


# Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

*An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!*



New "Postillion" hat of black felt, wool snood back, gros-grain band and tailored bow.



## Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush!" Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A SAUCY little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores "pink tooth brush"... who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't YOU be so careless! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

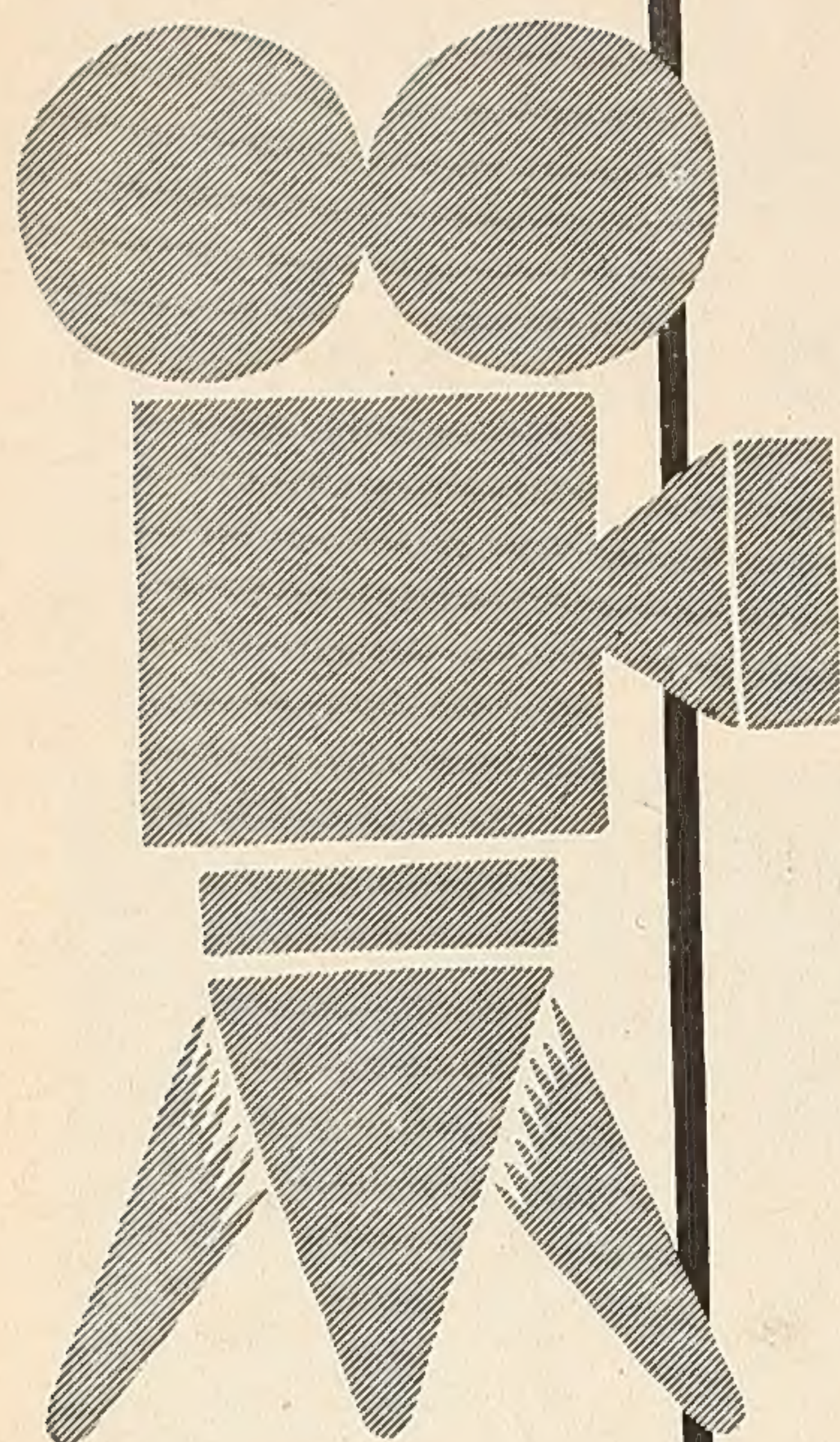
Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it *should* be.



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE



SEP 12 1939

Regina Cannon  
EditorLois Svensrud  
Hollywood EditorAbril Lamarque  
Art Editor

# MODERN SCREEN

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## "Take my word for it— Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"



### SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

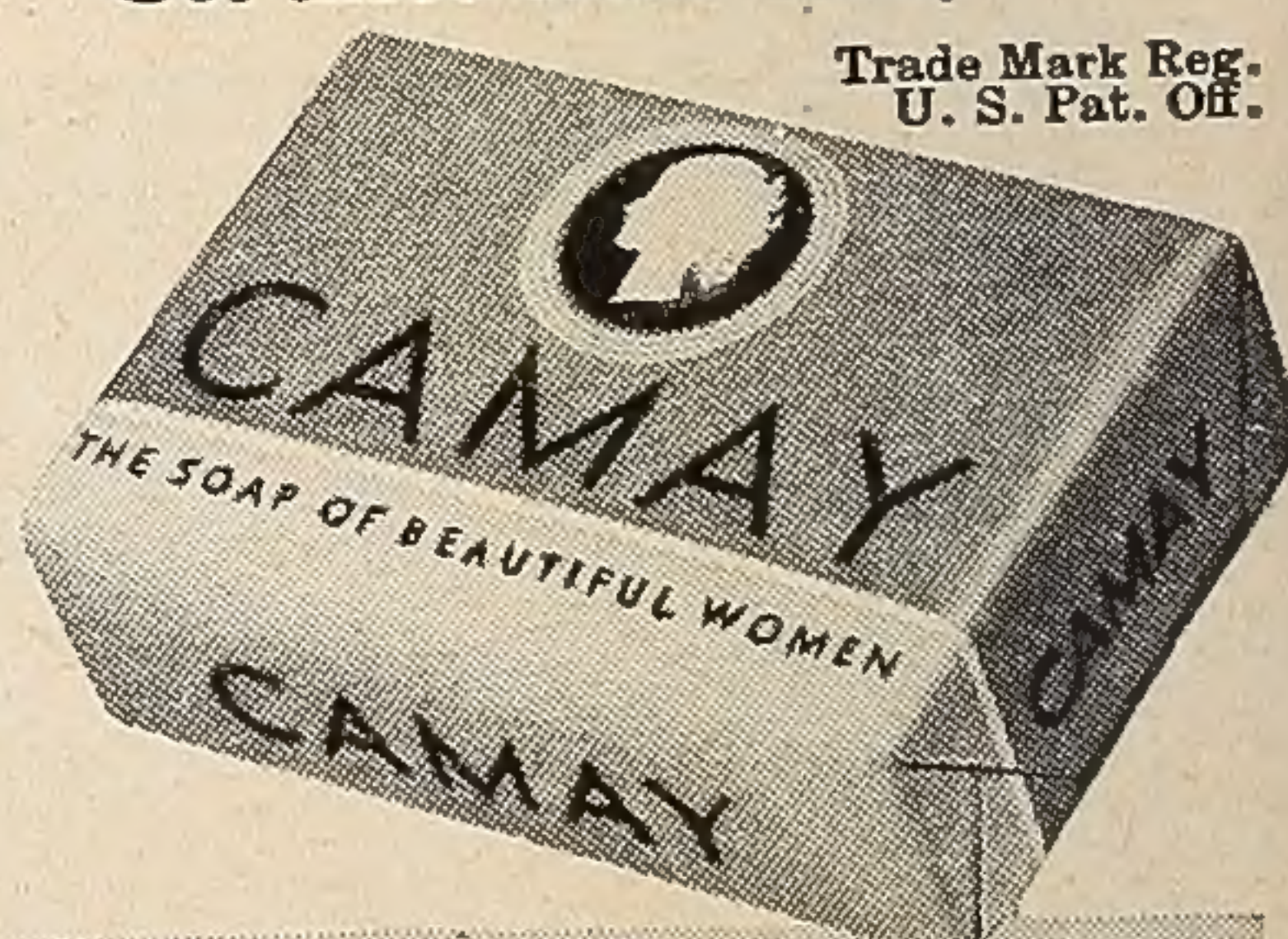
*My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!*

Baltimore, Md. (Signed) **CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER**  
March 3, 1939 (Mrs. R. W. Plummer)

**LOOK** your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness with mildness*. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to *glow*! Yet Camay is gentle. We've *proved* Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

Repeatedly, Camay came out *definitely milder*. You'll find Camay marvelous for your *beauty bath*, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



# 135 WOMEN with nothing on their minds BUT MEN

Out of the boudoir...on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



NORMA  
SHEARER

JOAN  
CRAWFORD

ROSALIND  
RUSSELL

## The Women (AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage  
Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with MARY BOLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD • PHYLLIS POVAH  
JOAN FONTAINE • VIRGINIA WEIDLER • LUCILE WATSON

From the Play by CLARE BOOTHE

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.

Screen Play by ANITA LOOS and JANE MURFIN

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY



# OUT TROCKING

Paulette Goddard and Joan Fontaine trip the light fantastic, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Seated, Rosalind Russell and Charlie Chaplin; dancing, Jane Wyman, and George Stevenson.



The Trocadero's the place where the stars shine their very brightest



Our cameraman catches Margaret Sullivan and Leslie Howard in a little animated conversation. Here are a pair of excellent players. They don't appear cinematically very often, but when they do—you're in for good performances. Wait until you see Howard in "G. W. T. W."

A frolicking foursome meet at the Troc for a little modest imbibing. Alexander D'Arcy is still Arleen Whelan's "steady," and of course you recognize John Payne and Anne Shirley. The latter are such a blissfully married pair that they must annoy the skeptics who claim movie marriages don't last.





*This, above All, Bette's Best!*

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

You are cordially  
invited to the  
marriage

BETTE  
DAVIS  
and  
MIRIAM  
HOPKINS  
in  
"THE OLD MAID"  
with  
GEORGE  
BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA  
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and  
the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



# MOVIE REVIEWS

BY  
LOIS  
SVENSRUD

## ★★★★ They Shall Have Music

This is one of the best pictures of the year. Music lovers will undoubtedly see it over and over again, for not only is the glorious music of Jascha Heifetz well recorded, but the camera gives a fine opportunity of studying the violinist's finger work.

The story is plausible and entertaining. It is centered around a music school, run by Andrea Leeds and her father, Walter Brennan, for poor children. Members of the school are children of the Peter Meremblum Symphony Orchestra who provide excellent musical numbers and some highly diverting scenes. Into the group drifts young Gene Reynolds, a homeless boy with a gift for the violin. Through a series of misfortunes, the school is ready to go on the rocks when Jascha Heifetz is called upon to give a concert there, and the day is saved.

Heifetz shows a pleasing screen personality, and the little acting required of him is done with warmth and sincerity. Gene Reynolds deserves praise and Walter Brennan hands in another sterling performance. Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea carry the romantics pleasingly. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*United Artists.*

(More about Jascha Heifetz on page 14)



## ★★★ The Man in the Iron Mask

Dumas' well-known story is brought to the screen in such a manner that it should satisfy both Dumas fans and movie fans. None of the seventeenth century pomp is left out, yet the characterizations are so cleverly handled and the dialogue so sprightly that at no time does the picture drag.

The story centers about the twin heirs to the throne of Louis XIII. Louis Hayward plays both roles—that of the evil Louis XIV and of the good Philippe of Gascony, who is the favored brother in the eyes of the famous Musketeers. Hayward gives a remarkable dual performance, bringing complete credulity to the different personalities of the brothers. Joan Bennett, looking prettier than ever in the sumptuous costumes of the period, is an appealing Maria Theresa, the Spanish Infanta, who is courted by the two brothers. The three swash-buckling musketeers are ably portrayed by Alan Hale, Bert Roach and Miles Mander. Joseph Schildkraut, as Fouquet, the demon behind Louis, and Warren William as D'Artagnan, acquit themselves favorably. Directed by James Whale.—*United Artists.*

(Louis Hayward's biography appears on page 14)

## ★★★ Bachelor Mother

You can't beat film entertainment like this—hilarious situations, dialogue that sparkles throughout, and grand performances by everyone concerned!

A salesgirl (Ginger Rogers) who has just lost her job, stumbles across a baby who has just been abandoned. She cannot make the authorities believe that the baby does not belong to her. Thinking the distraught young mother has tried to put the baby in an orphanage because of losing her job, the authorities and her former boss (David Niven) get together and frame her so that she finally keeps the baby from sheer exhaustion. Before long, Niven's father (Charles Coburn) gets news of the baby and immediately considers himself a grandpa. His joy knows no bounds, resulting in the bachelor mother attempting to flee the country with the baby, whom she now wants.

Ginger Rogers has the best role of her screen career and handles it in a way that is beyond improvement. David Niven does nobly with the romantic lead. Charles Coburn, Frank Albertson are very good, too. Directed by Garson Kanin.—*RKO.*

(Additional data on Ginger Rogers on page 14)



Modern Screen rates them and guides you to the very best in film fare



### ★★★ Second Fiddle

When a Minnesota schoolmarm wins a Hollywood talent contest, there's sure to be fun. And the fact that Sonja Henie is the school teacher in question, guarantees the fun is going to be first class. She looks prettier than ever, has more opportunity to act than in previous films and there are new and original skating numbers which are bound to win applause. The script could certainly have profited by an original idea or two—but the skating scenes help one to forget.

It's in Hollywood that the Norwegian star becomes a "Second Fiddle." For her enterprising press agent, Tyrone Power, fixes up a romance between the studio's new find and one of the studio's glamor boys, Rudy Vallee. Mr. V. has shown signs of slipping, so a sizzling romance with Sonja looks like a good bit to his press agent. The fact that it looks like the real thing to blonde Sonja provides the complications. She packs up bag and baggage, stows her skates and Auntie Edna May Oliver on the Chief, and trains back to Minnesota and her old flame, Lyle Talbot, as soon as she learns of the hoax perpetrated in the sacred name of Publicity.

Tyrone Power and Edna May Oliver give good accounts of themselves, while Alan Dinehart is a stand-out in a less important role. You'll like Mary Healy, too, whose yumph is something considerable. Rudy Vallee is adequate to his role. Some of the song numbers are excellent—in particular "Back to Back," "When Winter Comes" and "And Old-Fashioned Tune is Always New." Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—20th Century-Fox.

### ★★★ Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever

Seventh in the Hardy series, this one tops them all in good entertainment. With W. S. Van Dyke in the director's chair for the first time, this might be expected. But credit is also due the script, which gets Andy into the most heartbreaking, chuckle-provoking experiences yet, and the excellent manner in which Mickey Rooney handles this assignment. Not that the youngest Hardy hasn't always been very good indeed, but here he leaves out the mugging while facing the sterner stuff of which Life is composed. For love smites Andy the moment he lays eyes on the new dramatic teacher at the high school. He's just had a squabble with Polly Benedict and is, of course, right in the mood for a woman with sense.

Puppy love symptoms in Andy's attack gradually give way to serious emotions. Andy, in fact, really has it bad and in spite of all the attractive teacher (Helen Gilbert) and Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) can do, he gallantly begs her hand in marriage. How the teacher rejects her ardent suitor without wounding his pride, and gets him back to girl friend, Ann Rutherford, makes a highly diverting story. Special mention should be made of the personable Helen Gilbert. In this, her first picture, she gives a performance in which an experienced actress could take justifiable pride. Other high spots of the picture are the usual man-to-man talks of the Judge and his son, and the school play which is presented by the graduating class—with Andy in the role of author, director, producer and Rear Admiral. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" is well worth seeing, for young and old. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 11)



**NEW!**  
SMART, BEAUTIFUL  
**KARO SYRUP PITCHER**  
CERTIFIED RETAIL VALUE \$1.25  
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AND THE LABEL FROM ANY CAN OF DELICIOUS KARO SYRUP

● The Dripless Sanicut Server closes automatically—no spilling even if tipped accidentally. This Syrup Pitcher is easy to operate, easy to keep clean and is guaranteed against defects in material and workman-

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Enclosed herewith is fifty cents in ☐ CHECK

☐ MONEY ORDER and a Karo Label. Please send the KARO PITCHER to

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THIS  
COUPON**

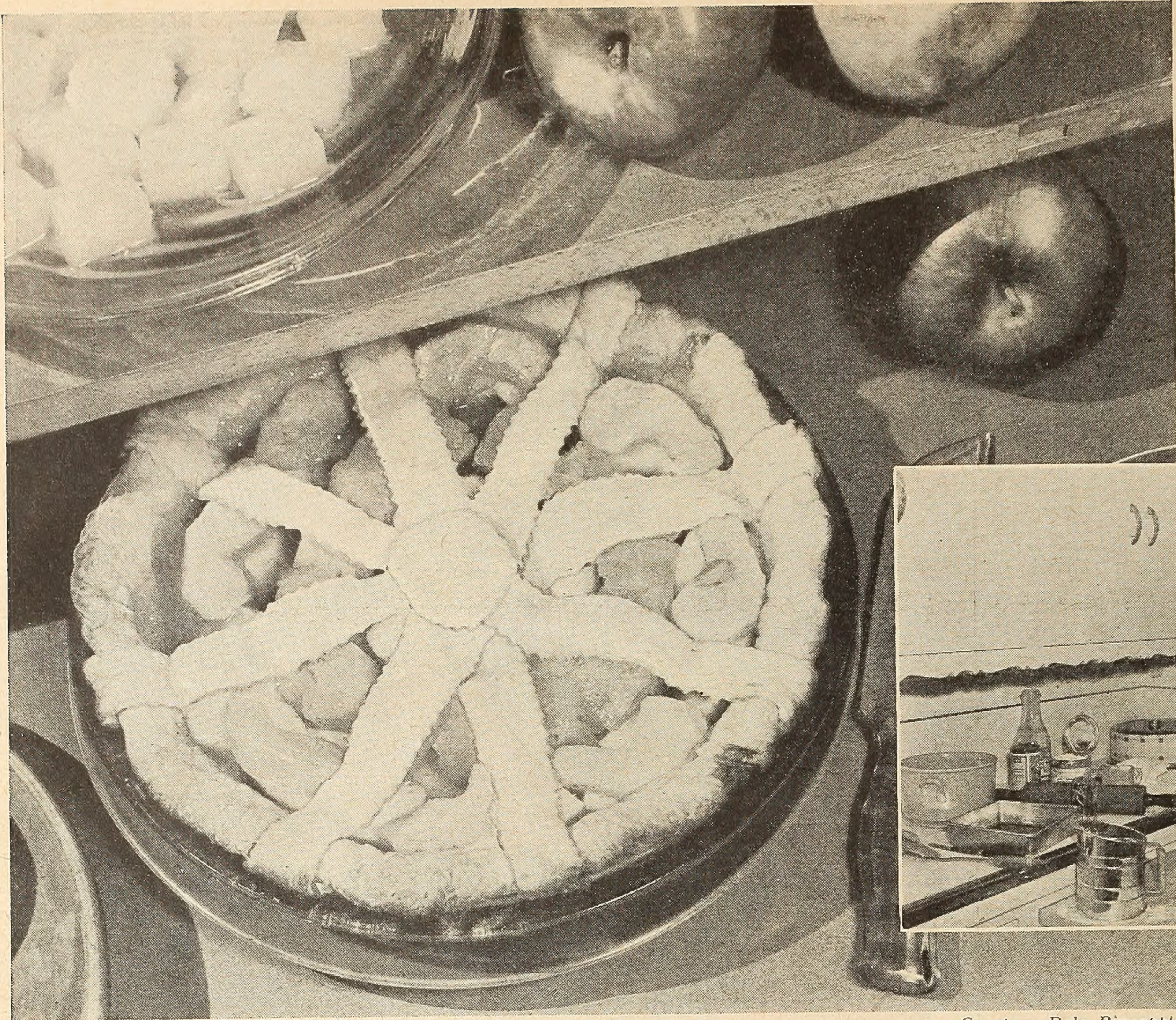
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

This offer, good only in the United States, expires January 31, 1940. It is void in the states of Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Kansas





The ever-faithful apple pie—but this time with an intriguingly different flavor and appearance.

Binnie Barnes says that there's no end to the versatility of the apple, and her recipes prove it.



Courtesy Dole Pineapple

# AN APPLE A DAY

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Comes Fall and the King of Fruits turns up in most tempting guises

I PLANNED to introduce the autumn apple season by telling you how healthful apples are and how much truth there is in that familiar couplet which gives this food story its title. But Binnie Barnes convinced me that it would be better to start off by speaking of this popular fruit's versatility.

Not at all difficult, she pointed out, to heed the "apple a day" admonition when you stop to realize that this King of Fruits can be served with equal success at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Always a favorite eaten from the hand between meals and at night before retiring, it is also good in its uncooked state in salads and fruit cups. Too, no better cheese accompaniment could be imagined. Just spread a slice of apple with cream cheese or Camembert, or add chopped apple to cottage cheese. Grand ideas all of them.

Dishes of all descriptions in which cooked apples are the principal ingredient are at the top of the list of Miss Barnes' favorites. To name them all is a feat that neither she nor I could hope to accomplish in anything less than a book. But we could—and did—choose a few of those most sure of receiving a hearty welcome whenever they are served. Now, when the markets display the tempting output of the orchards of the East and the Middle West and the

famous apples from the valleys of Washington and Oregon, you, too, will be able to make some new and delightful dishes, thanks to the recipes appearing on page 62. Carefully tested, they are easy to understand and follow, therefore sure to be successful. They are given in such a form that you can conveniently clip them out and mount them on regulation filing cards for your recipe cabinet. There are months ahead when you will appreciate having at your fingertips just such suggestions as Binnie's.

The gem of an apple pie that is so temptingly pictured here, for instance! It has an intriguingly different flavor. And don't you like the resemblance to a wheel with hub and spokes of pastry? Sort of divides off the servings too, but make them generous or plan on seconds, if you're wise!

Or try a Southern Apple Cake—spicy and full of nuts and raisins as all such cakes should be. But it's different, too, in that it is baked in layers and put together with a frosting.

And don't forget an Apple Pudding. "One that is served hot, preferably," suggests Binnie whose favorite turns out to be one of the easiest desserts ever.

A cooked-apple salad—ever try one of those? A few red cinnamon candies make this fruit resemble tomatoes and

impart a delicate flavor as well.

Binnie also spoke of apple sauce and that reminded me of the easiest and most economical way to make it that I have ever tried. First choose your apples carefully. There are, you know, certain apples for certain purposes and it behooves you to learn about the varieties sold at your market. They vary greatly in different sections of the country so it is difficult to make suggestions that would cover the situation everywhere. Your grocer will be of real assistance in advising you. Whatever the apples you use, try making apple sauce this way.

Wash apples well. Do not peel, just remove stems and blossoms. Cut apples into eighths, skin and all. Place in kettle with only enough water to prevent burning. Add more water, while the apples are cooking, if necessary; but not too much or you will have a thin, watery sauce. Cook apples gently until soft, stirring occasionally. Mash through a strainer. And here is where the woman who owns the type of strainer known as a "Food Mill" is one up on her less fortunate friends. With one of these handy utensils you get more sauce in less time than by any other method I know of. To the strained sauce add sugar to taste and a dash of nutmeg.

Turn to page 62 for Binnie Barnes' recipes



# MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

## ★★★ On Borrowed Time

Here is a picture that has enough novelty to satisfy all the movie-goers who cry for something different in screen stories. The plot concerns a very old man (Lionel Barrymore) who managed to get Death up a tree—and literally. For Death is a man named Mr. Brink (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), who wanders into the old man's yard, intent on taking him and his wife (Beulah Bondi) away. Already Mr. Brink has managed to get the old couple's son and daughter-in-law, which has left young Bobs Watson an orphan in the loving care of his grandparents.

Grandfather Barrymore does not fear death for himself, but after his wife is taken he refuses to die, feeling he must stay and look after Bobs. Should he, too, be taken by Mr. Brink, the boy will fall into the clutches of a soured, heartless aunt, Eily Malyon. So the old man inveigles Mr. Brink into the old apple tree, which has the strange power of holding any creature who ventures into its branches until Gramps gives permission for the victim's release. Gramps and Bobs are extremely pleased with themselves, and spend long delightful hours under the apple tree poking fun at Mr. Brink. But finally the realization is brought home to Gramps that Death is actually a blessing in disguise, and that while he is holding Mr. Brink captive, he is also holding all the suffering people in the world from the relief they would find in release from this world.

Lionel Barrymore gives a performance that will be long remembered, while Bobs Watson's portrayal of the devoted grandchild is truly remarkable. Beulah Bondi's characterization is beautiful, and equals any in the picture. Eily Malyon,



Tom Brown and Jane Bryan are a new twosome. Little Miss B. certainly gets herself around these days, both socially and professionally. You'll see her next in "The Old Maid."

## "SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"



**SUSAN:** "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

**MATILDA:** "It is, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"



**SUSAN:** "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

**MATILDA:** "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha make all the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."



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## BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



# MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play  
**GOLDEN BOY!**

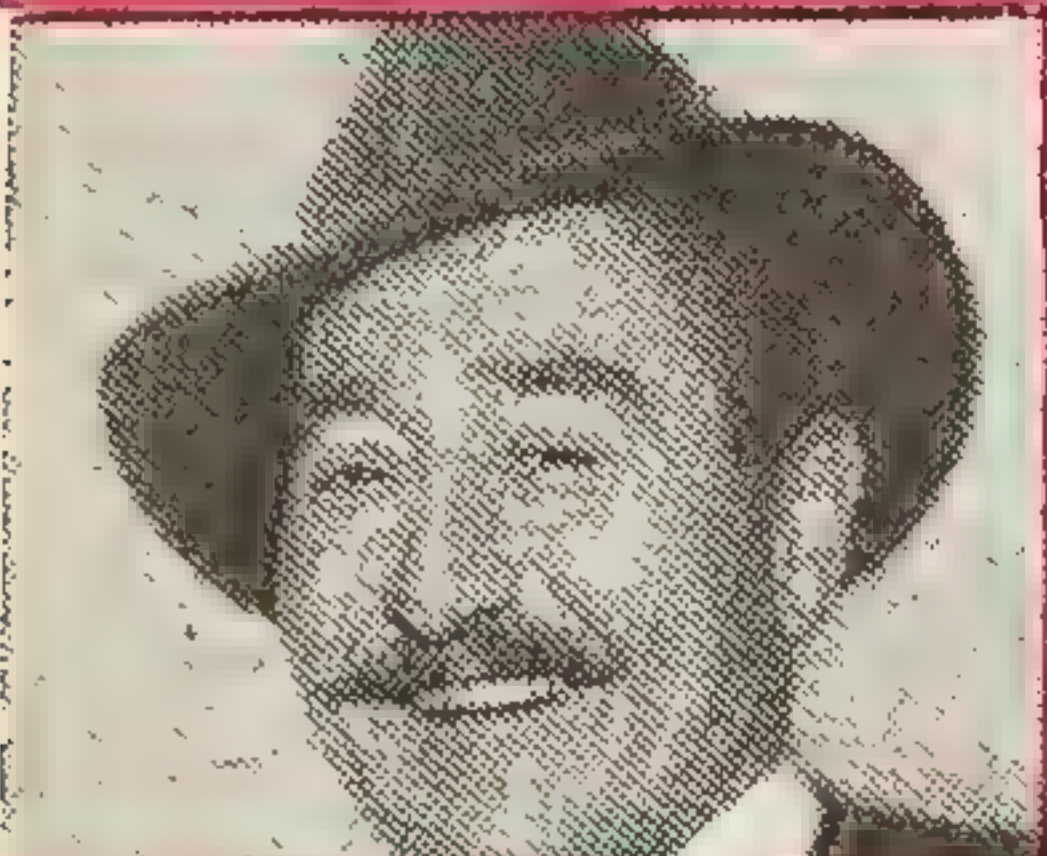
starring  
**BARBARA  
STANWYCK**

as  
**LORNA**... She's the  
dame from Newark



starring  
**ADOLPHE  
MENJOU**

as  
**MOODY**... He loves  
Lorna



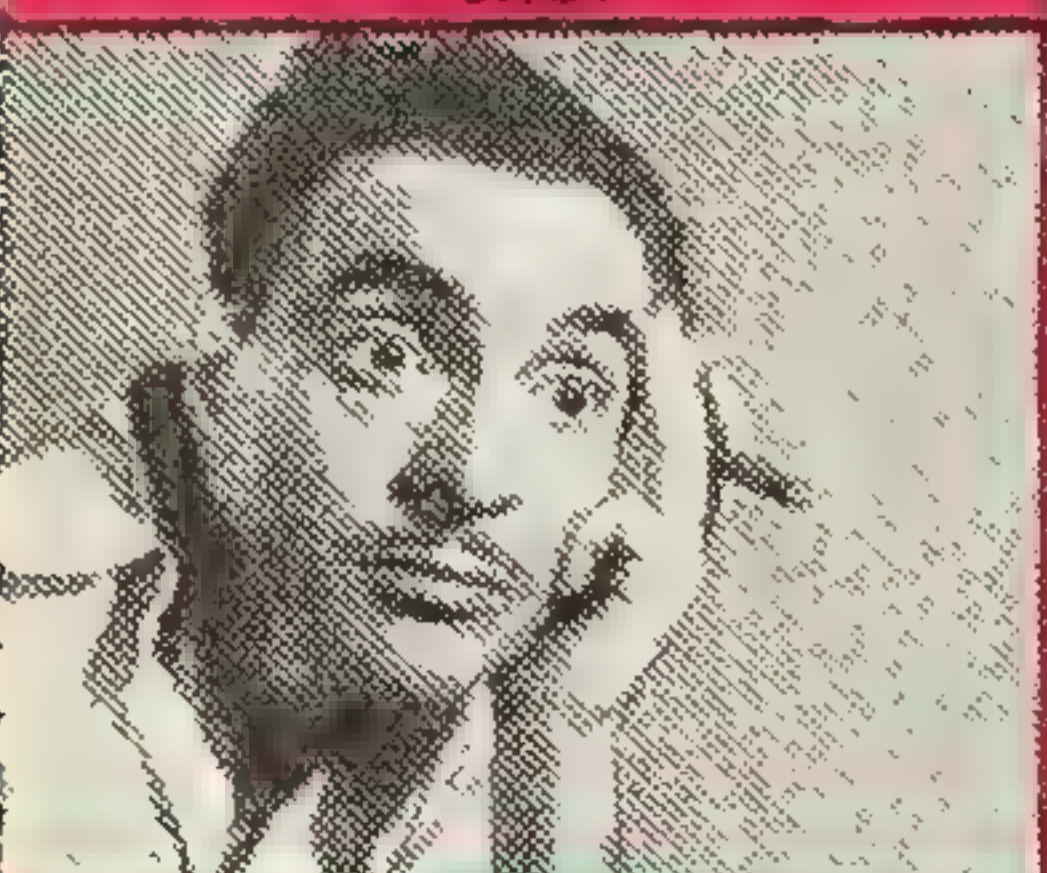
starring  
**WILLIAM  
HOLDEN**

as  
**JOE BONAPARTE**...  
He wants to be a big  
shot



starring  
**SAM  
LEVENE**

as  
**SIGGIE**... He loves  
the duchess



LEE  
**COBB**

as  
**PAPA BONAPARTE**...  
He wants his son



BEATRICE  
**BLINN**

as  
**ANNA**... She loves  
Siggie



JOSEPH  
**CALLEIA**

as  
**FUSELLI**... He wants to  
be champion



TENDERLY... THE SCREEN TELLS THE  
HEART-WARMING STORY OF THEIR  
EMOTIONAL CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

# GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production • Based  
on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced by the  
Group Theatre of New York • Screen play by Lewis  
Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, Victor  
Heerman • Produced by William Perlberg

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Una Merkel, Henry Travers, Grant Mitchell and Nat Pendleton are all good. We would have preferred Sir Cedric Hardwicke's characterization of Mr. Brink to have been a warmer and more sympathetic one. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

## ★★★ Beau Geste

With Gary Cooper as Beau Geste and Ray Milland and Robert Preston in the roles of John and Digby Geste, this popular story of brotherly devotion has been revived on the screen with considerable success. The sincerity of the three actors' performances makes the story believable and engrossing to the end. They join the Foreign Legion, you may remember, when the famous "Blue Water" sapphire is stolen from their aunt, who has been the guardian of Beau, John and Digby since their boyhood. It is evident that one of the brothers has stolen the gem, and rather than have disgrace brought on one of them, all three join up with the Legion. From there on, the picture is a thrilling account of the activities of the French army and their efforts to quell the Arabian uprisings, with plenty of suspense running through the story concerning the solution of the jewel theft.

Brian Donlevy, as the vicious Sergeant Markoff, gives the finest characterization in the picture. His brutal disciplinary methods give rise to some of the most gruesome scenes ever screened. J. Carol Naish is outstanding as Rasinoff, a thief and betrayer, while Heather Thatcher, as Aunt Pat and Susan Hayward, heroine of the slight love interest which runs through the story, give satisfactory accounts of themselves. If you're in the mood for high adventure, blood and thunder, you'll find "Beau Geste" fills the bill. Directed by W. A. Wellman.—*Paramount*.

## ★★★ I Stole a Million

Here is a gripping and realistic film with appeal for many audiences. There is an exceptionally strong story to rec-

ommend it and a cast has been selected which does full justice to it. George Raft has one of his best roles to date as the taxi driver who clashes with the law and goes from one harrowing adventure to another. The fact that he was originally a law-abiding man, turned into a criminal because of circumstances over which he had no control, makes the character portrayed a singularly interesting one. The girl in the case is Claire Trevor, with whom no fault can be found. As the florist's clerk with whom Raft falls in love, she has a role that calls for capable dramatic handling. Trying to save him from himself, she pleads not only with Raft, but with the law for understanding, and finally sees him die for herself and their child. It is a role that should command considerable attention for Claire Trevor.

Others in the cast who do good work are Dick Foran, Victor Jory, Stanley Ridges, Henry Armetta and Mary Forbes. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—*Universal*.

## ★★★ Each Dawn I Die

James Cagney and George Raft are a powerful combination in this grim picture of prison life. Cagney portrays a newspaper reporter who was framed into a prison term just as he was about to expose the state's crooked politicians. Raft is a double-crossing gangster, who, when he realizes that Cagney is a loyal friend, risks his life for the only real friend he's ever known. The penitentiary is a cold, bleak routine of discipline with the heaviest display of prison torture yet filmed.

There's very little comedy or romantic relief. Maxie Rosenbloom turns in a laugh now and then, but was concentrating on his dramatics. Jane Bryan is the sweetheart who helps to free Cagney, and their few love scenes are high spots of good acting. The two-fisted story concerns the efforts of Cagney's newspaper and Raft's gang to prove that the reporter was framed. Hardships endured by the prisoners are interwoven with schemes to break prison, get revenge



Edna Best—she's Mrs. Herbert Marshall—and little Ann Todd in a tender scene from "Intermezzo." The handsome gentleman between them is Angus.





Garbo smiles! Well—see for yourself! Director Ernst Lubitsch is responsible for the miracle. Wunnerful?

on the blood-tasting guards and help fellow-inmates who can't stand the nerve-grinding life. It's definitely a man's picture, but anyone with any idea whatsoever of breaking the law will shudder and reform after seeing "Each Dawn I Die."

In addition to the players mentioned, there are excellent characterizations given by George Bancroft, Edward Pawley, Willard Robertson, Stanley Ridges, Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, Paul Hurst, Louis Jean Heydt and Joe Downing. Emma Dunn is a standout as Cagney's mother. In fact, there isn't a faulty portrayal in the entire picture. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Bros.

### ★★ Blondie Takes a Vacation

Those likable folks, Blondie and Dagwood, are back again. And, of course, Baby Dumpling and his side-kick, Daisy, are very much in evidence. They have pinned the proceedings this time on a meagre plot, but the comic-strip family manage to stir up enough excitement and hilarity to give an audience a thoroughly good time. They are assisted in their activities by Donald Meek, Robert Wilcox, Donald MacBride and Elizabeth Dunne, who all help to keep things humming along.

The story is centered about the altruistic aims of Blondie and Dagwood, who decide to save an elderly couple from a trip over the hill to the poorhouse. The hero and heroine take over the couple's summer camp and try to make it a paying proposition. There have been sad experiences in the past of people trying to make summer camps pay, but the experiences of Blondie and Dagwood will make any other attempt look tame. There's plenty of hokum thrown in to make matters as bad as possible, such as skunk invasions, meanie competitors, kidnappings, firebugs and crooks. All in all, the "Blondie" fans will find there isn't a dull moment. And the rest of the audience will find enough entertainment in Daisy, the pooch, to make up for the less talented contributions of the rest of the cast. It's entertaining. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.—Columbia.

(Continued on page 83)

*Glamorous 1939 Deb says:*

**"Pond's Glare-Proof Rose Shades make skin look more Romantic"**



#### Hard and Shiny

Under a harsh light with just a pale powder—even Margherita Clement's lovely young face would get hard shadows and need frequent powdering to combat glamour-stealing shine.

#### Soft—Romantic...

With one of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades, Margherita keeps all her lovely rosy glamour under the bright lights. And she doesn't have to worry about setting the mental alarm clock every half hour for shiny nose!

**New Rosy Powders reflect only the softer rays—are "Glare-Proof" . . . shine-resistant**



Pond's Rosy "Glare-Proof" shades are causing a flurry among the Café Society kids who are up to all hours under hard night-club lights. The glamour girls have found they can keep harsh lights from hardening their faces and keep their aristocratic little noses from shining—longer—with these new rosy powders!

Try them! They flatter your skin by reflecting only the softer rays of sun or electric light—you can powder less often with these shine-resistant shades! Send for samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream, Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PK, Clinton, Conn.

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## INFORMATION



## Exciting New Brilliance

### FOR DRY, DULL HAIR!

*If Your Hair is Dry, Dull or Hard to Manage, Here's a Thrilling Way to Reveal Its Natural Gleam and Lustre*

**F**OR DRY, unruly hair, authorities generally recommend oil treatments. And that is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil Shampoo—it gives you an oil treatment and an oil shampoo at one and the same time!

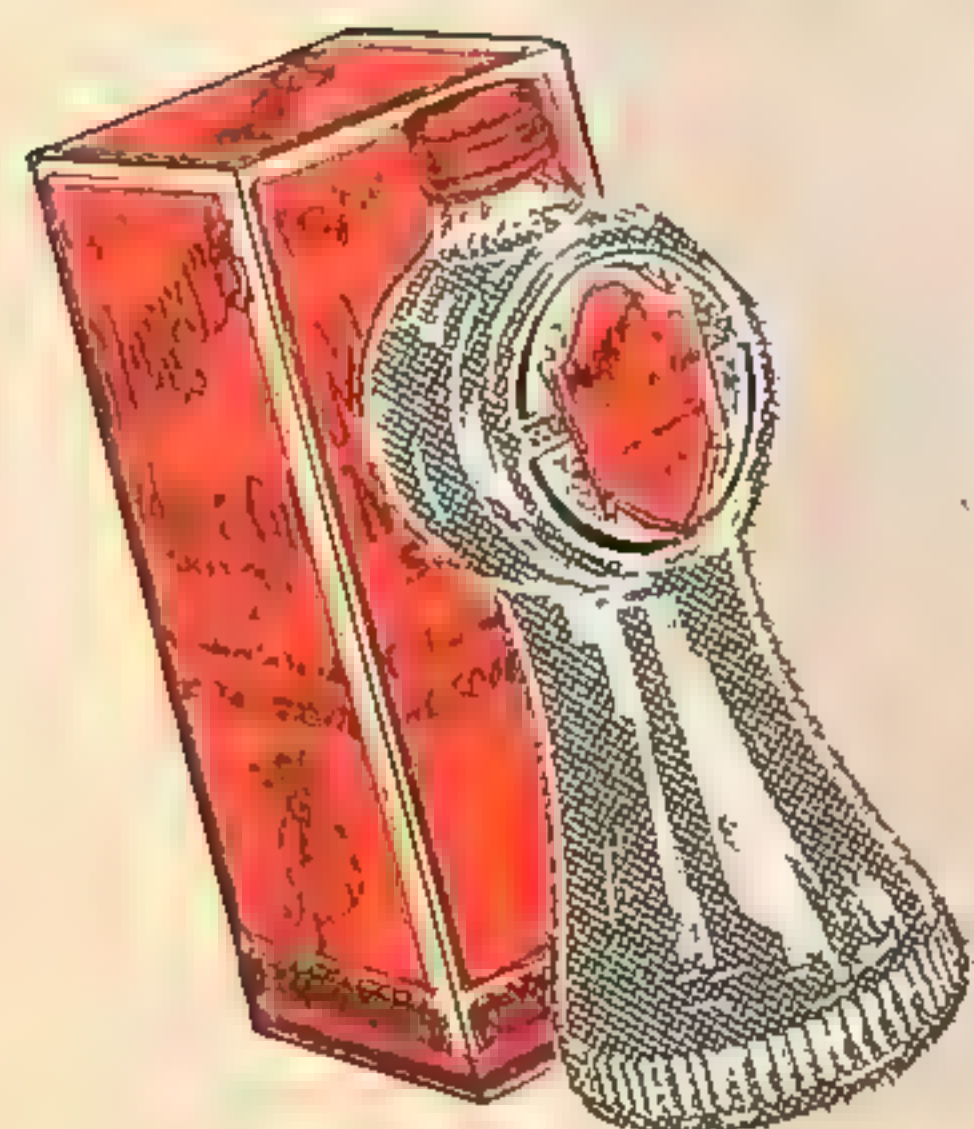
#### Amazing Benefits!

Mar-O-Oil is utterly different from any other shampoo you have tried. Contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils—therefore lubricates as it cleanses. And Mar-O-Oil does more than merely wash away surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the very base of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes. Your hair is left radiantly clean and lustrous—soft and easy to manage.

#### Leaves No Oily Film!

Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. Leaves no gummy film or oily deposits to dim hair's natural beauty. Contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals, therefore cannot dry out the hair, no matter how frequently used. Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store.

## Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO



**YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK!** We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo, that we make this guarantee: Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use 1/2 bottle. If not thoroughly pleased, return to J.W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago, and your money will be refunded in full. You be the judge.



**JASCHA HEIFETZ:** After years of holding out against most attractive movie bids, Jascha Heifetz has made "They Shall Have Music." At last the movie-going public has a chance to hear this great violinist, whose playing, critics have agreed, is absolute technical perfection. Heifetz was born in Vilna, Russia, on February 2, 1901. At three he started his violin lessons, at six he faultlessly rendered Mendelssohn's Concerto (a part of which, by the way, he plays in the picture), and at seven he made his debut. Graduating from the Royal School of Music in Vilna, he continued his studies with the famous Professor Leopold Auer. The news of the boy's genius soon spread and when he was sixteen he and his family braved a perilous trip across Siberia during Kerensky's Revolution to come to New York for a concert engagement at Carnegie Hall. His youth and mastery of



**GINGER ROGERS:** Independence, Missouri, has the honor of claiming Ginger Rogers, who was born there on July 16th, 1911. However, when she was but a tot, her mother, Lela McMath, took her to live in Fort Worth, Tex., where Ginger attended public and high schools. She was the hit of every home-talent affair and through her mother, who was dramatic editor of one of the leading newspapers, became acquainted with all the theatrical people who visited the Texas city. At this point in her life her acting ambitions were aroused and she appeared in playlets for the children of her neighborhood. Then came the Charleston rage, and our little redhead won a local dancing contest in Charleston, and another one for the State of Texas. Vaudeville engagements galore resulted from the championship, and it became necessary for Mrs. Rogers to give up her own work and



**LOUIS HAYWARD:** When this talented English lad was but a mere child he was an avid movie fan whose one ambition was to become a great actor some day. He was rather baffled as to how to go about it, so started out by organizing his own stock company. Louis was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on March 19th, 1909, the son of a distinguished mining engineer. At an early age he was put in a private school and, before long, began seeking the life backstage. He tried his luck with booking agents, but to no avail. Still undefeated, he decided to take an intensive course in dramatics at the famous Central School of Speech. Thus gaining more experience, he bought a partnership in a ragged little stock company and played in a variety of roles. He then went on tour with "The Fanatics," doing every job from stage manager to appearing in prologues for \$15 a week.

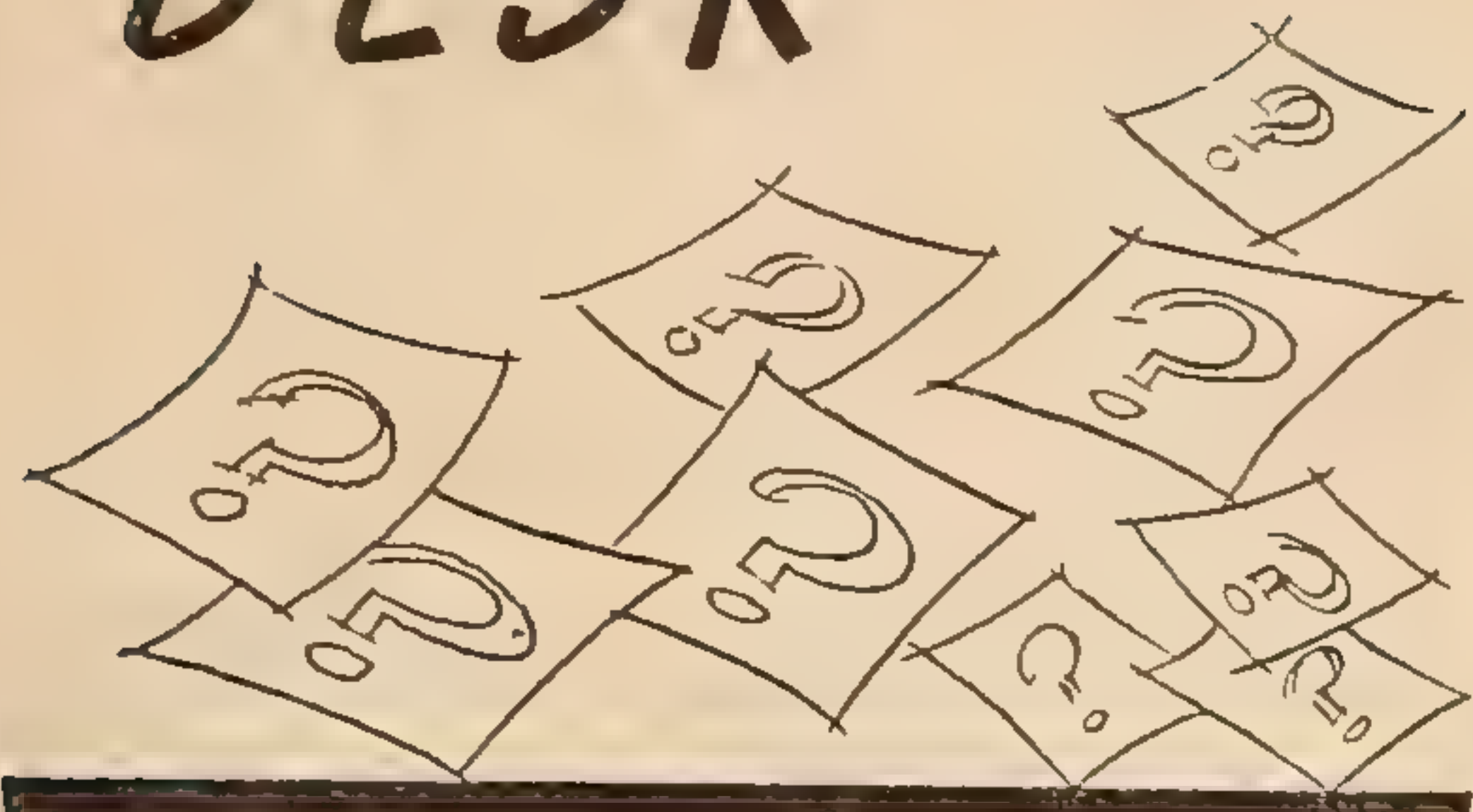
tone and harmonics astounded everyone who heard him. In 1928 he married Florence Vidor, an actress, and they have two children, Josepha, eight, and Bobby, seven. Neither of the children shows an inclination to be a musician. They and their step-sister, Suzanne Vidor, spend most of their time at a farm in Connecticut. Heifetz' only affectation is a beret which he wears when boating or golfing. Besides these two sports, he plays an excellent ping-pong game. Though he seldom smiles, he laughs often and has a grand sense of humor which comes in handy as he tours almost every country on the globe fulfilling his commitments. Once, for instance, he was not allowed by the operator to ride in a passenger elevator when he arrived, violin case in hand, to play for a national broadcast. He and his priceless Guarnerius, that, because of insurance, none but himself can touch, went up in a freight lift—and he was amused! Address him at United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. "They Shall Have Music" review on page 8.

travel with her daughter. It was while appearing with Paul Ash at the Paramount Theatre in New York City that Ginger landed the leading comedienne role in the Broadway musical "Top Speed." From there she went into the New York company of "Girl Crazy." This resulted in Ginger's being signed to a movie contract, her first picture being "Young Man of Manhattan" in 1930. On her way up the ladder, Ginger married Lew Ayres, but some years later they separated, though they are not yet divorced. Ginger shot to fame with Fred Astaire in several musicals and proved her ability, too, in straight dramatic and comedienne roles. If you have seen Ginger in "Bachelor Mother," you will see her next in the picture, "Fifth Avenue Girl" with James Ellison. Ginger is five feet four inches tall, has green eyes and red hair. You can write her in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Cal. (Incidentally, have you read the revealing story, "Ginger Goes It Alone," in our September issue?)

His big opportunity came when he got an important role with Lunt and Fontaine in "Point Valaine." Hollywood scouts saw the play and were so impressed that they offered Hayward a screen contract and he accepted. At the beginning, nobody paid much attention to him, though. Then came a part in "The Flame Within," which immediately gained definite recognition for him. Louis is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He is active and skillful in sports, especially winter sports. He skis, skates, toboggans and also swims, plays tennis and golf. He is married to Ida Lupino, movie actress, and they live in Beverly Hills. Since his hit performance in "The Duke of West Point," this young Englishman has been much in demand and now he is currently appearing in "The Man in the Iron Mask" with Joan Bennett. You can write him in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You'll find a review of "The Man In the Iron Mask" on page 8.



## DESK



## in coupon on page 102?

**Lotus Weiner**, Warren, Pa. Spencer Tracy has just completed one of his most noble roles in "Stanley and Livingstone," which concerns the story of a reporter and the famous African explorer. His next assignment is in "Northwest Passage" with Wallace Beery and Robert Young.

**Lila Ford**, Tucson, Ariz. The top-ranking box-office stars of 1938 as selected by the exhibitors of America were: Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Sonja Henie, Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Jane Withers, Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.

**Cecil Blake**, Paterson, N. J. Jeanette MacDonald's last two pictures were "Sweethearts" and "Broadway Serenade." She has just signed a two-year contract with M-G-M and will postpone a planned fall concert tour until spring to appear with Nelson Eddy in Sigmund Romberg's "Lover Come Back to Me." It will be followed by "Smilin' Through," to co-star Robert Taylor.

**Frances Snow**, Anderson, Ind. Russell Hayden was born in Chicago, Ill., June 12th, 1912. He has black hair and brown eyes, and his real name is Pat Lucid. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, and was a successful studio technician before becoming an actor.

**To All Robert Preston Fans:** You've been clamoring for a brief biography of your favorite's life, so here's our little contribution. His studio believes that he is the greatest discovery since Clark Gable. Born in Newton Highlands, Mass., on a certain June eighth, Preston is the son of Frank Meserve, a clothier. The family moved to Los Angeles when Robert was only two years old, and he was educated in Los Angeles schools, where his interest in the theatre was first aroused by his dramatics teacher, Edward J. Wenig. After graduating from high school, he joined up with the Pasadena Community Playhouse troupe and spent two hard years there. His outstanding ability brought him a screen test, which proved most successful. He received three minor parts before his important

(Continued on page 102)

## Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

## Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



### Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor

before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

**QUICK!** Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

**SAFE!** The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

**SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

### MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE



EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS! SO I USE MUM



TO HERSELF: IT'S LATE, BUT JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF MUM KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH EVERY DANCE --



**For Sanitary Napkins**  
More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





# A DOLLAR

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD  
OF WOMEN -"



**F**AMOUS as Tampax has become, some women still can hardly believe it... It seems too good to be true—that all their pin-and-belt troubles are over and their monthly sanitary problems solved.

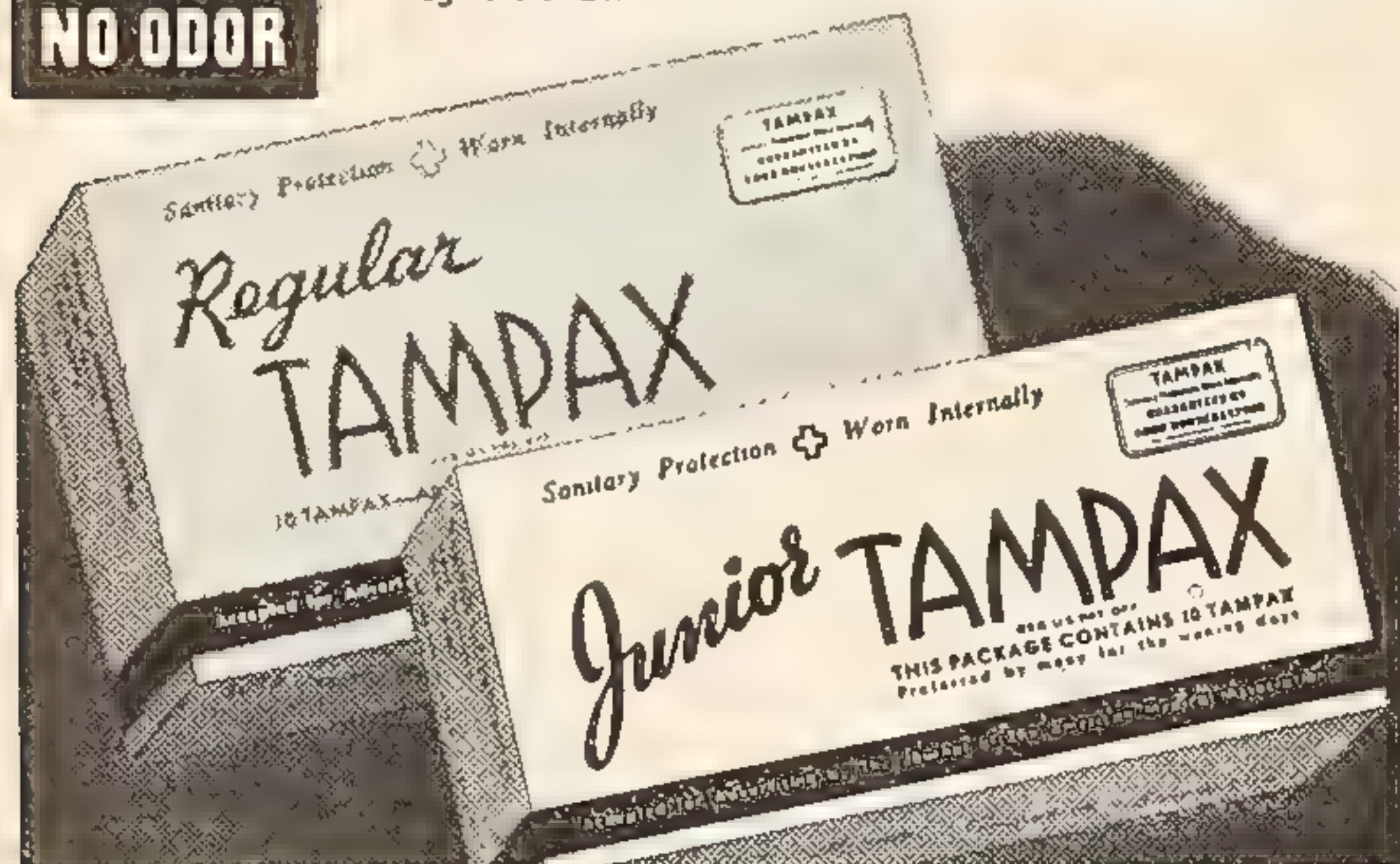
But millions of women are using Tampax and it is all very simple. Perfected by a doctor and worn internally, Tampax allows no bulge or "line" to show. You can enjoy greater freedom in dancing and in sports. No chafing, no odor. You can use tub or shower... You can laugh at yesterday's sanitary problems.

Tampax is the daintiest product imaginable. Each comes individually sealed in one-time-use applicator. The hands do not even touch the Tampax, which is of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Comfortable and efficient, it cannot come apart and is easily disposed of later.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**



TAMPAX INCORPORATED  
New Brunswick, N. J.

MM-109

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simple cuh-razy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten \$1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



## According to Fact

A new characteristic of Hollywood pictures—new to me, at least—is the faithful and accurate depiction of history. Years back, as we all recall, the true facts were mercilessly distorted to cater to the whims of the audience and perhaps the stars. Atrocious and frequent were technical errors in wardrobe, speech, setting and facts. Apparently, all this is rapidly disappearing.

More research, time, energy and money are being spent in a sincere attempt to secure the complete, accurate data necessary for a craftsmanlike, skillful production. "Union Pacific," "Man of Conquest" and "Juarez" are almost one hundred percent historically true. History records that Juarez and Carlotta, Maximilian's wife, never met. Hence, in the picture, Paul Muni and Bette Davis do not meet once, but just imagine what a temptation it must have been for the brothers Warner!

True some historical pictures such as "Jesse James" may still be somewhat censurable, but the strong trend toward accuracy is evident and something for which the discriminating movie goer is thankful.—Bertram Shandler, Irvington, N. J.



## A Cure-all

It wasn't quite the evening  
For me to sit and grieve,  
Even though my only boy friend  
Had left me with a peeve.

So glancing at the paper,  
I decided I would go  
To the world's best entertainment,  
A motion picture show.

I went with mind in sorrow  
And with doubts about much fun  
I thought good days were over  
And my life was well-nigh done.

As I sat and watched the actors  
Go through each and every role,  
I slowly felt clouds lifting  
And a weight rise from my soul.

And, as I watched Clark Gable,  
I forgot that I was sad.  
I wondered just what Joe had said  
To make me get so mad.

And when I left the theatre,  
My thoughts seemed bright and gay.  
My heart seemed so much lighter  
As I homeward went my way!  
—Audrey Fletcher, Los Angeles, Calif.



## Cupid "Mows 'em Down"

There were seven handsome gentlemen,  
screen heroes one and all  
Five of whom were tall and dark, and  
two were fair and tall.

R. Colman wed Bonita Hume, which  
started all our troubles  
Wayne Morris with his boyish grin was  
soon annexed by "Bubbles."

Then Nelson Eddy's golden voice was  
heard to say, "I do."  
And little Ann was envied from here  
to Timbuctoo.

The Gables, Clark and Carole L, entered  
married life,  
Then "Doug and Mary" once again—  
young Fairbanks and his wife.

Many a faithful movie fan lost her fa-  
vorite fella  
When Tyrone Power gave his name to  
lovely Annabella.

And now Bob Taylor and his Babs, so  
far the last in line,  
To honor Cupid's banner year—this 1939!  
—A. N. Thornton, Burbank, Calif.

## An Ace Actor

Charles Boyer is Hollywood's ace  
actor. Every performance is outstanding  
—a living, breathing reality. So brilliant  
are his characterizations, so deft his  
subtle interpretations, so perfect the  
submergence of his own personality in  
the role presented, that one leaves the



# FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

You can win one, too—  
so write your letter today

theatre with the satisfied feeling of having witnessed a very cross section of life.

He should be given plays worthy of his rare talent and versatility. He represents that happy combination of old-world charm and new-world vigor topped by a sense of humor which is bound to keep his feet firmly on the ground.—Dorothy Doran, Hollywood, Cal.

## Madeleine Carroll

In response to Madeleine Carroll's request in the July MODERN SCREEN for an opinion as to whether her fans "want her to be herself, to tell the truth about herself, or whether they want her to be the Princess Flavia, living little lush and lacy lies," I express mine.

Certainly the fans want Madeleine to be herself, to speak the truth about herself. They like to think that she is like them and that she has, or should I say had, the trials and tribulations that all ordinary folks have to conquer in order to succeed. It helps to inspire them, to add more spirit and ambition to their will, to know that they, too, can become great tomorrow.

Yes, I believe most heartily that the people want and hope that Madeleine will continue to be herself. None of this Princess Flavia for our "American fans!"—Eudrice Freitag, Baltimore, Maryland.



## Living the Movies

Did you ever sit in front of people who live the movies? Yeah, they live them right out loud! The other day while I was watching the recent championship fight pictures, a group of people sat down in back of me.

Well, by Jove, they lived that fight blow by blow. If it wasn't one, 'twas another, who oh'd and ah'd each blow till I expected a knockout, not on the screen but to the rear.

Well, movie fans, how about letting the movies live but not living the movies?—Dorothy Peabody, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



## The Funniest Man

Hugh Herbert is the funniest man on the screen, in my opinion. My husband and I would drive miles to see a picture with him taking part. He really doesn't

have to say much, but just make that funny sound and we roll off the seats.

Why not put Hugh Herbert in more pictures and have his name advertised. We miss some of his pictures because his name isn't mentioned. Here's wishing Hugh lots of luck and may we have more of him. Mrs. G. Reeder, Collingswood, N. J.

## What Makes It Great?

In one edition of MODERN SCREEN, someone claimed that it was one great scene that made a picture immortal. I disagree! No doubt that scene would be remembered, but by no means does it, alone, make the picture great.

First of all, one must have great actors, actors well suited to the parts. Then, one must have a good plot, and a swift-moving, true-to-life, well-written script.

Last, but not least, there must be a good director. One who knows just how he wants things done and said, one who studies the dialogue and pays attention to every minute detail. One who will tell the cameraman just what kind of "shot" he wishes and what effect it should have. Then he must take scene after scene, over and over again until he considers it the best possible. That is what makes a picture immortal—each scene perfectly done!—Ruth E. Carrier, Lawrence, Mass.

(Continued on page 103)

Get rid of

# DANDRUFF

with **LISTERINE!**

*Reaches and kills **Pityrosporum ovale**,  
which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes  
cleaner, fresher, healthier*

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-

shaped germ (**Pityrosporum ovale**) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



## THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

# LISTERINE

THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR

# DANDRUFF



The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories...so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

**MOVIE FANS...HERE'S  
THE PICTURE MADE  
FOR YOU...AND WE  
DO MEAN *You!***

**IN TECHNICOLOR!**

# Hollywood Cavalcade

Staged anew!  
Photographed today!  
with great stars of today...  
and great personalities of  
yesterday!

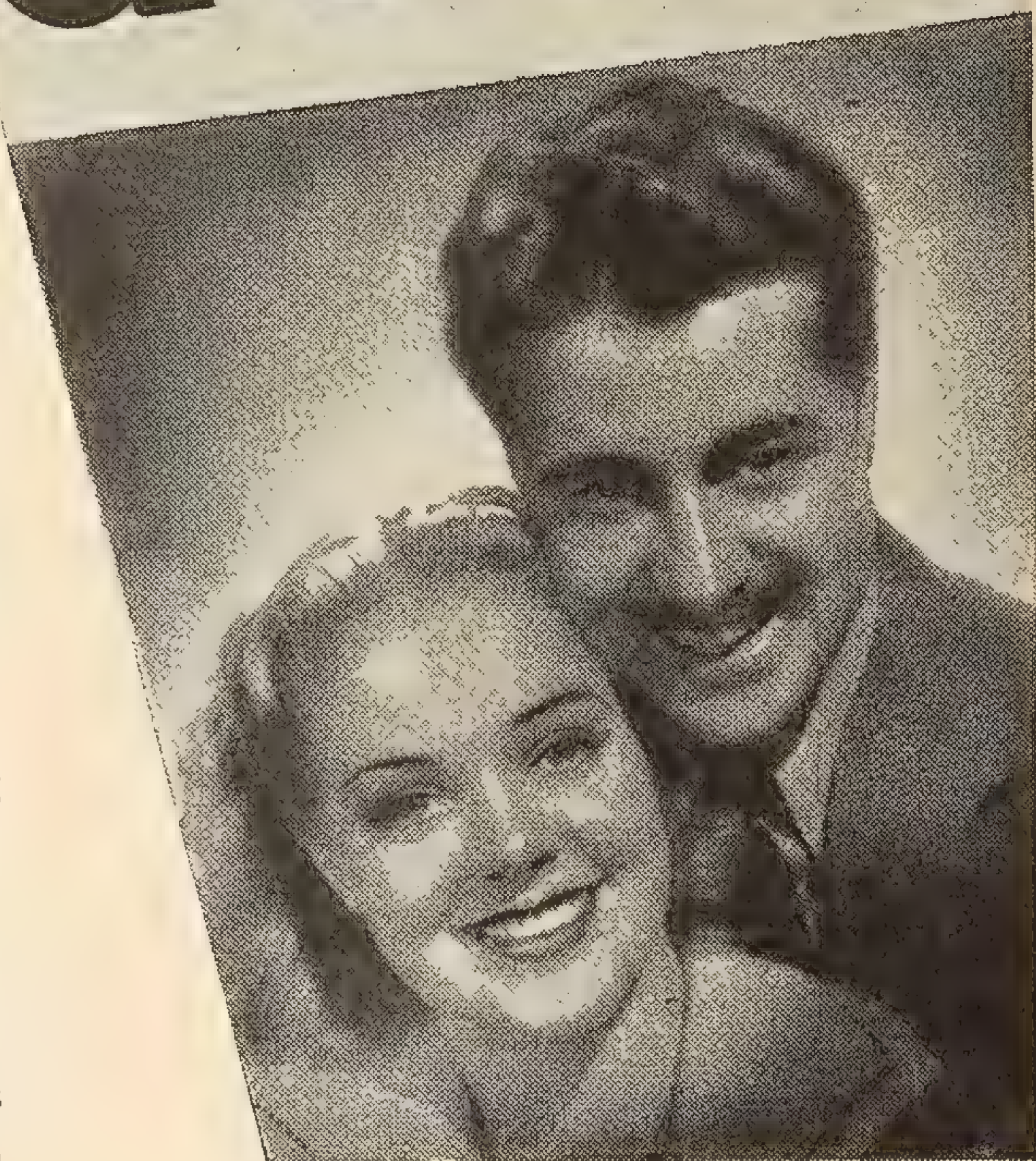
**SEE** Buster Keaton, Ben  
Turpin and the Keystone  
Cops in slapstick, custard pie  
comedy, with Don Ameche  
directing.

**SEE** Mack Sennett bathing  
beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

**HEAR** Al Jolson sing again  
"Kol Nidre"...the song  
that electrified the world!

**SEE** Hollywood...as it was  
...as it is...in a three-ringed  
circus of entertainment!

**The most brilliant new  
note in entertainment!**



**A 20th Century-Fox Picture**  
**Darryl F. Zanuck**  
In Charge of Production

*with*  
**ALICE FAYE**  
**DON AMECHE**

*and*  
**J. Edward Bromberg**  
**Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari**  
**Stuart Erwin • Buster**  
**Keaton • Donald Meek**  
**Jed Prouty • George**  
**Givot • Eddie Collins**

Directed by Irving Cummings  
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen  
Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn  
and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original  
idea by Lou Breslow





**HEDY LAMARR**





**TYRONE POWER**



ORMA SHEARER







DAVID NIVE





LICE FAYE





JEAN ARTHUR



# NOTES

## from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdycce

**99 kids and Bing . . .** One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



**Miss America has a new Beau . . .** Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling



**Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . .** Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet



**More laurels for Laughton . . .** With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdycce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



# SHE'S TIRED OF BEING A WIFE!



Myrna gets bored playing the little woman who's always the pal

**N**OT FOR nothing was Myrna Loy born under the zodiacal sign of Leo. The date of her nativity, August 2nd, is right in the midst of the Leo period. And Leos—in case you have forgotten your astrology—are fearfully determined personalities. They may listen for a while to what others have to say, but, in the end, they'll make up their minds themselves on what they're going to do. Then they'll howl about it or else retreat proudly and solemnly to their lair.

I'm merely trying to say that when Myrna Loy makes up her mind about anything, it stays that way. She's positive, notwithstanding it's in a quiet, unobtrusive way. When she wanted to quit sirens a few years ago, she simply quit. There was no echoing noise about her dismissing these Circes from her repertoire. She fought patiently for ten years to prove to producers that she wasn't as dark as her make-up. Then having won her battle, she managed a neat and skillful transition into that pleasanter realm of fair film heroines which has been her happy playground these past four years. But now...

"I'm sick to death of playing those women—those dear sentimentalists, those sweet wives—who have been crowding in on me with a vengeance in recent years! I aspired to them once. I'm anxious to retire from them now." This, Myrna told me recently on the set of "The Rains Came."

"Thank Heaven, Lady Esketh isn't one of them," she continued. "And what a relief she is. There's more than sentiment and sugar in her. As a matter of fact, she's as sinister and destructive as the earthquake, flood and tempest in the story. Cold-blooded about it, too."

"She's married to one man, is trying to renew a romance with another, and meanwhile stirs up a *grande passion* with a third! She covers more territory romantically than any character I've ever played—even some of those vamps of years gone by. However, they were painted with a heavy

brush by their authors. Lady Esketh is contrived along more subtle lines, like a steel engraving.

"She's hard and actual, uncompromising, too, and exerts a very decisive effect on the lives of those around her. I've enjoyed playing her immensely! She's real compensation for vacuous roles I've done. I wish I could play a lot more like her, especially if they could all die as heroically as Lady Esketh. That's the beauty of the role. She's redeemed in death. And I might add it's always grand for an actress to play a tragic part."

When before has Myrna played a tragic part like this? The answer is never, not even in her palmiest vamping days. She was often thrown to the wolves in those films, but she never went through the agonies of a screen demise, and certainly never came anywhere near such a triumphant finale as the diabolically fascinating Edwina Esketh achieves.

THIS IS indeed a stellar film holiday and perhaps Myrna, in her carefully progressive career, has been building up to it for a long time. Lady Esketh completes a cycle for her. It recaptures the spirit of the Calypsos she enacted some years ago, but on a modern, more subtle plane.

"I've been weary of the 'precious, perfect wife' for some time," Myrna informed me with a touch of the confidential in her voice. "I've been playing her in one form or another for the past four years. Of course, I still like Nora Charles and will be glad to meet her again in 'The Thin Man Returns.' She's amusing and gay—not at all like the frail sisterhood that I met and had to portray after her. They showed up in such numbers that I was positively suffocated by them, and felt that I'd like to strangle the whole lot."

"I've reached the point where I can't stand that kind of sentimental meandering any longer, and if I feel that way, I'm sure audiences must. There is nothing so boring and stupid as the eternally 'sweet little woman' whose primary claim to usefulness,

when you get down to brass tacks, is her capacity to make her husband feel she is a 'grand scout, a swell pal!' That's fine in its limited and restricted place. However, it seems to me that this pal business can be carried to dull lengths. I should imagine if it existed in real life to the degree that it often does on the screen, it would rate a high nuisance value to a husband, particularly if he were a busy man—and most men are.

"Frankly, I don't know many women like that, do you? Most women today are busy, have full lives, and are trying to accomplish something. Take the wives of army flyers, for instance. They're examples of what I mean. It was such an interesting and stimulating experience to meet a number of them while we were on location for 'Test Pilot.' They are women who have accepted a strong pattern for living. They're young in most instances, and yet maturely serene and self-contained about life and the dangers their husbands are subjected to. None of this so-called emotional display or indulgence in sentimentality. They appear to have the sturdy ideals of the pioneer women."

"And speaking of pioneer women, I'm going to have the thrill of playing a real one in the very near future. It's the sort of part I've been dreaming of for a very long time. This story is called 'Sea of Grass,' and is a powerful narrative of the soil. All the characters are men and women of great moral and physical strength who have the spirit of conquest in their souls."

"This story means much to me because I recognize in it replicas of my own people—my mother and father and grandparents. My grandmother has always been an inspiration to me. She came across country in a covered wagon and settled down in Montana on cattle and prairie land, outside of Helena, where I was born. She and my grandfather knew what it meant to live by the sweat of their brows because they earned their existence from the soil. And they remained



**BY ELZA  
SCHALLERT**

Myrna with Tyrone Power in "The Rains Came." In this picture she's married to one man, trying to renew romance with another and flirting with a third. Wotta gall!

"I've been weary of playing the precious, perfect wife for some time," says Myrna. "Her claim to usefulness is her capacity to make her husband feel she's simply a swell pal. Ugh!"

faithful to it to the end of their lives.

"All of the hardships of that early life became romantic drama to me when, as a child, I heard about it from my own grandmother. She has always been a heroic figure to me because she came from a protected childhood in Scotland and went right out into the wilderness of a strange, new land and fought like a man to conquer it, so that she and her family might survive. I'd love to recreate her and the wonderful story of her life on the screen one day. She was a true frontierswoman.

"My grandfather, too, was imbued with the frontiersman's yearnings. I remember how he used to tell me about the importance of planting the earth. He loved it. He used to say that you must never plow your crops under. You must always plant more and more and build up the heritage of the soil, else the droughts will come and destroy the fruits of your labors. I guess there must be something of the frontierswoman in me or else I wouldn't have remembered those words. Maybe, too, that's why I rebel against playing, over and over, the same inane, pampered, pent-house wife!"

Myrna takes out her frontierswoman instincts and her grandfather's advice about (Continued on page 76)





BY DORA ALBERT

THE

Happiness

BOY

Ty Powers feels no one has a right  
to be as glad as Don perpetually is!  
What do you think about it?



Don Ameche works to please  
and doesn't mind the  
meanies who feel it's a gag.

HE IS said to receive more fan mail than any other actor on his lot except Shirley Temple. Recently he was chosen by the deaf people of this country as the actor with the finest voice. (What they really meant was that his lips were the easiest to read.) He has a fan in Oakland, California, who has seen every picture in which he has appeared from fifty-five to one hundred and thirty times. A woman in Warren, Pennsylvania named a pig after him and entered it in a contest of the Ladies' Aid Society.

You can't ignore an actor who has all those distinctions, and for a long time I've been wanting to meet Don Ameche. Nearly all stories about Don fall into two classes: either they tell of the wild youngster who drank too much till his religion finally saved him, or else they tell of his romance and marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast. I wanted to find out for myself what he was like. Was he the gay, happy, young hooligan of legend or the prosaic husband Hollywood pictures him today?

When he came to New York recently, Don visited practically every night club in New York, but it didn't cause a ripple of comment. He even came to New York without his wife, something which practically no other actor could have done without causing the columnists to comment, "Are the So and Soss splitting up?"

But the belief that the Don Ameche marriage is a completely happy one is so firmly entrenched even among the most cynical gossip columnists that no one of them suggested that this might be the beginning of the end!

"Why did your wife remain behind in Hollywood?" I asked Don curiously.

"Because she's going to have another child," he said.

Come late summer, the stork will hover once again over their home. Thus it is best for Honore not to do too much traveling at this time.

We sat in a blue and gold room at the Hotel St. Regis. Don looked even more handsome than he does in pictures. Over six feet tall, he has none of the lankiness and awkwardness most of the tall actors in Hollywood have. His hazel eyes are grave. He is very gracious and courteous, but slightly aloof. Meeting a writer for the first time, he has none of that gay, blustering warmth which so many actors cultivate as part of their professional charm. You find yourself wishing desperately that he would swash-buckle just a little, that he would reveal a tiny trace of the theatrical. But he doesn't.

"Would you like your next child to be a boy or a girl?" I asked. The Don Ameches already have two children—Ronnie, three, and Donnie, five.

Don shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care which it is," he said, "boy or girl. I'll welcome either."

Unlike most fond fathers, he has no definite theories as to how children should be brought up. When I asked him about it, he floundered about for a few minutes and then said helplessly, "I have no theories, except to try to make them well-behaved."

As a boy, Don himself was anything but well-behaved. He was the little hellion who used to gather up leaves in the fall so he could start fires in back yards. He broke lamps, threw tomatoes at his brother, covered the walls of the schools he went to with shocking murals, and smoked in school when it was against the rules. Whenever he had done anything for which he deserved to be punished, he





Gary, Robert Preston, Susan Hayward and Ray Milland comprise the impressive cast of "Beau Geste."



"If you say 'Thanks' to Cooper," says Slim, "he walks away. Says he don't like speeches—and he don't!"

# GOOD COMPANION

BY IDA

ZEITLIN

to his desk and puts his mind to things he understands.

Slim and Gary first met in Montana when Slim was a rodeo cowboy and Gary the boss of an outfit. The boss hired the cowboy, and there sprang up between them one of those relationships which needs no words and has never been put into words. Gary could tell by the way Slim handled a horse that here was a man after his own heart. Slim sized Gary up as "a good cowboy," which to the untutored may not sound like extravagant praise, but includes much that is hidden from you and me.

Their ways parted, to meet again in California. Gary was about to start the first picture in which he played a leading role when Slim turned up, heaven sent, for Gary needed a stand-in, and Slim was long and lanky like himself. So for the second time Gary provided Slim with a job, and himself with a companion who talked his language.

They say at the studio that if Slim weren't on the set, Gary would quit. It's an impression which gets around, despite the fact that days pass with no more than a good-morning and goodnight between them.

Slim, for example, had a little difficulty with a higher-up, while "Marco Polo" was being made. Gary talked it over with him, then went to the higher-up. "Better get this thing straightened out with Slim," he said. That was all. But if you know Cooper, you know that it was enough.

An inquiring reporter asked Slim, "If you didn't have

your living to earn, what would you really like to do?"

"Just what I'm doin'."

"Why? You could get yourself a ranch and rope steer and ride horses—"

Slim cut him very short. "Be no fun without Coop."

He considers his existence idyllic but for one thing—Gary's love scenes. If Slim could remould the world nearer to his heart's desire, he would have his friend appear with all-male casts only. Shyer even than Cooper, he is petrified when duty demands that he embrace the heroine's stand-in—an idiosyncrasy of which his co-workers take every advantage. Even Gary stands by to watch the show, as Slim squirms and flushes and moves gingerly toward the girl.

"For the love of Pete, Slim, *hold* her," wails the director. "Damned if you wouldn't do a better job hugging a horse."

"Any day," Slim has been known to mutter.

The girl knows this is no reflection on her, for the prettier she is, the more diffident grows Slim. He draws the line at kissing. "'Tain't in the contract. I'm standin' close enough, you can tell where the lights'll fall all right."

"What you scared of?" they taunt him.

"Who's scared? I'll do my kissin' in the dark, that's all."

"Look at Coop. He kisses 'em."

Slim bends a pointed glance at his friend, standing there among his tormentors. "That's (Continued on page 74)



# HEIGH-HO,



Vivien says she's qualified to play a southerner because her last name—Leigh—is pronounced just like our Robert E. Lee's.



## Meet the English girl who plays a southern belle

**H** EIGH-HO, Scarlett! Heigh-ho, Vivien Leigh! How are yuh, honey chile? And how, after five months of playing Scarlett, are yuh bearing up? What about those nasty cracks that were made about an English gal playing that southern che-ild? Say, are you-all steamed up about them? Meet Vivien Leigh. Meet a small, slim, beauteous girl with a personality like a slumbering volcano, which may erupt at any moment, and an English accent that sounds as if it came right out of Oxford. Her southern accent, ma'am? She can turn that melting accent—learned from Susan Myrick, the *Emily Post* of the South—on and off like a faucet.

Recently, I talked to Vivien Leigh and became aware of the quality in her that led David Selznick to give her the role of Scarlett in preference to all the glamorous, beautiful Hollywood actresses who would have given their artificial eyelashes for the part.

If you have read "Gone With The Wind," it is a waste of time to describe her. For she is so much like Scarlett O'Hara, that she might have been torn from the pages of the novel. Consider Margaret Mitchell's description of Scarlett: "Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of

French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and sharply tilted at the ends."

Substitute, in this description, the name of Vivien's husband, Leigh Holman, in place of the Tarleton twins (or the name of Laurence Olivier, who has been rumored to be interested in her) and you have Vivien Leigh. Say that her mother was born in Ireland, and her father was a stockbroker of French descent, in India, and you have Vivien's ancestry straight. Her real name is Vivien Hartley Holman, and she was born in Darjeeling, India.

Though Vivien's simply dripping charm, there's a trace in her of Scarlett's ruthlessness. You have the distinct feeling that if ever her back were to the wall, she would put up a fiercer battle than any Scarlett ever fought. So far she has been on the spot only once, when she was chosen for the role of Scarlett. Had a bombshell been dropped by a foreign airship in the South, it couldn't have resulted in more excitement and bitterness.

The Osceola, Florida, Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy passed a motion to boycott "Gone With The Wind" because of the selection of Vivien Leigh. Southern gentlemen wrote impassioned letters to the newspapers, in which they said, "The selection of Vivien



# SCARLETT!

BY DALE EDWARDS



Laurence Olivier and Vivien are said to be "that way." They met making a picture.



Clark Gable and Vivien in "Gone With The Wind." Rumor had 'em not speaking.

Leigh is a direct affront to the men who wore the Gray and an outrage to the memory of the heroes of 1776 who fought to free this land of British domination."

The grandson of a Confederate soldier wrote, "Cheer for the Osceola Chapter of the Daughters and more power to their boycott of the film. It is high time those Hollywood producers found out that there are still those to whom the honor of southern womanhood is not just an empty phrase."

Faced with such a storm of criticism, some actresses would have resigned from the role. But Vivien Leigh said, shrugging her slim shoulders, "I was not at all upset or annoyed by the criticism. Why should I be? When an English girl is signed for such a typically American part, it is obvious that there will be comment. And even the worst comments were no worse than I expected!"

The press agent suggested at this point that all those nasty comments acted as a challenge to Vivien, and to this Vivien smilingly agreed.

"It was a terrific strain making 'Gone With The Wind,' she confessed, "and toward the end our nerves were all shot. And no wonder! We worked under three different directors, first George Cukor, then Victor Fleming and finally, Sam Wood. No sooner did we get used to the ideas of one director than a new one was brought in, and we had to learn to work with each in turn."

George Cukor resigned when he couldn't agree with David Selznick as to how the script should be handled, and then Victor Fleming was brought in. When he became ill, Sam Wood, who directed "Goodbye Mr. Chips," took his place.

"Did you have to change your characterization of Scarlett each time?" I asked Vivien.

She lifted that strange, defiant face, and her jaw looked squarer than ever.

"I didn't change my characterization," she said. "I just had to get used to working with different directors, but my characterization is my characterization, and I wouldn't change it for anyone."

That's the Scarlett O'Hara in her.

And what's her characterization of Scarlett?

"I admired her tremendously, but at the same time I was furious with her for being so hard and selfish, and when Rhett Butler left her, I felt she had gotten exactly what she deserved. If her mother had lived or if she had allowed herself to come under the influence of Rhett Butler, she might have been a different girl. But because Rhett Butler was so much like her—though in a much nicer way—she didn't realize how right he was for her, but was interested in Ashley, who was completely wrong for her."

She firmly denies that any feud (Continued on page 93)



# CHECKING UP

## ON CHIPS

When Robert Donat was a small boy he evolved a plan. Since then he has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to its fulfillment and is, at this point, dangerously near an "Oscar."



BY MAX BREEN

**A**T FIRST sight there would not seem to be much in common between the quiet, retiring schoolmaster of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and the handsome, dashing young romantic who has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to a spot among the great artists of the stage and the screen. Anyone reading the book and then seeing the film may exclaim at the fidelity with which Donat has submerged his personality in Chips. Yet those of us who know Donat and his history can detect evidence of Chips, that kindly-natured fellow, having considerably accommodated himself to the off-stage Robert Donat!

They were both born in comparative obscurity, each has been in love with his profession, in both a sense of duty has taken the place of ambition, both have been inspired by a happy marriage and to each has come the crown of success. True, to Chips it came late in life, to Donat early; but both had to struggle for it. As his fame spread, Chips retired further into his shell, and Donat would certainly like to, if the exigencies would allow it. Each has the qualities that make a man beloved—kindness, tolerance, uprightness and a sense of humor.

Withington, a suburb of Manchester, England, is a dirty place. There is grime on the walls and roofs of the houses, grime on the fences, the streets, the pavements. When it rains, as it frequently does, there is apt to be a gritty speck of soot in every raindrop. That's what you get for

clinging to the edge of a great industrial city. It's depressing enough to anyone, but to anyone with a craving for romance and glamor and color, it's a nightmare.

And so it was to young Robert, son of Ernest Emile Donat, who had followed the sea and shipping, and had settled down in this great inland port to raise a family and some flowers. The few stunted and blackened shrubs in this Lancashire backgarden were as much as he realized of the latter ambition.

Robert was an unusual boy—well-grown and healthy, but a bundle of nerves, afraid of the dark, afraid to be left alone in the house, afraid to let anyone know he was afraid. As he grew older, Robert subconsciously made a plan. He would get out of all this, out of the drabness and dirt and all-pervading soot into the brave rich world of his imaginings.

When he was eleven, his mother unwittingly gave him the golden key to unlock his dreams. The boy was to go into an office. Mrs. Donat looked beyond the Manchester desk to the time when her boy would be moved to other and more important branches, perhaps even to London. There, she knew, his Manchester accent and his slight impediment would put him at a disadvantage. He must get rid of them both.

To that end, scraping the money together with some difficulty, she paid for lessons from a retired actor of local importance and thus started Robert on his way to fame.



Robert Donat and Greer Garson in a charming bit from "Goodbye Mr. Chips."



### Dashing Robert Donat has much in common with the retiring schoolmaster he portrayed

This move conferred upon young Robert the priceless boon of an introduction to Shakespeare's golden verse, and avidly the lad seized upon this means of escape from unwelcome reality. He no longer dreaded to be left alone. He could fill the empty house with sonorous, rolling passages in a stirring voice that must have disturbed the very black beetles in the basement. Even on his solitary walks, Robert would recite long monologues which turned the muddy lane into a stage and the dripping trees into an enthralled audience.

Robert was now fourteen, so was ready to leave his day-school (which had cost six cents a week, payable weekly to the schoolmaster by the pupil) and do some secretarial work for his elocution teacher in return for his tuition. So quick was he in learning, that, within a year, he had absorbed everything his mentor had to teach him.

Then things happened. With a hazy but glorious idea of becoming a professional actor, young Bob began to accustom himself to facing audiences by getting up to recite at any and every available amateur concert or *soiree*. On one memorable occasion there happened to be present Sir Frank Benson, one of the grandest old men who ever lent dignity and grace to the English theatre. He was struck by the boy's obvious talent.

Interviewing the boy's parents, Sir Frank begged them to abandon the idea of a clerkship for their son, and let

him train for the stage. It would be, he said, a crime to allow such an obvious gift to go to waste. With some misgivings, they consented.

Offered a humble position as assistant stage-manager on tour, where he would at least be in the company of professional actors and actresses, the boy accepted with alacrity, which increased when he found that he was also to be allowed to play minor parts. He worked like fury at his job until he was playing leading roles and earning the magnificent salary of \$15.00 a week, most of which he sent home.

Then he went to Liverpool Repertory Theatre, where he remained for a further year, absorbing experiences as a sponge absorbs water. At the end of this period he was nineteen, had played in Shakespeare for five years, and had \$25.00—so was quite ready to tackle London. Certainly he was far better equipped than the majority of young actors today.

Like many another budding Thespian before him, he found the metropolis large, cold, and unfeeling, but, luckily, he hadn't gone there on a chance. He had a part to go into, for which he was to be paid good money. Seventy-five dollars a week was a great improvement over what he had been receiving.

The play was to run for nine weeks, and he and his wife—he had a wife by this time—spent some exciting hours planning what they would (Continued on page 78)





# Cinderella

## CONFESSES

Ellen Drew has her own idea  
about magic wands in Hollywood

BY JAMES REID

**P**RESS AGENTS call her "the discovery of the decade," "a million-dollar baby from a five-and-ten cent store" and "Hollywood's champion Cinderella." And Ellen Drew, instead of being elated, is worried. She's afraid she doesn't deserve the first two titles—yet. She's positive she doesn't deserve the Cinderella one.

"My idea of a Cinderella girl," says Ellen, "is one who has never set foot inside a studio, and never even hoped to, when suddenly some movie magician waves a wand in her direction and, overnight, she is transformed into a star." She smiles apologetically. "I don't fit the description. It took two years of hard work for me to get my first screen role. And I'm still not a star."

Not that she's still an unknown. "Sing You Sinners" and "If I Were King" made her someone to talk about. And since, she has played the title role of "The Lady's from Kentucky," the love interest in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," and, now, the feminine lead in "Geronimo."

There doesn't seem to be much doubt around her studio that Ellen is a star-to-be. But she isn't doing any anticipating, herself. She's just working there—and worrying about all the Ellen Drew stories to date, stories that say, between the lines, "With luck, any unknown can become famous in Hollywood overnight."

"Wouldn't this be a beautiful world if the fairy tales were true?" asked Ellen. "But they almost never are. Certainly, the ones about me aren't. I want to confess while there's still time, before girls really start believing them and head for Hollywood, expecting to become famous on the strength of some four-leaf clovers they've found."

"The stories relate that I was working behind a counter in a candy store on Hollywood Boulevard, more or

less a slavey with no prospects in life, when an agent came along and said I should be in the movies, and"—she snaps her fingers—"like that, I was famous. They make it sound as simple as that."

"They skip what happened between the time I first met the agent and the time I took my first screen test, a year and a half later. That part isn't glamorous. And they neglect to mention that between my first screen test and my first screen role, two years of constant hard work and preparation elapsed. That part isn't glamorous, either. It doesn't make me out such a Cinderella. The whole story of Ellen Drew, with nothing omitted, should be told in the interest of truth, if not glamor."

SHE WAS born Terry Ray, in Kansas City, on November 23, 1915. Both her parents were Irish. Her father was a barber, whose real ambition was to be an inventor.

When she was seven, the family moved to Chicago. There she grew up, along with her brother. He knew pretty young that he wanted to draw and steadily headed toward his present career of commercial artist. She didn't know what she wanted to do. There was a bit of theatrical blood in the family. Her grandmother had sung opera, and her grandmother's brother had been an acrobat who had fallen and been crippled. Ellen was in several high school plays, but she wasn't obsessed with acting urges. She was a realist about life, even then. She didn't see how she could ever get on the stage for she didn't know anyone connected with it in any way.

When she was sixteen and halfway through her third year at Parker High, two things happened that prevented her developing any soaring ambitions. The Ray family suffered a financial catastrophe, and her mother and father were separated.

Torn between two loyalties, Ellen went with her mother. And, since her father was able to send them little money, and her mother was ill, Ellen quit school to help out. Pretending that she was eighteen, she got a job in the accounting department of Marshall Field's. When a big sales rush ended, so did the job. After that, the only work she could seem to get was behind the jewelry counter in a five-and-ten in suburban Englewood. During this time she acquired, via a beauty contest, the title of "Miss Englewood."

That, plus her discouragement about earning so little money where she was, led her to accept when a young married couple, friends of hers, who were driving to Los Angeles, invited her to ride along with them. Her mother, now improved in health, urged her to go. Perhaps, after winning that beauty contest, she could become a movie extra. And if she couldn't—well, she ought to be able to get a job of some kind.

"I was soon disillusioned about becoming a movie extra. There were fifteen thousand extras registered at Central Casting, and they were trying to cut the list in half. They were not taking any new applications except at the insistence of directors who had definite jobs for newcomers. I not only knew no directors, I knew no one in Hollywood, except the couple with whom I had made the trip. I started looking at the want ads in the papers."

Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard wanted a girl to wait on the soda fountain trade. Ellen answered the ad. She was offered \$12.50 a week, plus tips. (The tips averaged about \$8.00 a week.) She took the job, glad to get it. As she says, "I couldn't live well on that money, but there were a lot of girls living on much less."

Hollywood being Hollywood, and full of glamorous cocktail bars, you'd





If it hadn't been for burned biscuits, Terry Ray may never have become the glamorous Ellen Drew.



William Henry and Ellen Drew in a bang-up, dramatic moment from "Geronimo," her latest.

never expect to see anybody connected with the movies perched on a soda-fountain stool. Certainly Ellen didn't. She wasn't plagued with day dreams about serving a hot fudge sundae some day to somebody who would say, "You ought to be in the movies." There were too many men who did say just that—to all the girls. "Fresh guys," the girls all called them.

"Then one day in came this man who said it without leering. I've forgotten what I answered. I laughed it off, as usual. He convinced me that he was serious. He gave me his card. He was William Demarest, an actor turned agent. He wanted to introduce me to someone at Paramount. I shook my head. 'I used to have movie ambitions,' I said, 'but I've lost them.'

"In the eight months I worked there, he came in eight or nine times, and each time he'd bring up the subject of a screen test, and each time I'd shake my head. The last time I added, 'I won't be seeing you any more. I'm quitting at the end of this week. I'm going to get married.'"

If Bill Demarest had walked into Brown's Confectionery and discovered her before Fred Wallace did, perhaps Ellen's story would have been different. But Fred, then a young actor at Fox, discovered her first. They fell in love. And Fred, who wanted to marry her, had definite convictions about a wife's place being in the home. And loving him, she shared those convictions.

A year and a half passed, a year and a half as a housewife. Meanwhile, she also became the mother of a young son, fondly known as "Skipper." (He still has no other name, though now four.) And she and Fred got along very well together.

"But housework and I didn't," Ellen admits. "I tried to like it, but I couldn't. At home all day, I felt sort of lost. Bored and lonely. 'Skipper' eased that feeling. But nothing eased the cooking. (Continued on page 90)





## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY MARY PARKES

Richard Carlson is more inquisitive than Baby Snooks, as smart as a Phi Beta Kappa key and as talented as a star. Furthermore, Lady Luck is always hanging around.

When they started shooting "Winter Carnival," Richard took Ann Sheridan, his leading lady, everywhere, but when they finished, he married Mona Mayfield.

WHEN they assigned Richard Carlson to play the Scotsman opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart," and tried to persuade him that he'd sound more romantic as Richard Carlton or, better still, Carlton Richards, he said, "Carlson's a good name. I'll keep it."

His father was pleased by Richard's decision, and his father's pleasure is important to Richard. But that's not the whole of it. Every man is the product of his background. Not every man is as intelligently aware of his background as young Carlson. He was unwilling to repudiate it by so much as a symbol. He wasn't bent on being an actor, but if he was going to make a name for himself in any field, he wanted that name to be his own. Achievement by any other would smell less sweet.

You can't tell his story except in relation to his family—the father he loves and admires; the mother he teases and adores; his sister Margaret who died a year and a half ago but of whom they all talk as if she were still among them; his sister Ruth who came to New York to write, but met and married a charming Irishman instead; his brother Henry and Henry's wife and their baby Karen. Last Christmas Richard went from shop to shop, seeking the perfect winter outfit for Karen. "It's got to be something with extra dash," he told all the saleswomen. "It's for the nicest baby in the world, and I'm her uncle."

He has just acquired a relative even newer than his niece—his wife, Mona Mayfield Carlson. But we'll come to all that later.

His emergence as an actor tickles his family, with his mother and sister giving freer vent to enthusiasm than

their men folk. His first Broadway role was the cameraman in "Three Men on a Horse." All he had to do was chew gum and say, "Hold it." On opening night that speech was greeted by such applause from a single pair of hands that the cast was momentarily hushed, and the audience craned its collective neck to spot the disturbance. By that time his sister Ruth had all but crawled under the seat, wilted by the blush of shame she'd brought to her husband's and brother's cheeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were visiting their daughter in New York while Richard was in Hollywood, making "The Young in Heart."

"Mother and I," says Ruth, "would brazenly buy all the papers and skitter through them for Richard's name, as we rode downtown in the subway. I'd gasp and Mother'd lean over and I'd point to the spot where it said, 'Richard Carlson has been seen walking hand in hand with Janet Gaynor.' Mother'd make big eyes and I'd giggle, and Dad would sit across the aisle, trying to look as if we didn't belong to him."

Or they'd pause outside the theatre where "Whiteoaks" was playing, with Richard's picture still displayed among those of the other cast members.

"Oh, Mother," Ruth would call on a clear and silvery note. "They tell me this Richard Carlson has gone to Hollywood to make a picture with Janet Gaynor."

"Really? Which one is he? What a nice-looking boy! What did you say his name was? Richard Carlson?"

"I don't know you ladies," said Mr. Carlson severely, as they rejoined him halfway (Continued on page 64)

Richard decided success by any name but Carlson would smell less sweet



# STRICTLY HOLLYWOOD

—and proud of it, Lana Turner boldly  
and surely is making her mark

BY BEN MADDOX

LANA TURNER is the most exciting girl in Hollywood today. Tomorrow, I prophesy, she'll be as talked about as Hedy Lamarr. If millionaires haven't dangled pearly promises before her yet, there's one sure bet—they will.

Yes, here is one of those rare honeys. She is reminiscent of Clara Bow before Clara made her blunders. Already, at eighteen, she is the outstanding young lady on her studio lot, the foremost candidate there for spectacular stardom. That gives you an idea quickly. She has, in person, more beauty, fire and abandon than half-a-dozen of the other newcomers put together.

You know how frantically movie producers have been trying to manufacture fresh glamor queens to replace the old ones who've hung on so long. You know Ann Sheridan as a fine sample of the current high-pressure transformation stunt. Poor Annie, a Girl Scout by instinct if there ever was one! The pal type, she valiantly attempts to have a destiny. But too often she laughs in public over the tricks employed to prove she has extraordinary lure. Annie's strictly one more phony, as far as genuine glamor goes.

But Lana, now, is definitely no dreamed-up dish. Lana is the authentic stuff, with no effort. Men feel romantic about her in less time than it takes to tell. She once heard somebody mention the Girl Scouts but, by instinct, when she entered her 'teens, she was gravitating toward effective clothes. She knew she would always have a boy friend to build her a bonfire, so she concerned herself with the problem of how to wear a new dress to school every morning. Since, for some reason weird to her, she couldn't have a new ensemble each day, Lana philosophically made the most of being on such a spot. She busily made a habit of taking in a tuck here, and adding on there, and, magically, she managed to look intriguingly different constantly.

It's true she was born in the village of Wallace, Idaho, but she didn't remain in the sticks long. Her father, an accountant, died when Lana was very young, so her mother went to work in beauty salons. An only child, Lana was raised simply, and with no undue emphasis upon her own importance. Until you are introduced to her mother you don't understand why Lana's childish prettiness wouldn't have set her apart. Mrs. Turner, unlike the average overly-proud movie mamas, insists Lana was just like all the other kids. She had no acting ambition for her. It is apparent where Lana gets her calm acceptance of what would seem a trifle startling to most folks. Nothing has phased Lana yet.

The most obvious and the most surprising fact when you meet the curvacious Turner, besides the honestly dazzling perfection of her features and her figure, is that she isn't paying the slightest bit of attention to the venerable Garbo, Shearer, Crawford patterns for success. Lana doesn't watch them. She has never asked a question about what they did. She never thinks, for instance, of what Joan would have done in a (Continued on page 98)



Lana Turner is no dreamed-up dish but, like Bow and Lamarr, a natural—a true glamor queen by instinct.



The Hardy troupe—Ann Rutherford, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Virginia Grey, who joined them for one picture, and Sara Haden.



BY FAITH  
SERVICE

THE

I LUNCHEd with the Hardys the other day. I repeat, with the Hardys, for no sooner had I sat down to the table with them, than Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Sara Haden and Ann Rutherford became cosily the Judge, Ma Hardy, Andy, Marian, Aunt Milly and Polly Benedict.

There was the Judge serving the chicken, saying to Ma Hardy, "This is the part you like, isn't it, Mother?" And there was Ma Hardy reproving Andy because he was not eating his salad, and Andy, getting red in the face, casting a furtive glance around the table, saying edgily, "Aw, Maw, I don't like it."

There was Aunt Milly telling me that it's certainly a relief not to have to play a glamor woman in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" because when she "went glamor" in "The Hardys Ride High" she had to get up too early in the morning to "put on that girdle," and to fuss and worry over make-up and hairdressers.

"You looked wonderful in those clothes in "The Hardys Ride High," dear. Didn't she, James?" Ma Hardy spoke up.

The Judge, a glint of amusement in his shrewd, compassionate eyes, said, "You looked divine, Milly—too, too divine, as Marian here might put it."

"But I know just how Milly feels," Ma Hardy continued. "Before I was Ma Hardy—goodness, was there ever such

a time!—I used to play very smart, sophisticated women on the stage. Even my stage name, Gaby Fay, was sophisticated. I had to mind my figure, too. But, now, I can just settle back for Ma Hardy would be the last to care. It's a much more comfortable life, this way," she laughed. "When I call up my friends I find myself saying 'This is Ma Hardy speaking' and when my friends call me they almost always ask, 'Is Ma Hardy at home?'"

Aunt Milly told me, "I really do feel at home in the part of Aunt Milly, even though I am a married woman and have been for eighteen years. I never did have a home of my own, you know, my mother being on the stage (Sara Haden's mother is Charlotte Walker, long a fame-name on Broadway) and so I always lived in boarding schools or summered with relatives."

Providentially, every member of the Hardy family is almost exactly, in real life, what each member of the Hardy family seems to be. If the circumstances of their private lives differ in some respects from the circumstances of their public lives as the Hardys, that is no great matter. What matters is that their calibre is the same. Fay Holden, for instance, though married for twenty-five years, has no children of her own. But it has been often and rightly said that many a childless woman is more a mother at heart than many a woman with a brood of boys and girls.

Come along for a visit with the real members of this famous family! You'll







# HARDYS AT HOME

You can tell right off that Fay Holden is such a woman. Take Lewis Stone. Mr. Stone lives on his ranch in the Valley, with its farmyard animals, its truck gardens, his workshop in which he tinkers through many a peaceful hour. "I keep farmyard animals," he said, "because I like the noises they make." Mr. Stone lives, quietly, the non-Hollywood life of a country squire even as the Judge, similarly situated, would live. The father of two grown daughters, Mr. Stone says, "I think I may lay claim to being somewhat like the Judge where my own children are concerned. At least," he laughed, "they never felt it necessary to say, 'Sic it, here comes Dad!'" Like the Judge, Mr. Stone accepts life as it ripens, content with maturity.

JUST A stone's throw away from Mr. Stone, Fay Holden and husband David Clyde are at home on their smaller ranch. "It's terribly rustic" says Fay, "with citrus and walnut groves and all the flowers that grow." Fay does her own gardening and is teaching Cecilia to garden, too. She fusses over recipes and admits that she just loves it when her one houseboy has his day off and she can get into the kitchen for "a good bout of cooking." She would not keep any servant at all if it were not for the considerable time she spends taking care of the young Hardys. Fay, too, is well content with growing older.

Then there is Cecilia Parker, who has been Mrs. Dick Baldwin "just a little over a year." Her little ranch is midway between Lewis Stone's and Fay Holden's, only a very short distance from Mickey Rooney's. Said Cecilia, "We all live in the Valley, all of us Hardys except Aunt Milly, here, and Polly, who isn't a Hardy anyway—at least, not yet." And Marian stuck out her tongue at Polly who promptly returned the compliment. "But all the rest of us, the Judge, Ma, Andy and I live within walking distance of each other. Ma and I are together, in real life, as much as we are in the life of the Hardys. We go marketing together every day. And when I had a birthday last week, Ma had a party for us. Before I was married, Ma and the Judge managed my love life for me. I used to run to them with all our lovers' quarrels and everything."

Mickey, you know, lives on his ranch with his mother, step-father and stand-in. There are farmyard animals there, too, making their homey noises, reminding those who live near them of the sturdy simplicities of life. And Mickey's real mother cooks for him, and waits up for him when he's out at night just as Ma Hardy does.

Sara Haden, while she lives in an apartment in town, is shopping for a ranch "near the folks," but meanwhile makes of her apartment a home for her business-man husband, cooking, putting up preserves, (Continued on page 70)

soon see the reason why everyone has become so utterly attached to them







Brush teeth  
with a rotary  
motion



Pretty Paulette Goddard, whose strong and beautiful teeth are no small part of her flashing charm, has learned to guard them.



Massage gums gently. Tongue, too.



Dental floss cleans the crevices.



Swish mouth wash around vigorously.



Chewing gum is excellent exercise.

Their smiles are their fortunes, so the stars are authorities on the subject—

# HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO *lovely teeth*

BY CAROL CARTER

YOU MAY, at sundry times, have been disposed to poke a little fun at the glamor and glitter, the apparently one-sided stories of eternal youth and health and gayety that trickle out of Hollywood via the pens of precocious publicity peddlers. But here's something you can put in your five year diary and swear by, any time you want to: The gilded gals who stay the longest, go the farthest and leave the most famous footprints in the slabs at Grauman's Chinese Theatre are the ones who've learned to take care of their health first, last and all the time. And, if you're following their examples in hygiene as faithfully as you've copied their styles and outward appearances, you're smarter and more sensible than grandma may ever have given you credit for being.

Take the matter of teeth, for instance. Teeth are terribly important, not only to good looks, but to good health, and nobody is more acutely aware of this than the girls who live by the lens in Hollywood. Imagine, if you can, girls like Paulette God-

dard, Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Madeleine Carroll or Priscilla Lane without the flashing sparkle of those smiles! Or picture their smiles without good, sound, beautiful teeth behind them!

"Oh," says someone, "lots of screen stars smile at you through masterpieces of dental artistry. You can't tell us otherwise." Certainly, in Hollywood as everywhere else, the law of averages is still working. Right here, in passing, a statistic or two may clear up a lot of guessing. Throughout America, where dentistry has reached its highest development, the average person of twenty-five has already lost four of his adult teeth, and the average thirty-year-old American has lost seven of what should have been his permanent grinders. But we might add for your enlightenment that the standard of dental perfection in Hollywood is much higher today than it is in any other American community.

One place where these glamor lassies are undeniably several strokes

up on the rest of us is in the care that they give to their precious bicuspids, molars and incisors. In that respect many of us can well afford to be copy-cats.

Teeth were well designed by nature to do the work cut out for them—that is, to chew the solid foods we eat. Each tooth consists of three sections: the crown, which lies outside the gum line; the roots, which lie inside and the neck, where crown and roots come together. The crown is covered by a hard enamel and the roots are covered with cementum, a sort of bone-like material. Inside all this is the dentine which is a softer, more vulnerable substance. And away inside the dentine is a hollow space or pulp chamber where blood vessels and nerves hold forth in a soft, spongy substance.

Because the jaw of a small child isn't big enough to hold the kind of teeth an adult is going to need later on, ingenious old Mother Nature first gives us twenty baby teeth which start putting (Continued on page 72)



# DEFINITELY DYNAMITE!

Tranquil Frances Dee is really the high-voltage shock of Hollywood

FRANCES DEE would have been perfect as Scarlett! No less an authority than George Cukor, the sophisticate who quit directing Vivien Leigh to wrestle with the full crew of "The Women," said so. The only times Frances, herself, ever felt heart and soul in a role was when she was enacting her unpublicized test as La O'Hara. But Frances Dee as that tempestuous, self-willed girl? The eyes and ears of David Selznick were no match for the audacity of the idea. So instead of returning to the screen as the southern siren, Frances was once more cast as "the girl" in a noble drama of the coast guard boys.

Far more than any other woman in Hollywood Frances isn't what she seems to be. On the surface she has succeeded in creating a certain envied impression. She is forever being branded the model for all the modern virtues. Such a pretty thing, and so dignified! Progressing so sanely in pictures! What if they don't consider her sensational? This fall she'll have been married six years to one of the handsomest, most admirable men in the movies. She has two adorable little sons. She lives in comfort.

Astonishingly, Frances, herself, debates upsetting the sedate reputation that has somehow been pinned on her. Because—and this is the first time you have ever read this—all those dull adjectives laid on her with genteel sighs have been appalling misfits!

The truth is that she has all the makings of a prima donna. Contrary to general opinion, she isn't docile; she's unpredictable. She measures her life in emotional big moments, not on any neat little lines in memo books tucked away in efficient desks. Her marriage hasn't lasted thanks to figured-out do's and don't's. Actually restless, she has no ability for the humdrum. The adventurous streak within her has been kept unknown to the world because she doesn't know how to express herself. She is sure of only one thing—that Joel and the two children are the anchor she needs as a stabilizer in her life.

Once more she is dallying with the daring notion of throwing boldly aside the tranquil front. The actresses who speak up get the spotlight and Frances goes on suppressing her natural self. Only

Frances Dee with Hubby Joel McCrea. Frances admits she should be slapped down early and often—only let someone try it!

Joel and a handful of friends realize how she could skyrocket. There is nothing saccharine in her, and there is definitely dynamite. Frances will make a terrific uproar when she learns how to be completely herself.

So far she has been perpetually cast as a passively pretty heroine but, in reality, she could tempt any man and would—if she felt like it. She may seem demure frequently; to date she has held herself pretty well under control. But she is one of those rare women who could wreck important men's lives and enjoy a fine whirl doing so. She has all the urges for provoking fate, instinctively wants to take a chance. Luckily for Joel, her riotously romantic nature had a hunch someone like him would materialize. Having been perverse enough to flirt but wait, she still is thrilled with his love.

Substitute excitable for calm, emotional for staid, reckless for cautious, confused in lieu of content, and you begin to suspect what really goes on with Frances Dee McCrea. She's so different from her limited movie personality that it's Frances who's the one in Hollywood who is truly a high-voltage shock.

She can't follow schedules. She tries, once in a while, to stick to some sort of plan she and Joel agree is very intelligent, but she becomes hopelessly balled up before long and muddles through hoping against hope that everything will turn out all right. She and Joel have a home on their ranch, but she would rather rent than build a town house because one place of their own is sufficient responsibility. You can't map her days. She's spontaneous, and always as late as she is sudden and unpredictable.

She has a temper which seizes her and shakes her in stubborn behavior. Two top directors can testify to this. She caused scenes with both of them because she was late and, feminine-like, resented being reproved. She intends to be on time, but can't get  
(Continued on page 68)







# 'ROUND TOWN

Here are pictured hot  
Hollywood happenings  
at their candid best



When the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" played their annual baseball game, Shirley Temple arrived with three escorts. The gentleman on her right, Jean Hersholt, needs no introduction, but the other "boys" are the Temple bodyguards. As usual, little Miss T. was the hit of the party.



The lady who's doing all the drinking is called Daisy. Her companions are (l. to r.) Lucille Ball, Warren William and Binnie Barnes. They're interested in the game, but her mind is on refreshment. Daisy evidently believes that leading men can easily make comedians of themselves!

George Burns and Gracie Allen make the rounds of the night spots after a long vacation in New York. It looks as if they're greeting everybody at once. Gracie is rushing the season, what with her smart, early Fall chapeau and beautiful fox jacket. That's a novel bracelet she's wearing.

PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK





Bette Davis with two of the "Seeing Eye" beneficiaries. The handsome dogs look each other over appraisingly.



Claudette Colbert seems to have everything but an escort. Her husband invariably leaves her flat when the cameraman appears. Is that nice?

Eddie Robinson, Harold Lloyd and Mervyn LeRoy comprise an impromptu orchestra. Eddie wields a mean baton—at least it's silent!

Shirley Ross is fishing the Troc or something out of Hubby Ken Dolan's eye. He seems pretty brave about it, too. These are one of Hollywood's "happiest marrieds." Shirley's the star and Ken is her excellent agent.







The Gary Coopers leave the Troc after a gay evening. The occasion was a farewell party before they journeyed east.



Baby Dumpling and his pal, Daisy, appeared at the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" game. The young gentleman's real name is Larry Simms and he is a very important member of the "Blondie" cast. Daisy has herself a nice career, too.



Virginia Bruce, Stuart Erwin and Don Ameche stage a last-minute rehearsal for a radio program. Nobody seems a bit nervous, do they? But then, this is truly an experienced and talented trio, to say the least.





Here we have our English cousins broadcasting. L. to r., Greer Garson, Leslie Howard, Vivien Leigh, Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone. A fine array of talent, huh?

Mary Astor and Kay Francis talk things over at the Trocadero. It looks as if the costume jewelry season is on—and smart stuff, too! A nifty necklace on Kay? Yes, indeed!

Cesar Romero's latest girl friend is Laurie Lane. She's a contract player destined to go places, if talent and beauty count for anything. Mr. R. is a beau-a about town-a.







Meet the Roger Pryors—she's Ann Sothern, who's just made that big movie comeback. If you haven't seen Ann in "Maisie," hurry!

Paula Stone is now Mrs. Duke Daly. Here's her wedding party. Top row: Johnny Downs, Terry Hunt, Fred Stone, John Payne and Harry Hoit. Front row: Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, Duke Daly, Carol Stone and Natalie Draper. A grand wedding party!

Bill Lundigan and Joy Hodges are a new twosome. Here they are attending a preview. In fact, they do the town together.

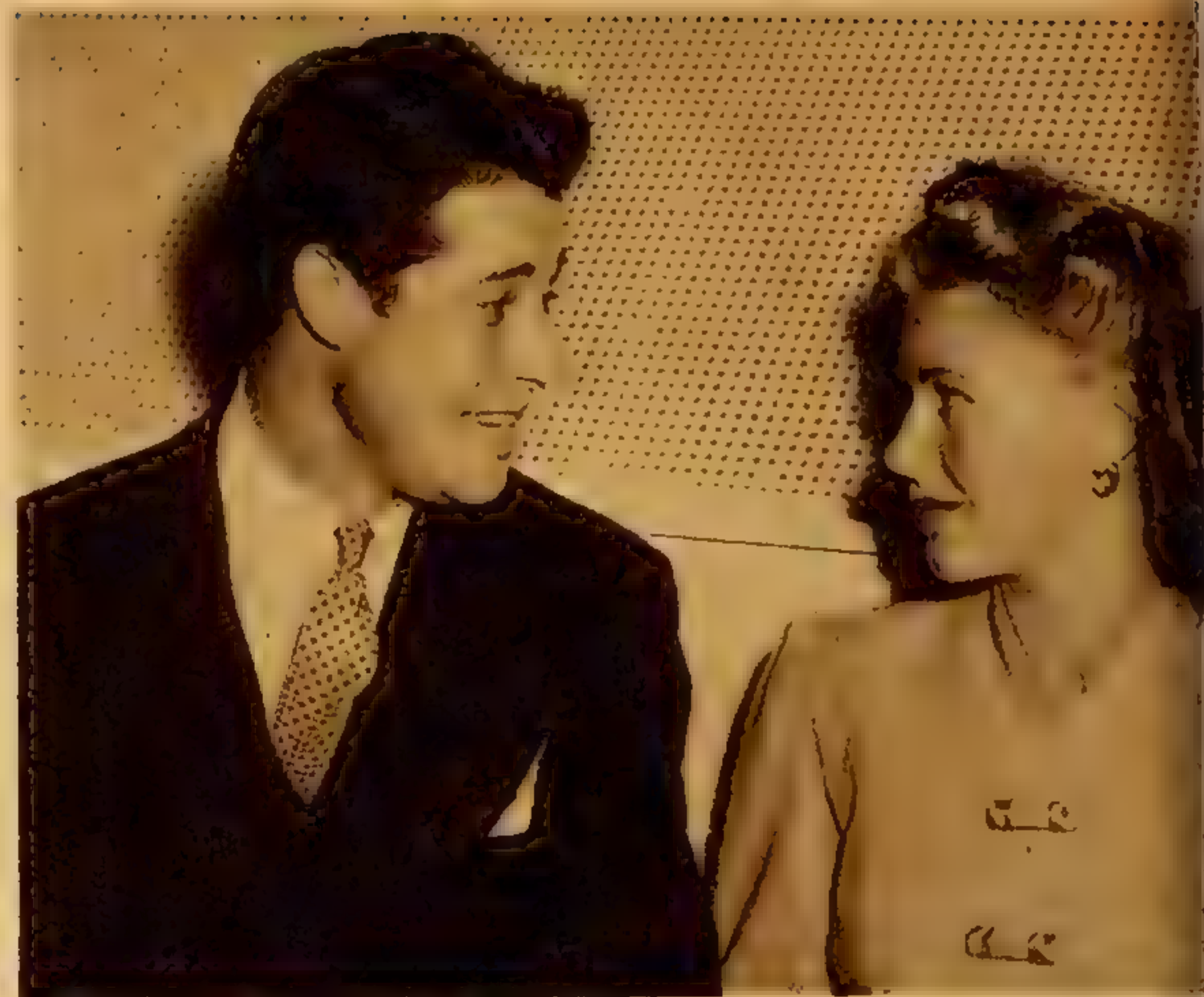




Jules Buck, our doesn't-  
miss-a-click camera-  
man, gives you gay  
and social Moviedom



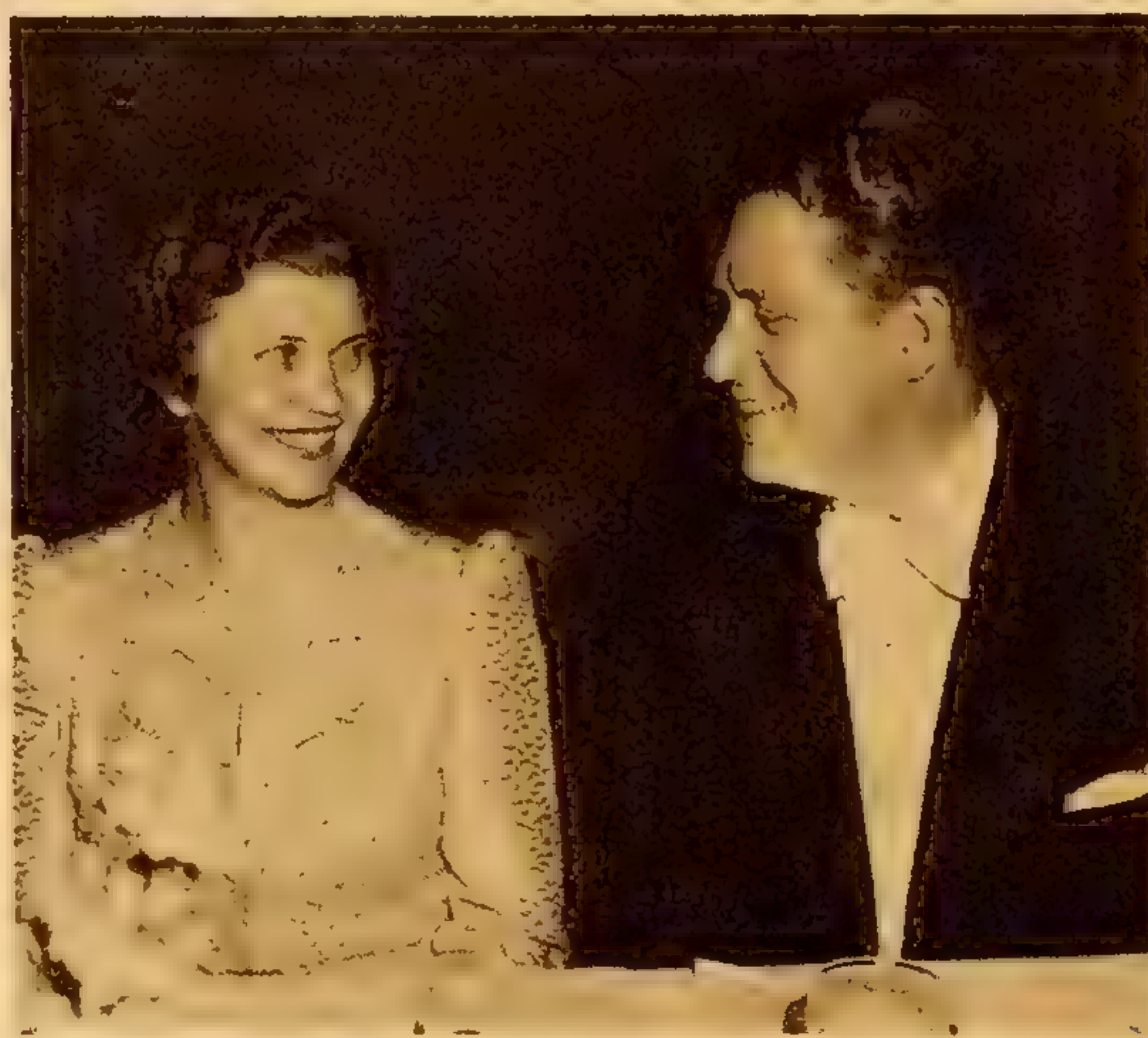
Tony Martin and wifie, Alice Faye.  
Fancy head-dress you have there, Miss F.!



Don Ameche, a veteran, keeps up  
Ginger Rogers' morale before a broadcast.



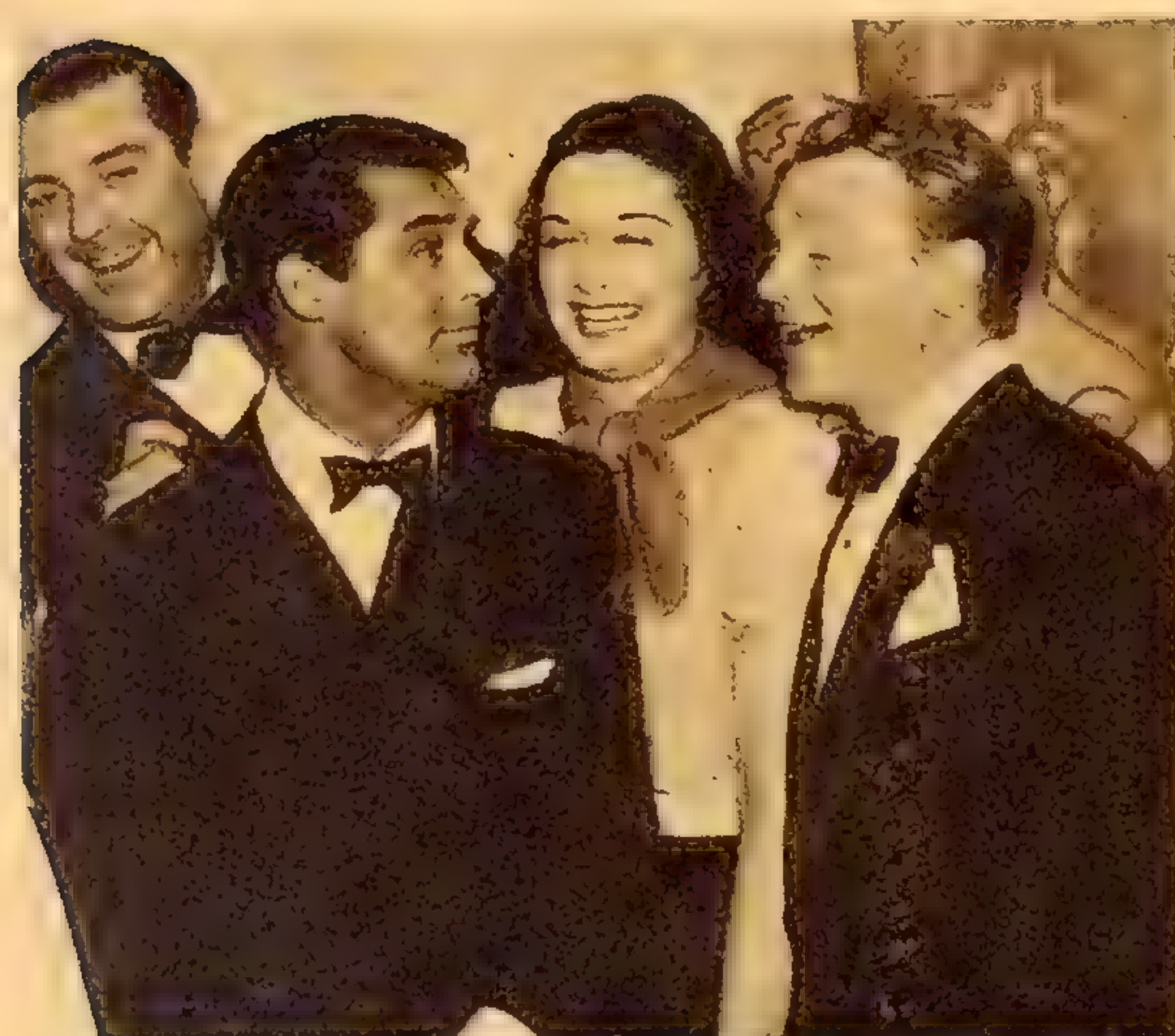
Chester Morris offers attractive Muriel  
Campbell a cigarette.



The Nelson Eddys—as grinning a pair  
of newlyweds as you could find.



Claire Trevor and Virginia Field have  
a chit-chat over a limeade.



Bob Cobb, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick and  
James Cagney put on their best faces.



Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien study  
radio scripts. Pat looks a bit nervous!



Robert Taylor takes a lesson in table  
art from teacher, Joan Blondell.



"It's a bet!" Anne Shirley and Hubby  
John Payne shake to make it good.



George Murphy tells Ann Sothorn what  
a knockout she was in "Maisie."



June Lang and Brian Aherne—a good  
looking twosome at La Conga.





Cut-up Jack Oakie and Venita Varden, Mrs. O., have dinner at Cafe Marcel.



Stuart Erwin and the missus, June Collyer, have fun at Cafe Lamaze.



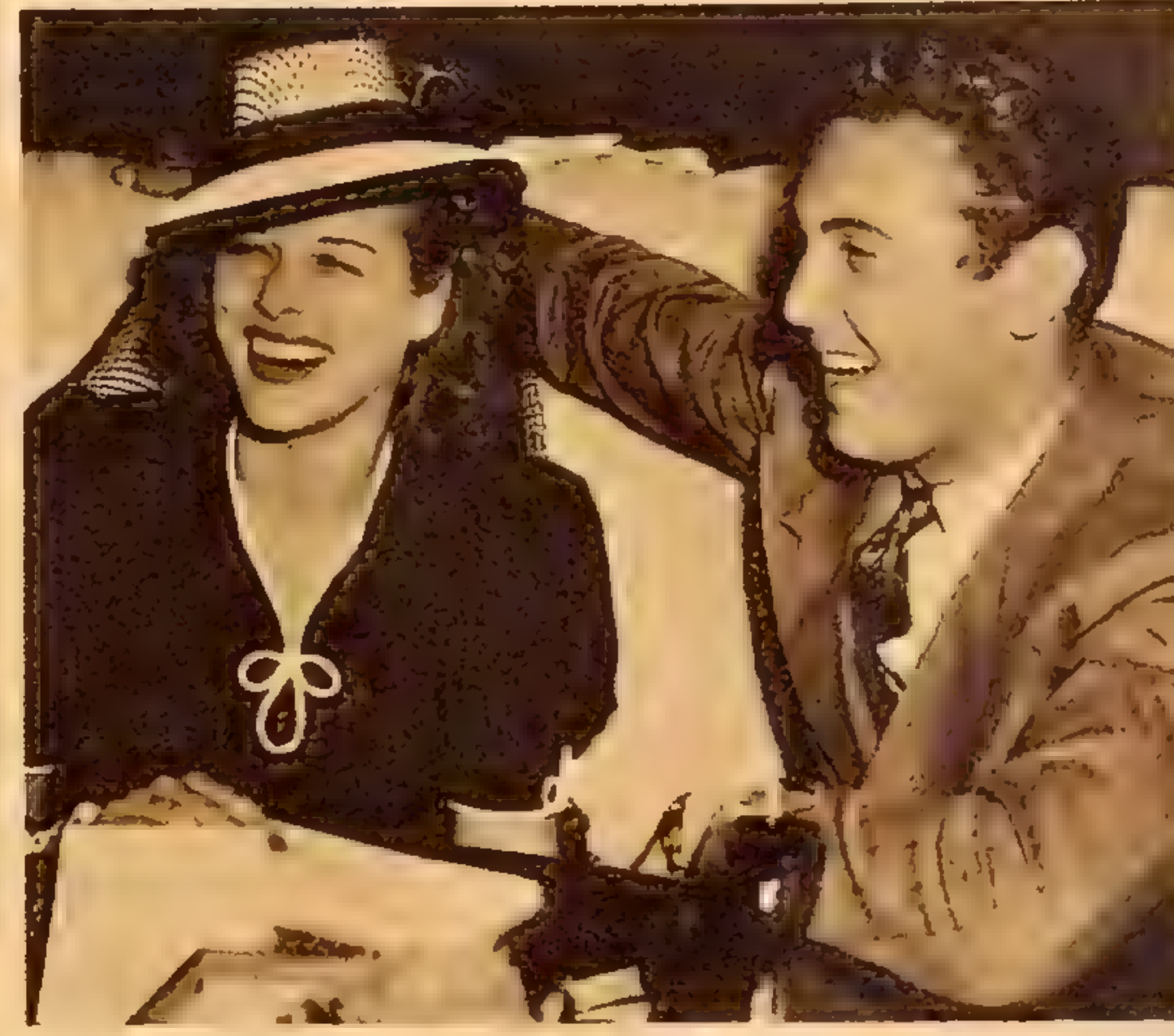
Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart—a pair well worth wondering about.



A team that'll bowl 'em over—Jane Wyman, Rosemary Lane and Gloria Dickson.



Two swell Britishers—Madeleine Carroll and David Niven—dine out.



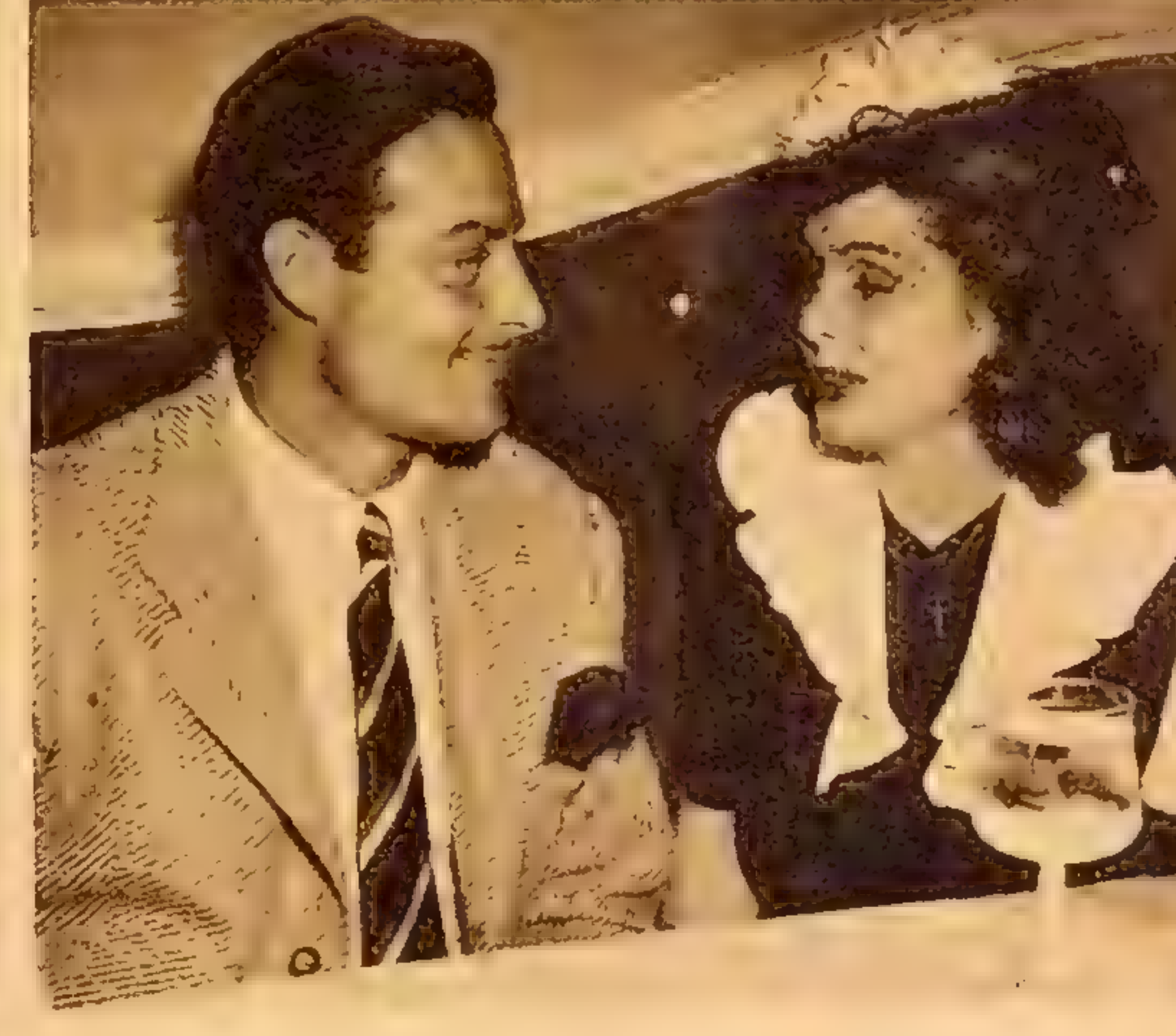
Some smile it takes to keep up with the Allan Joneses. She's Irene Hervey.



Lee Garlow and Wendy Barrie at a new night spot, The Plantation.



The young Doug Fairbankes answer the call of our cameraman.



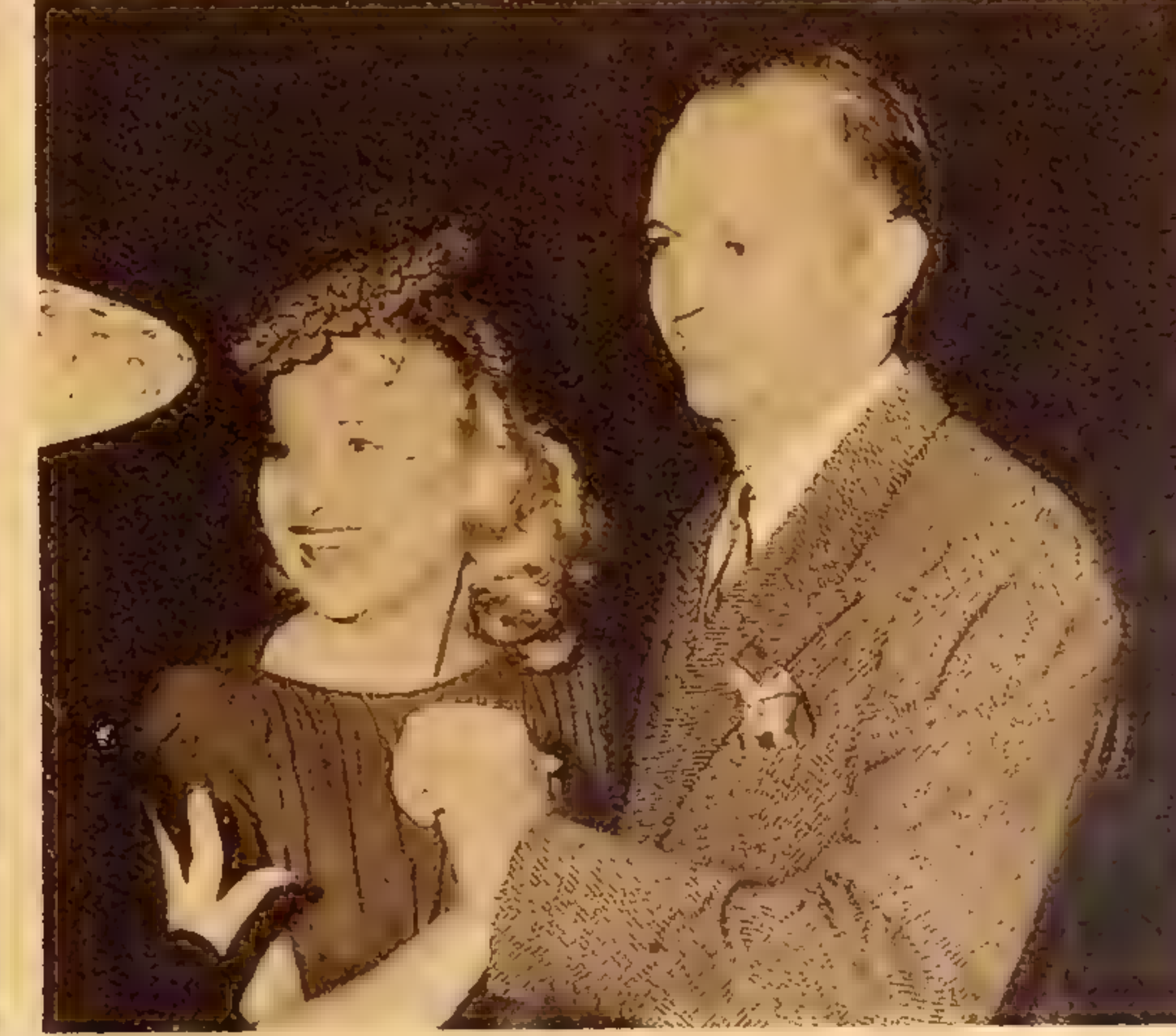
Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are holding hands these evenings.



The Eddie G. Robinsons play the horses at Hollywood Park. Buck up, Eddie!



Rena, Helen Morgan's daughter, and Jackie Searl hear Helen at Marcel's.



The bets are still on as to whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married.



# GOOD NEWS

Lois Svensrud, our rambling



It just doesn't seem legal for anyone to rate as much fun as Rosalind Russell manages.

## THE TAILWAGGERS

Not so much as a single star sapphire does Bette Davis own to add to her happiness and confidence in herself. Instead, she's making investments that will bring happiness and confidence into the lives of many people who might otherwise never know the meaning of those words. It is through the Tailwagger's Guide Dog Foundation, which the star is sponsoring. She has just opened the new home in the valley where the "Seeing Eye" dogs will be trained as caretakers for the blind. The foundation also furnishes room and board for those to whom the dogs will be given, since the new owners must spend a month at least familiarizing themselves with their new companions. Did you see the picture of Bette and the "Seeing Eyes" on page 48? Nice?



Herbert Marshall is no slouch, either, when it comes to enjoying a good laugh.

## MYRNA'S FACE VALUE

Know what is Arthur Hornblow's favorite picture of his wife? Her passport picture, with every freckle faithfully accounted for! Pressed for time after deciding on her recent European trip, Myrna Loy had one of the studio cameramen make a photograph of her. But she had to go through the regular proceedings after all, when notified by the authorities that the studio picture wouldn't do. Uncle Sam, too, preferred the real, unretouched Myrna.

## A CITY SLICKER

For a scene in "Dust Be My Destiny" John Garfield had to milk a cow. He protested that he couldn't do it, since seeing a cow from a train window was the nearest he'd ever come to one. The director finally won him over on the plea that it was for art's sake, and a technical director was called in to give Garfield a few lessons. Asked how he got along with the first lesson, the star said, "Oh, I got a kick out of it. Several of them in fact."

But it wasn't all hard work on the picture. Garfield and Priscilla Lane had eight love scenes, requiring an average of four kisses per scene. That makes 32 kisses, but each scene was shot on an average five times, bringing the osculation score up to 160. Garfield told Pat that his list of advantages of being a movie star was now increased exactly 160 times.

## THE TAYLORS STEP OUT

With everyone leaving town on vacations, the Robert Taylors are sticking close to home and the new swimming pool. When they do venture out, it is to an occasional baseball game. But after their team won the other day, they were feeling in such an extra special mood that it was decided to carry on to the Trocadero. Since Felix Young re-opened this popular night-spot, there has been a rigid rule that no one gets within its sacred and expensive portals except in evening dress. But the Taylors decided to test the rule, rather than go all the way home to change from their sports clothes. They marched past the doorman and ran the gauntlet of disapproving waiters, finally gaining a table from the frowning headwaiter. "Whew," said Bob, "there's another point in favor of being movie stars, Barbara. We're squelched, but at least not thrown out." And they had a swell evening!

## BETTE'S BEAUX

Though Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson were seen together several times when he made that recent Hollywood trip, it looks like George Brent remained leading man in the Davis life. At least when she took a few days' vacation in the mountains, it was to Brent that Bette entrusted the care of her pet spaniel, Tibby. Brent wandered into Grace Hayes' night-spot one evening, with Tibby tucked under his arm and ran into

Harmon Nelson just leaving the place. The two exchanged glares over Tibby's head before continuing on their various ways.

## LAUGHTON'S MAKE-UP

"Busiest man in Hollywood" is Charles Laughton's rightful title. For the make-up under consideration for him to use in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" required endless hours of experimentation. For a week during a heat spell, the studio took pity on the actor and allowed him to arrive at the studio at nine at night and be a guinea pig until two or three in the morning. Now, at last, the make-up's been decided to everyone's satisfaction, including Laughton's. He was holding out for something that didn't make him look like Boris Karloff. But the present make-up won't make the girls fall



A very candid shot of Mary Livingstone, who should shoot the cameraman for taking it.

in love with him the minute he appears on the screen, either. In fact, according to the actor, it may scare the government out of his ten weeks' salary.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are still seen together constantly, but you can discount those matrimonial rumors. "We like each other—VERY much," says Universal's million dollar baby, "but neither Paul nor I are developing a sense of Yuma."

## BASEBALL FANS

Hollywood turned out en masse to cheer on the "Comedian Vs. Leading Men" baseball game the other Sunday. Shirley Temple, in a box with her mother and father, found that stiff competition was given her by Baby Dumpling and Daisy, who held out in an adjoining box. And Hugh Herbert garnered considerable attention, too. His actions were so quiet and un-Herbertlike when the teams were warming up, that the players wondered if he was ill. "Sshhh," whispered Herbert, "give me a break. I



## reporter, scoops up the latest Movietown gossip and passes it on for your delectation

want the crowd to think I'm on the leading man team."

### ALL FOR ART!

Brenda Joyce, the U.S.C. co-ed who won a coveted role in "The Rains Came" as her first picture, gained compliments right and left from her fellow players after the first three days of shooting. For in those three days, Brenda had been drenched to the skin in a cloudburst, jolted like a puppet in an earthquake and practically drowned in a flood. A real trouper, that's what she was, decided the company. But then came the day for her first love scene with George Brent. Brenda couldn't be found and was finally located in the studio hospital, having cold towels put on her head. "It's nerves," explained the nurse, "and no won-



Bette Davis holds forth on her favorite subject—The Tailwaggers Foundation.

der! Such a picture for a newcomer—it's enough to scare the wits out of a seasoned actress. Why didn't they just put Miss Joyce in a nice little love story with Mr. Brent instead?" Why, indeed!

Brenda took the bus every morning to the studio, after landing her job. But with the first pay-check she invested in a 1936 roadster and now drives up in style. The second pay-check and all those following were delivered to her boy friend, Owen Ward, a student at U. S. C. "He's budgeting my salary so I can save as much as possible," explained Brenda and added with pride, "Owen's taking Business Administration and gets all A's."

### SAFETY ALWAYS

Which brings to mind the prudence of Mary Healy. All during the production of "Second Fiddle," Mary took a half-hour daily for shorthand practice. Back in New Orleans, where a talent scout found her singing in a night club, Mary had a regular job by day

as a secretary. No, she doesn't pretend to have even been interested in secretarial work, but it was steady work and a girl never knows!

### DATELESS ROMERO

Cesar Romero was spotted at the Trocadero the other evening, all alone and looking gloomy. "What have I got to look happy about?" he asked a sympathizer. "I couldn't get a date with anyone." And across the room was Ann Sheridan with John Conti—who looked anything but gloomy about the situation.

### GREER'S EXCLUSIVE

Thinking the exuberant fans at premieres would frighten their English actress, Metro arranged that every precaution should be taken to protect Greer Garson when she attended the "Beau Geste" opening. A publicity man from the studio whisked her out a side door after the picture, and into her car at the curb. The chauffeur put on all speed ahead and in no time flat the crowds were blocks behind. "Guess that was done pretty well, eh?" beamed her protector. "Well, yes," said Miss Garson doubtfully. "But you know I didn't sit under a dryer three hours this afternoon just for you and the chauffeur to admire my coiffure."

### FAMILY FRIENDSHIP

There's genuine devotion between mother and daughter in the Hardy family of the screen. When Cecilia Parker married Dick Baldwin she chose Fay Holden's wedding anniversary as the date, and also asked her to stand up with her. So it was a gala celebration the other day when the date rolled around again. Fay Holden and her husband, Andy Clyde, gave a party to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary and the fact that the Dick Baldwins had weathered one year of Hollywood matrimony. Congratulations to all!

### HOORAY! BILL'S BACK!

When Bill Powell reported for work on the set at Metro, he was met by a welcoming party of electricians, cameramen, directors and actors from all over the lot. And there was a wire from Spencer Tracy, on location for "Northwest Passage" in Idaho. "Wish I were there to extend a welcome in person," it read, "and also have lunch with you. It's your turn to buy it today." Tracy and Powell used to lunch together daily, taking turns at paying the check. That last lunch which the friends had on the studio lot was two years ago. Two years is a long time for any actor to be off the screen, but friends and fans have proved that a Bill Powell is never forgotten.

### SHIRLEY FEUDING?

There are rumors abroad that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Twentieth Century-Fox are having words. Her parents think Shirley should



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contemplates something. His career or—his marriage?

be given pictures which will in some manner illustrate her growing up, rather than the type of "Susannah of the Mounties" where she spends most of her time romping with Indians. This is the first time the Temples have raised a rumpus that amounted to anything, since they have been satisfied with the studio's handling of Shirley in the years that have made her top-notch at the box-office. "Lady Jane," scheduled for Shirley's next, has been temporarily shelved as unsuitable and "The Bluebird," selected in its place, is now being delayed.

### NOT A JOINER

The "Caterpillar Club" is composed of flyers who have had to take parachute jumps to save their lives at one time or another. Jimmy Stewart's always thought it would be quite a thrill to be eligible, and the other



David Niven, ever as bright as a Kleig light, snapped as he scintillates!



day decided to get an idea of what the boys had gone through by a trial jump. At an altitude of several thousand feet, he took off over the side. Explaining his reactions, Jimmy said, "It was pretty far, all right. Far enough down to give me time to make up my mind I wasn't the joiner type."

### NIVEN MAGIC

Since David Niven has gone into "Eternally Yours" as a magician, he's become so interested in the art of tricks that most of his spare time is now spent in dreaming up new stunts. Even the time necessarily devoted to driving his car isn't wasted by Niven. He has a gadget on the rear end of the machine which leaves people in following cars in open-mouthed surprise. It's a tin manikin, mechanically operated by the driver, which gives a razzberry and sticks out its tongue simultaneously at drivers when they make errors in traffic regulations. Well, whether you believe it or not, the idea's novel!



Jeanette MacDonald looks pretty happy after her late triumphant concert tour.

### THE WINNAH!

Following the last scene of "Frontier Marshal" the director invited the cast and crew to a party at his home. He said it would be a mild one, since the picture had been one of the wildest ever filmed at the studio and he thought the guests needed something quieting after all the gun-fire and Indian massacres. So the high point of the day was a croquet match, with Cesar Romero, who had just finished his wickedest role to date, coming off with the championship.

### MORE ON "G. W. T. W."

Most welcome news of a "completion party" for a picture came from Selznick studios. On one of the "Gone With The Wind" stages, refreshments were served and all who had worked on the picture were invited to come. Carole Lombard came, anyhow. Said her sense of curiosity drove her to it, since she'd never believe it was actually happening without seeing it with her own eyes. Cameraman Fred Parrish, who had made a record with 6000 stills on this one picture, arrived to take a few more of the party. But Gable insisted he put down the camera and relax. "As it is," Gable pointed out, "you'll probably be snap-happy for the rest of your days." We can believe it!

### DON, TY'S STAND-IN?

At Fox studios, the men on the lot have bowling teams sponsored by certain of the stars. Other evening when they were planning a tournament, it was found that the Tyrone Power team was a man short. Don Ameche offered to step in and help the boys out. So he donned the team's costume—a coat with "Tyrone Power" written on it—and decided to go ahead of the rest to the alleys for some practice. Two boys waylaid him on the way in, "How about your autograph, Mr. Power?" they asked. Ameche, telling the story, said their faces fell three inches when he turned around. So he autographed their books, "Best wishes always, Ty Power. By his stand-in, Don Ameche." The boys thanked him, and one added "You mean well, anyway, Mr. Ameche."

### SHE'S A SMARTIE

When Alice Faye had to face custard pies in her puss for "Hollywood Cavalcade" the studio make-up man decided to make her a transparent rubber mask. But Alice said she wouldn't wear it, she would take the pie right in the face like the old-timers. But she wasn't being a noble trouper, she later divulged. Since technicolor make-up is hard on the skin, it can only be applied twice a day. Alice had it all figured out that therefore only two pies could be hurled, instead of the 36 which she had seen arrive from the commissary.

### A PERSONAL APPEARANCE

After completion of "Hollywood Cavalcade," Alice joined Tony Martin in San Francisco, where he was making personal appearances. She gave thousands of dollars of her services to lucky theatre managers, for she appeared briefly on the stage with Tony at each show. But it was worth it, according to the star, since maybe it will help to squelch the idea that she and Tony have again come to the parting of the ways. "Sometimes I think it might be a good idea," mused Alice, "to issue a daily bulletin on our marital state to the public."

### IT'S HEREDITARY

Now we know where Jane Withers gets all that pep. It's from Gramma. The eighty-one-year-old lady has returned to her native Georgia, but is already making preparations for another Hollywood fling. Says she'll really make the town hum next time, and has post-carded Edward Arnold to speed up on his ping-pong practice or she'll give him an even worse trouncing on her next trip! She's a peppy gal!

### HE'S A LINGUIST

Nelson Eddy hasn't had a moment to call his own since starting work on "Balalaika." He's been kept busy brushing up on the many languages which are necessary for his vocal numbers. He'll sing "The Volga Boatman" in Russian, "Silent Night" in German and selections from "Carmen" in French. For an Hungarian folk song, he's been practicing that language with Ilona Massey, his leading lady in the picture. Hungarian, according to Eddy, is one of the most difficult languages he's ever tackled. But he wouldn't consider it too difficult to talk to Miss Massey in any language. And, from all reports, nobody would! She's *that* lovely.



Anita Louise, once Movie-town's demurest, is now the gayest in all the night spots.

### MEET PROF. FLYNN

The first evening after his father's arrival in town, Errol Flynn took him out for a look at Hollywood's night life. At the Trocadero several people gathered around the Flynn table, charmed by Professor Flynn, who is Dean of Science at Queen's University of Belfast. Johnny Meyers, who is one of Flynn's constant companions listened in amazement to the Professor's fast, clipped English speech, finally leaning over to Errol and asking, "Say, what's your old man giving us—double talk?"

### JOE'S HOME TOWN

When an usher at the Joe E. Brown broadcast asked for tickets from a family group who wanted to see the show, he found out they had none. They were from Toledo, explained the father, and didn't know tickets were necessary. Joe E. Brown was rushing past them, but stopped and said, "Toledo—Toledo, OHIO? Why, folks, come right in!" He ushered the astounded parents and three children into the front row of the broadcasting studio and then introduced them to the entire audience. "They say they're just typical tourists, staying in an auto court," explained Joe E. "but they're not typical at all. Why, they're from Toledo, my home



That's a right, nifty hair wave Dick Powell is featuring this season, don't you think?



town!" Small wonder that the Joe E. Brown fans don't forget.

## MAE AND BILL

Mae West and W. C. Fields have finally come to an amicable settling of screen play difficulties and have now quietly settled down to stealing scenes from each other. Harry Ritz says that if spontaneous combustion doesn't occur on the West-Fields picture, he's going to broach the subject with his studio of having the Ritz Brothers and the Marx Brothers co-starred.

## GABLE'S PAL

Clark Gable is still seeing the girl friend to whom he was so devoted on the "Gone With The Wind" set. She is Cammie King, four-year-old who won the role of Bonnie Blue Butler. From the moment Gable and Cammie laid eyes on one another they were pals. And before long the director found it much simpler to give directions for Cammie's scenes to the star, who would pass the word along to the child. Incidentally, on completion of the picture, Gable was one happy man. He was given a \$100,000 bonus check and permission to get a haircut—his first in seven months. Incidentally, did you read "Heigh-ho, Scarlet!" on page 34? Well, you simply must!



John Garfield puts spoon in mouth while he autographs a program for a fan.

## HER SHOPPING SPREE

Vivien Leigh had another objective in New York besides seeing Laurence Olivier. She wanted to go on a clothes spree. Vivien had been kept so busy on "Gone With The Wind" that she had little use for any clothes except slacks and shirts, which were worn to work and to the occasional movie which she took in for relaxation. Sunny Alexander, the English actress' secretary, did all the shopping necessary for the Leigh wardrobe during this time. Vivien didn't buy so much as a stitch in six months, setting some kind of a record among womankind.

## BOYER'S PUBLIC

Charles Boyer won fans right and left on the Universal lot. While visiting "The Underpup" set one day, the yells for "Autograph, please, Mr. Boyer," from the twenty-five children in the picture were louder than the yells which daily greet the ice-cream man.

Irene Dunne, co-starred with Boyer in "Modern Cinderella" is another fan. According to her, the French actor could dramatize a comma.

## REAL FARMERS

Don't believe for a minute that the Clark Gables aren't serious about their farming. They have just purchased ten acres adjoining their property. One reason for buying up the additional property was that it included a hilltop where tourists hung out for a view of the Gable ranch. But the main reason was that Gable has his heart set on an orange grove, and has already planted hundreds of trees on the new acreage. Dyed-in-the-wool farmers might think that many of the gadgets of the Gable ranch are somewhat fantastic, but both Carole Lombard and her husband swear that the latest improvement is highly practical. It is a sound-proof chicken coop!

## GRACIE'S IN AGAIN

Gracie Allen won the prize at a recent rehearsal when the cast of the radio show were vying for first place in silly stories. She told about the Chinese student who was so anxious to perfect his American manners that he spent every evening studying an etiquette book. His first opportunity to try out the new set of manners came at a party given for the Dean. When a cup of tea was passed to him, the student said, "Thank you, sir or madame, as the case may be."

## MICKEY'S MOUSTACHE

Mickey Rooney is the most excited person in town, since hearing that he will go to England for "Yank at Eton." He has plans to surprise the English by a moustache, which will be grown en route. Being ribbed about his plans on the "Babes In Arms" set one day, Mickey said, "Okay, okay, have your fun. But I'll bet anyone here ten bucks that I get off the boat with a moustache. And with no make-up man standing by with reinforcements, either."

## A REEL BREAK

Are you wondering about the attractive Helen Gilbert, who made such a hit in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"—her first picture? Her own story is good enough to film—for she was discovered by W. S. Van Dyke, while playing the cello in the Metro orchestra. The director told her she was much too pretty to hide behind a cello and finally persuaded her into a screen test. Now there's talk of her appearing as leading lady in Robert Taylor's "Florian." It all comes under the heading of Too Good To Be True, but Helen's not keeping her fingers crossed. She'd like to be a movie star, of course, but with her musical career and her happy marriage to another musician she was perfectly happy before this prospect ever loomed.

## SNAPPY CHAUFFEURS

Check it off to rumor that the Gene Markeys aren't as devoted as ever. From the looks of things, Hedy is more smitten with her husband's charms each day. For now that she's finished "Lady of the Tropics," she drives Markey to the studio every morning and appears on the dot of six to pick him up every evening. The best looking blonde chauffeur



Constance Bennett is in Europe, they say, to divorce the Marquis de la Falaise.

in town belongs to Frank Ross, Vice-President of Hal Roach studios. The station-wagon which brings him to the studio daily is driven by his wife, Jean Arthur.

## WHY, MR. DUCK!

St. Louis friends report this story on Walt Disney. On a recent trip there, Mr. Disney was approached by a young lady who inquired why Donald Duck had not been properly named Donald Drake. Disney hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, it's a delicate subject. There was a scandal, you see, and Donald decided to use his mother's name."

## THEY'RE ALLERGIC!

Seems that every star has developed an allergy in her day—whether actually or for publicity purposes. Jeanette MacDonald can't have orchids around her without suffering hay fever attacks, Martha Raye is allergic to dogs, Deanna Durbin can't stand roses, and so on, ad nauseum. But here's a bona fide allergy, which caused Lya Lys to lose the best chance of her career. She was scheduled as Paul Muni's leading lady in "We Are Not Alone," but was allergic to his moustache. (Continued on page 104)



Notice Marie Wilson's fingerless gloves! Now that novelty takes lots of nerve.





Una Merkel and Bob Young talk over their careers. Bob's doing fine these days, but poor Una — not so good!



Right, are four important stars on a recent radio program. L. to r., Mickey Rooney, Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee and Joan Bennett. There you have thousands of dollars' worth of talent at a glance!



Donald Briggs and Barbara Read are members of the active younger set. They're always featured "among those present" at good parties and previews, which makes them a very busy duo these days.



LADY ESTHER SAYS—



# “Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!”



“**Trust to youth** to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you’ll find a rebellion against heavy, *waxy* creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!”



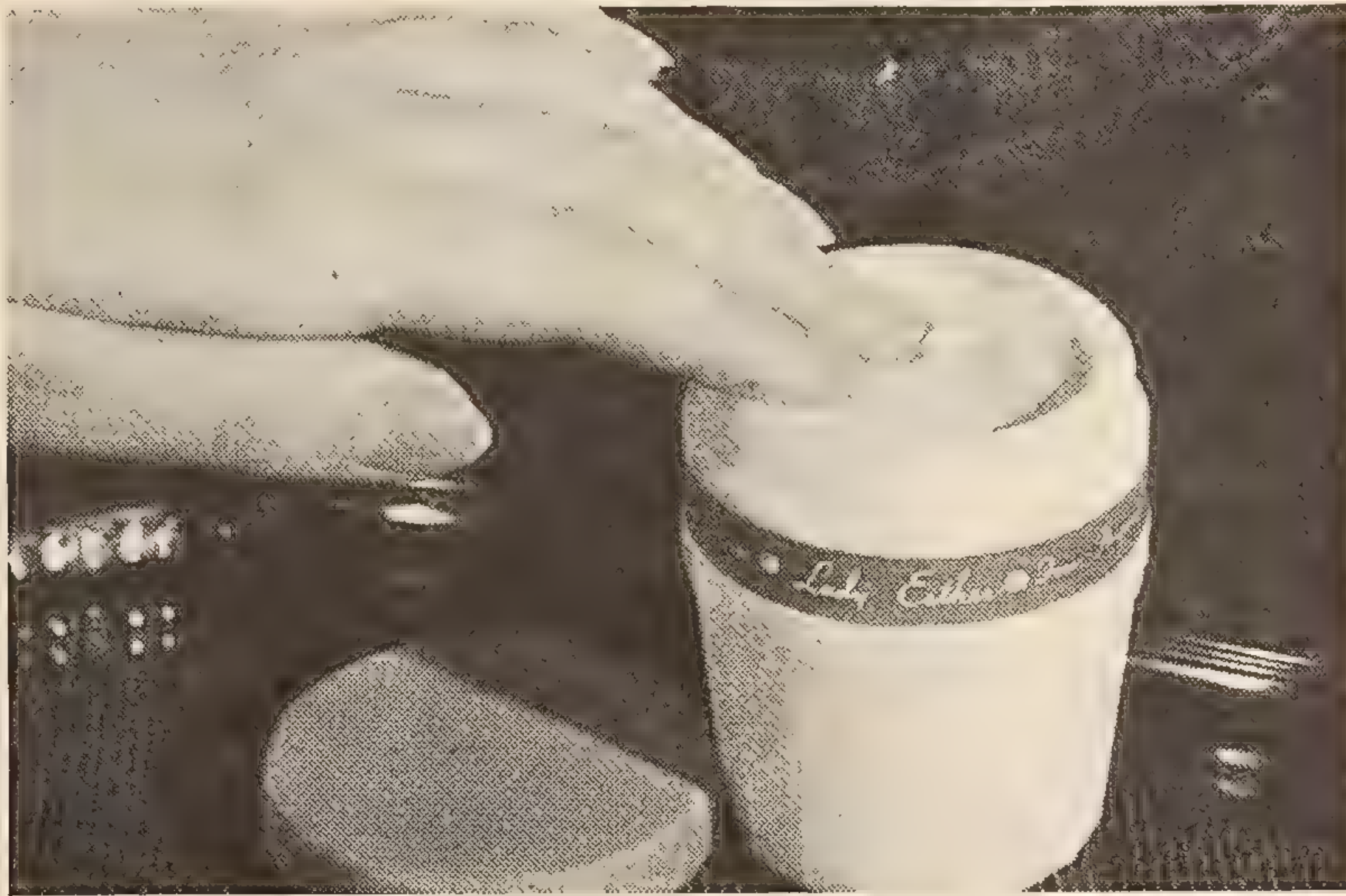
“**Why cling** to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!*”



“**Our rapid,** modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, *waxy* creams aren’t as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that’s why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin.”



**Life’s delightful** moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin “young skin care.” Help it be beautiful always and you’ll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.



**Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream** has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won’t you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn’t the one cream for *you*?

## Lady Esther urges you to make this “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW

**F**OR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are* . . . make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test”!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you’re at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a *second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed . . . *yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with

their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams **FAIL TO GET!**

For, unlike many heavy, “waxy” creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I’ll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your **YOUTH!**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,  
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)





Hedy Lamarr with Hubby Gene Markey. Wouldn't you like to see La Belle in a talkie instead of a still picture? See how much she and Joan look alike!

Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, above left, are being seen once more. For a while it looked as if Woolworth Donahue had cut Mr. W. out.

Norma Shearer entertains Orson Welles and Helen Hayes. How do you like the gent who scared Jersey, the Man from Mars and the hope of the Little Theatre?



Franchot Tone and Loretta Young make an attractive pair. Mr. T. isn't one bit worried about his "Ex's" activities these evenings. He's very gay, too.



# MODESS ANNOUNCES NEW COMFORT FOR YOU... "MOISTURE ZONING!"



Women have always had this haunting worry when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?



Women have often had this discomfort—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the moist outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?



Scientists set to work to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research... a discovery and its perfection...!



**Today—Miracle Modess!** At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to *zone* moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler

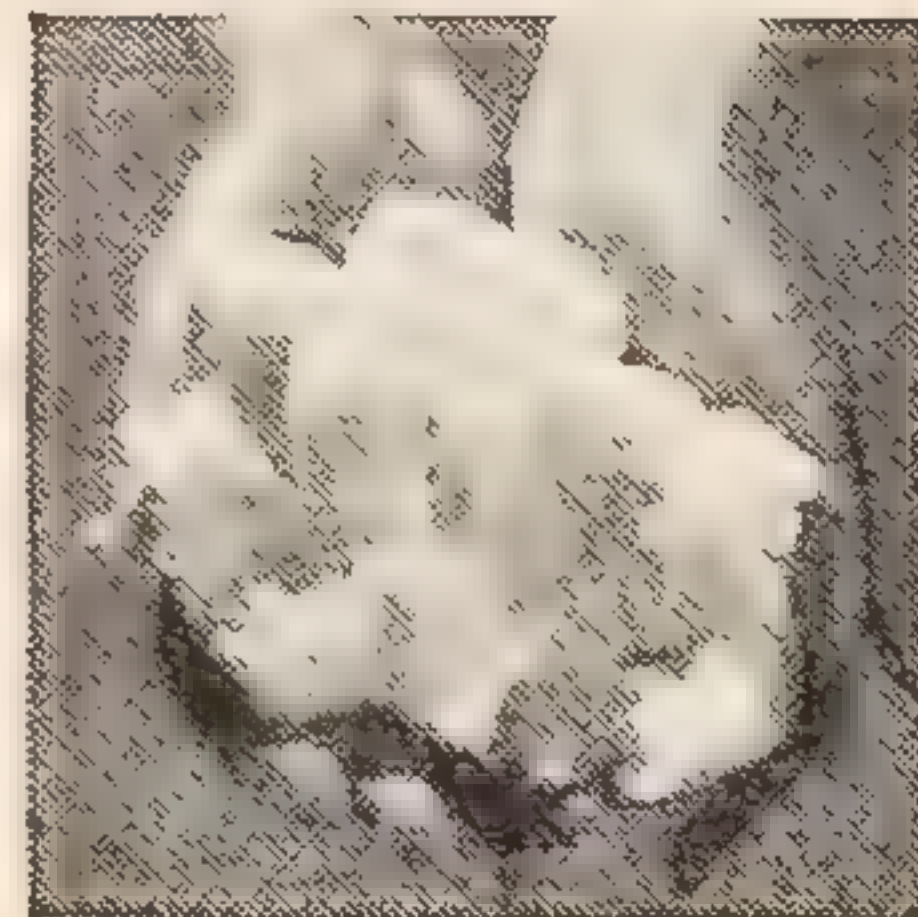
makes it **SOFTER**. Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is **SAFER**. For "Moisture Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.

## AGAIN MODESS IS FIRST!

### FIRST WITH "FLUFF-TYPE" FILLER

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—Modess *starts* softer and *stays* softer.



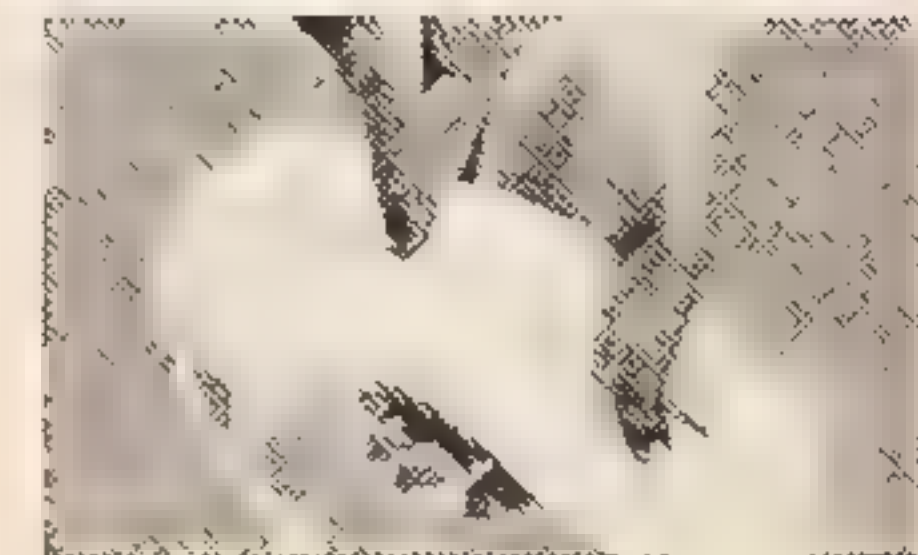
### FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

Modess was first to use a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material, to guard against striking through.



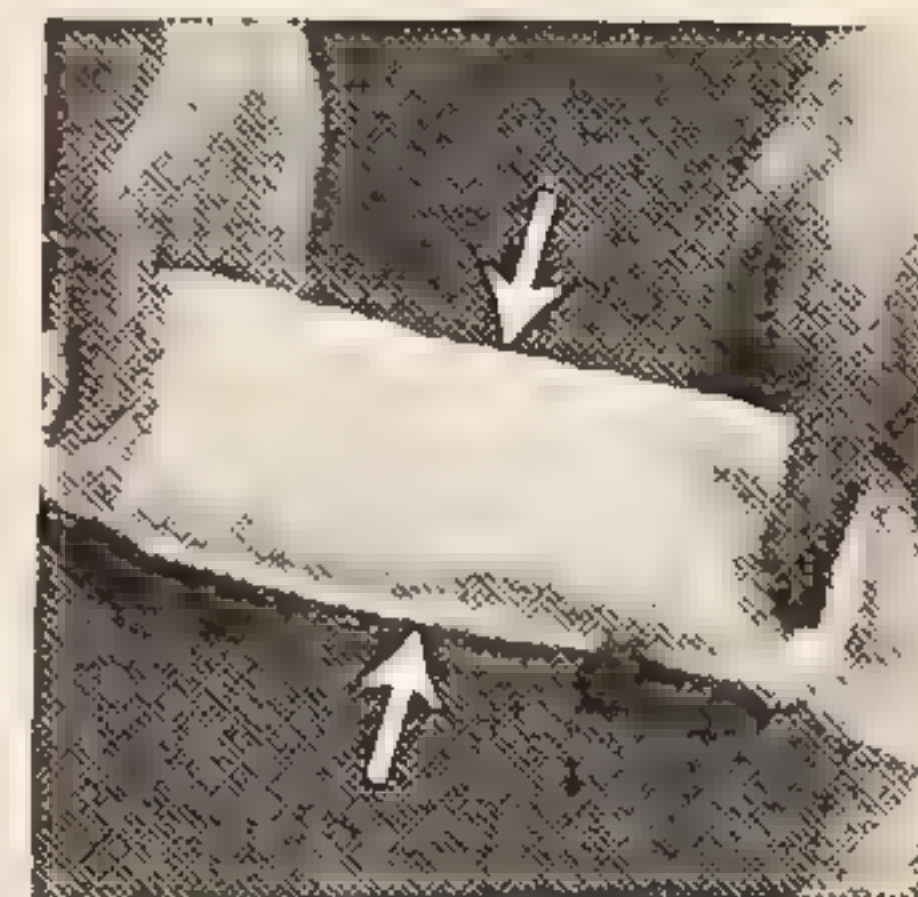
### NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad so you'll wear back **AWAY** from body.



### AND NOW FIRST WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Modess again is first—with "Moisture-Zoning," which keeps edges of napkin dry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Get Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.





# WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME

ABOUT THIS MARVELOUS  
SPAGHETTI BEFORE?



It saves me  
time and work,  
has a much better  
sauce than I can make



● "I always cooked my own spaghetti until I discovered Franco-American. But now we have Franco-American all the time and love it. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce has the one I used to make beaten a mile. Imagine, they actually use *eleven* different ingredients in it!"

Yes, *eleven*! Luscious tomato puree, brimming with garden-fresh flavor. Selected Cheddar cheese from America's finest dairies. Savory spices and seasonings subtly blended to give delicate, piquant flavor. And you can enjoy this superb spaghetti *any* time, at a moment's notice. No cooking or fussing, simply heat.

Serve Franco-American as main dish or side dish. Combine with left-overs and less expensive meat cuts. A can holding three to four portions costs only 10c. Here's a "millionaire's dish" for less than 3c a portion! Order now!

## Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 6210  
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## BINNIE BARNES' APPLE RECIPES

### APPLE GEM PIE

- 1 (14 oz.) can pineapple gems  
syrup drained from pineapple
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup light brown sugar

- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 cups sliced apples

Pastry for pie shell and pastry strips  
Turn contents of pineapple can into colander to drain. Add the resulting syrup to cornstarch slowly and stir until smooth. Add sugar, butter and nutmeg. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth, clear and thickened. Cool. Place apple slices in a circle around the outer edge of a pie pan lined with rich pastry. Place pineapple in a circular row next to the apples then fill center of pie with apple slices. Cover fruits with the syrup. Cut 4 strips of pastry about  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide and place across pie to form the spokes of a wheel. Place a small circle of pastry in the middle of pie where the pastry strips cross. (See illustration on page 10.) Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10-15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and continue baking 25-30 minutes longer or until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold. Delicious served *à la mode*, with a topping of vanilla or pineapple ice cream.

### SOUTHERN APPLESAUCE CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup light brown sugar
- 1 egg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups applesauce
- 1 teaspoon soda

- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves
- 1 cup seedless raisins

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup nut meats, chopped

Cream shortening and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten egg, then the applesauce. (Applesauce should be put through a strainer first, to insure smoothness.) Mix well. Sift flour, measure; add soda, salt and spices and sift again. Add flour mixture to applesauce mixture, reserving a tablespoon of these dry ingredients with which to sprinkle the raisins. Rinse raisins in boiling water, drain and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle raisins with reserved flour, add to cake batter together with nut meats. Beat well. Turn into two greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) approximately 30 minutes or until cake tester inserted in center of layers comes out clean. Turn out on wire cake rack to cool. Put together with the following:

**Frosting and Filling:** Melt 2 tablespoons butter over low heat. Remove from heat, add 3 tablespoons cream, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Gradually stir in 2 cups confectioners' sugar, more or less, until of right consistency to spread. Divide into 2 portions. To one of these add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nut meats and 3 tablespoons applesauce. When thoroughly blended spread between layers of cake. Cover top and sides with remaining mixture. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, if desired.

### STUFFED APPLE SALAD

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup red cinnamon candies\*
- 4 large firm apples

- 1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese  
a little cream or rich milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped nut meats  
mayonnaise, lettuce

Cook together the sugar, water and candy for 5 minutes. Core apple generously, peel them and place them in the syrup. Cover and cook until apples are tender but not falling apart, turning frequently, so that they are equally well cooked and equally red on all sides. Remove apples from syrup, chill them thoroughly, place in lettuce cups. Moisten cream cheese with cream or milk, whipping it with a fork until light and fluffy. Add nut meats. Fill centers of apples with this mixture. Top with a dash of mayonnaise or cooked dressing. These apples should resemble tomatoes. If the color does not become deep enough during cooking add more cinnamon candies.

\*Red cinnamon drops can be purchased at most grocery stores, or red cinnamon hard candy can be purchased at candy stores.

### APPLE CAKE PUDDING

- 8 medium-sized cooking apples
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon
- a few grains nutmeg
- BATTER

- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons boiling water
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

3 eggs  
Peel and core apples. Cut into eighths. Mix the  $\frac{2}{3}$  cup sugar with cinnamon and nutmeg, combine with apples and turn into large, greased baking dish. Cover and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes. Meanwhile make cake batter, as follows: Break eggs into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, then the salt and vanilla. Stir in the boiling water. Add flour which has been sifted, measured, and sifted again with the baking powder. Fold in flour gently so that no dry flour remains. Spread this batter carefully over the partially cooked apples, return to moderate oven (350°F.) and bake, uncovered, 45 minutes longer or until cake tester comes out clean. Serve hot with slightly sweetened whipped cream or with a Hard Sauce or Lemon Sauce. Serves 6 to 8.



# WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks **IRENE DUNNE**

**COSMETIC SKIN**  
SPOILS A GIRL'S  
CHANCES OF  
ROMANCE!

**LUX TOILET SOAP**  
REMOVES STALE  
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY.  
IT HAS **ACTIVE LATHER**

IT'S IMPORTANT TO  
USE A SOAP THAT'S  
REALLY **GOOD** FOR  
THE SKIN. WHY  
DON'T YOU USE  
**LUX TOILET SOAP**  
AS I DO?

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S  
"WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

"I USE cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has **ACTIVE** lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from *choked pores*. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and *holds* it. Make Hollywood's beauty care *your* beauty care, too!

**CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—**

I WOULDN'T DREAM  
OF NEGLECTING MY  
BEDTIME COMPLEXION  
CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO  
RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**

THIS **ACTIVE LATHER**  
REMOVES STALE  
COSMETICS, DUST AND  
DIRT THOROUGHLY—  
HELPS KEEP SKIN  
SOFT AND SMOOTH

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO  
ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

**9 out of 10  
Screen Stars use  
Lux Toilet Soap**



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Continued from page 40)

down the block. None of this for him! "That's all right, dear. We know you. You're Richard Carlson's father. We heard you bragging about him to Mr. Smith for an hour on end last night."

There has always been a special bond between the elder Carlson and his younger son. "Richard," says Ruth, "is what the rest of us might have been and aren't." Her father rejects the notion that any of his children aren't exactly as he likes them. "Just the same," Ruth points out, "Richard was graduated *summa cum laude*. The rest of us? *Summa cum nix*."

Richard inherited from his father an absorbing curiosity about life in all its manifestations. From the time he was two and asked who made it snow and was told, "God," and commented appreciatively, "Good for God," he has said, "Why, Daddy?" more consistently than Fanny Brice. He perfumed the house with his chemistry experiments. For three weeks the family laundry had to wait while he built a glider in the basement among the wash tubs. To his mother's terror and his father's delight, the glider actually worked for a moment or two. With a couple of friends he organized the Rock of Ages Insurance Company to insure mothers' thimbles and fathers' watch-charms. With three dollars in the treasury, the company declared bankruptcy and descended on the drug store to gorge itself with ice cream sodas. He shared a passion for music with his sister Margaret, and would

stand beside the radio for an hour at a time, helping great orchestra leaders conduct their symphonies.

His greatest passion, also inherited, was for words. His paternal grandfather was a carpenter and itinerant Baptist minister. During the week he built houses, and took Sundays off to preach at the building site. Richard's father is a lawyer, with a reverence for learning in general, and for Shakespeare and the Bible in particular. He commended to his children a boyhood habit of his own. "When you meet a new word, look it up, then use it till it's part of your vocabulary. Some day you'll find that 'swell' and 'rotten' aren't enough." Of them all, only Richard took to the idea—with such warmth that when his mother went up to turn out the lights in the boys' room, she generally had to dislodge the dictionary or encyclopedia from under his ear.

FROM the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, they moved to Minneapolis. "My father," says Richard, "saw this brood of kids coming up, whom he had to put through college. So he pulled up stakes and started all over again at forty-five. Courage, I call it."

In high school Richard decided there was nothing worth learning. This was a measure of self-defense. He'd discovered a world of extra-curricular activities which left no time for books. He was class president, head of the dramatic club, editor of the school paper. He played football, he wrote a column called

"Richard's Poor Almanac," he fell in love with a black-haired, blue-eyed Irish beauty named Kate and walked home with her every night for four years. "The boy's brilliant," the principal complained to his father, "but he won't settle down." By dint of not working, he managed to squeak through with C's. He had a wonderful time.

By the time he was ready for college, his ambitions had crystallized. He wanted to write. A professorship would give him time for writing. A good scholastic record would help him toward a professorship. To his friends, the notion of Richard's buckling down to work bordered on the fantastic. They said, "Yah!" Richard grinned, and plunged into work with the concentrated energy which is his gift. That he still had some energy left over for non-academic pursuits is indicated by his mother's reaction to a phone call he made from his frat house at eleven one night during his junior year. It went like this:

"May I speak to Dad, Mother?"

"He's in bed. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. But get him up, will you?"

"Oh, Richard, what have you done now?—Henry—" She woke her sleeping husband. "It's Richard, Henry. He's got himself into another mess, I know. I can tell by his voice."

Mr. Carlson went to the phone. "Just heard I made Phi Beta Kappa, Dad. Wanted you to be the first to know."

"That's fine, son," his father chuckled.

## MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC

IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT **PALMOLIVE!**



WELL YOUR MARRIAGE CERTAINLY HAS STAYED ROMANTIC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION! BUT WHY IS **PALMOLIVE** SO GOOD FOR GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN?



BECAUSE **PALMOLIVE** IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

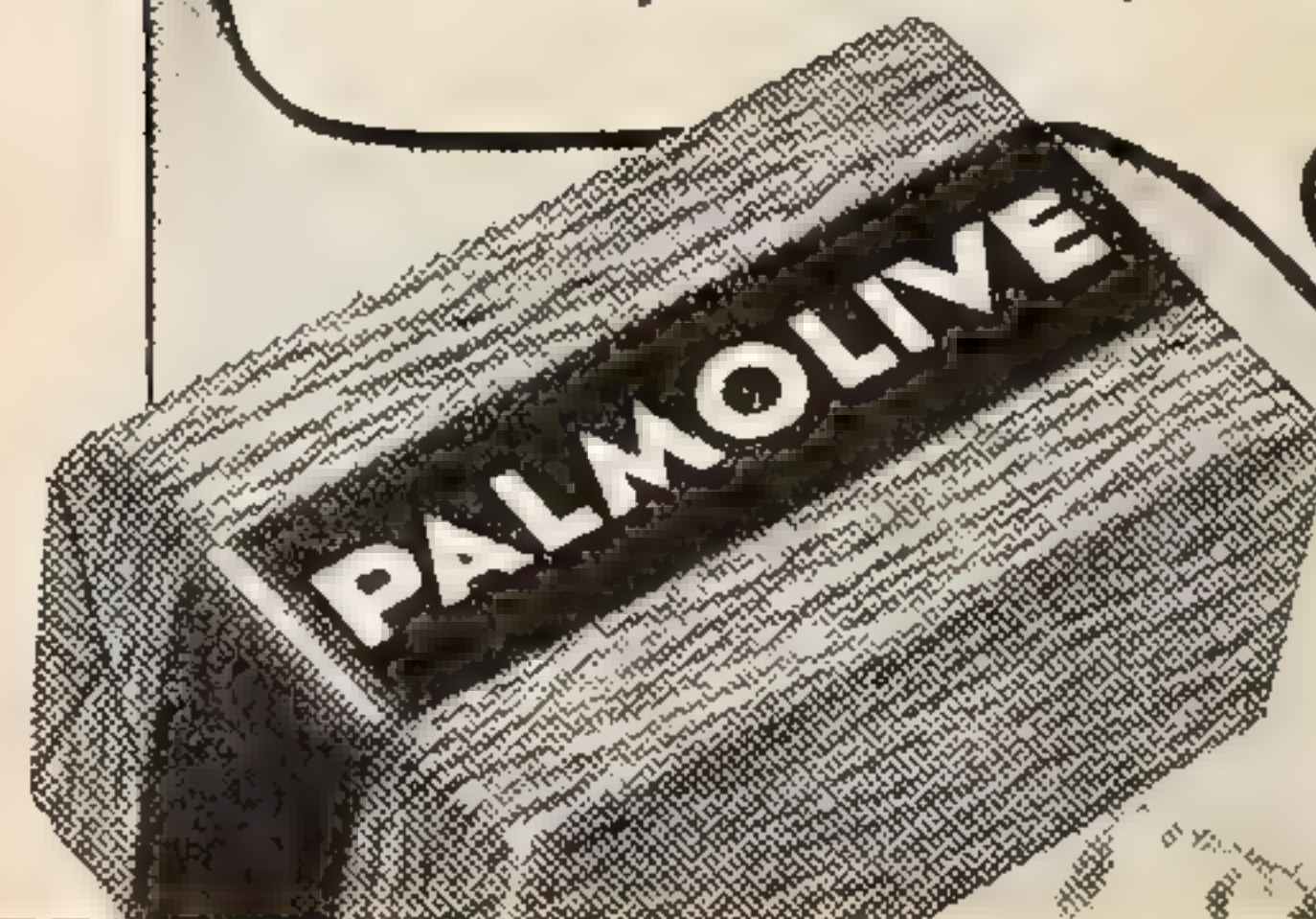


THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE **PALMOLIVE** REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!



**MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!**

THAT'S WHY **PALMOLIVE** IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!





"I knew you would." As indeed he did. During senior year he announced his engagement to a girl named Jean. On graduation day he walked off with \$2500 in prize money. He decided that the juxtaposition of these two events had been arranged by fate, and betook himself to his father's office. "Dad, Jean and I want to get married and study at the Sorbonne together for a year." The elder man scrutinized him for a moment, then went to the window and stood looking out. At length he turned. "That's a grave decision, son. Let's talk it over."

The upshot was that Richard bought passage for two. Before the marriage could take place, however, the franc had soared and made the great adventure impossible. Richard returned to the university for his master's degree. He and Jean drifted apart, and she married someone else. They're still good friends, though. He sees Kate too, for that matter, whenever he passes through Detroit.

By the time he got his M.A., he was fed up with college. His mind revolted at the thought of teaching Freshman English to freshmen who didn't want to learn English. A glittering idea struck him. Since he wanted to write for the theatre, his most sensible course would be to work in the theatre. He took his scholarship money, still intact, talked his father out of another thousand and formed the Minneapolis Repertory Company. The reviews were kind, but the audiences stayed away. Richard went broke as a result.

More for the solace of getting things off his chest than for practical advice, he wandered down to see his friend, Merle Potter, dramatic critic of the "Journal." "Get out of Minneapolis," Potter told him. "If you want the theatre, go where the theatre is—Hollywood or New York."

That night he went to the beer parlor, run by a nice fat alewife named Swanee, where he and his cronies had foregathered for the past five years to settle the problems of life. "I'm going to Hollywood or New York," he announced.

"When?" asked Michael Loring, one of the gang.

"Next Wednesday," he said for the sake of saying something.

"I've got a hundred and eighty bucks. I'll go with you." They flipped a coin, and it came out Hollywood.

It took him longer to win his father over. From ten to one-thirty on a Sunday morning they sat in the rock garden and thrashed things out. Point by point Richard met his parent's objections. He wasn't dazzled by the glamor of the footlights, he wasn't rising to the lure



Bonita Granville is a busy gal these days—what with growing up and flying from one role to another.

**YOUR COME-CLOSER SMILE  
"DOES THINGS" TO ME!**

**IRIUM "DID THINGS"  
TO MY SMILE!**



## Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM THE COSTLIER INGREDIENT

*to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth  
... reveal their full pearly brilliance!*

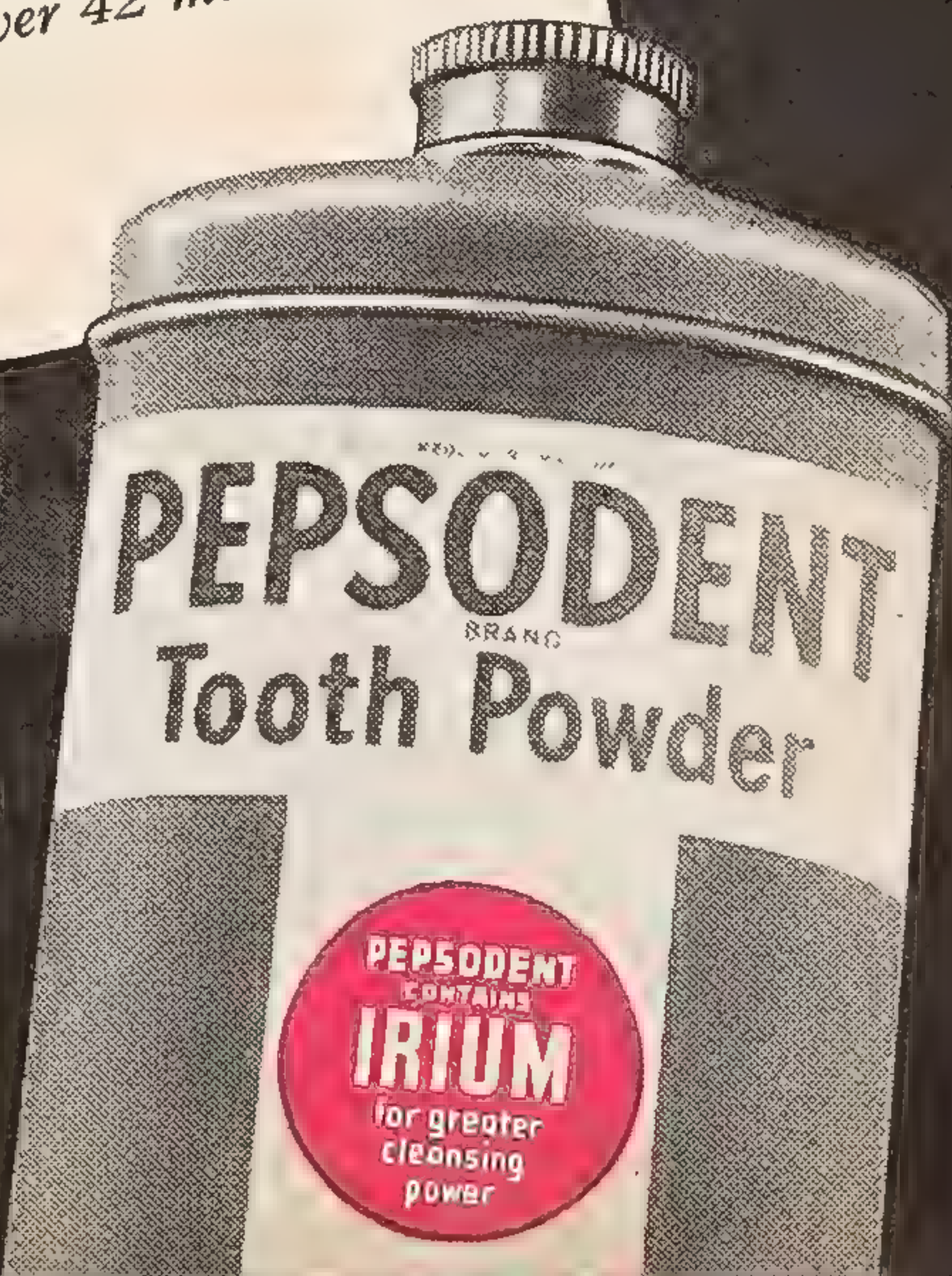
- See how Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM does things to help you win a "Come-Closer" Smile! For teeth more dazzling... cleaner... lovelier to look at... smoother to feel... start today the IRIUM WAY! Because of IRIUM, the costlier ingredient, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is *extra effective*! For IRIUM, remarkable cleansing discovery, helps gently brush away unsightly surface-stains. See how speedily Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM can polish your teeth to a sparkling natural brilliance you may never have dreamed possible! Notice, too, that it helps overcome bad breath as it cleans.

**Proved Safe For Tooth Enamel!**

What's more, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is economical... thorough... **SAFE!** It contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Order Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM now... learn why already over 42 million cans have been bought!

**25¢ and Larger Economy Size**

**For a Come-Closer Smile  
use PEPSODENT POWDER**





of the Hollywood siren. He was determined to write and direct for the theatre, so he had to go where the theatre was. Potter had supplied him with a good line.

At one-thirty Mrs. Carlson refused to wait dinner any longer. "What have you decided?"

"I've decided," said her husband, "that the law has lost a powerful pleader in our Richard."

"He's decided," said her son, "to stake me to twenty-five a week."

Hollywood failed to get excited over Richard. He had a letter to Arthur Sheekman, who sent him to the Pasadena Community Playhouse—an excellent training ground where you work for nothing. He directed *Richard II*. Oliver Hinsdell of Metro saw him play Prince Hal in "Henry IV" and invited him to join Metro stock. He appeared in a short, which Mr. Hinsdell was sure would lead to a contract. It didn't. They were willing to have him continue in stock, but that wasn't good enough for Richard. "I'm taking a bus to New York," he wrote his father. "All right," his father wrote back, "provided you agree to go into something else if, after two months, you're not earning your living there." He promised that he would.

ON arrival he phoned a friend who suggested lunch the next day. The friend was assistant stage manager for the Boston company of "Three Men on a Horse." He asked Richard to pick him up at the theatre where they were rehearsing.

George Abbott, producer of the show, was sitting out front with the leading lady when Richard walked in. Abbott eyed the box tweed coat that hung from his shoulders, spotted the Phi Beta

Kappa key. "There's a nice looking kid," he said to the leading lady. "Shall I hire him to keep you company on the road?"

"Why not?"

"Hey, College," yelled Abbott. "Want a job?" You're hired. Fifty a week." Such things sometimes happen.

Fortune smiled all year. He played in summer stock at Dennis, he played in "Night of January 16th" and with Ethel Barrymore in "Ghost of Yankee Doodle." Meantime he was putting his heart into a play of his own called "Western Waters." He found a producer. The play was to open just after Christmas, which meant that Richard couldn't get home for the holidays. His mother was rather upset, especially after he phoned them on Christmas Eve, sounding none too cheerful over the prospects for his play. On the train east, his sister Ruth read the reviews. They shattered her so that she couldn't eat any breakfast. She had to steel herself to call her brother when she reached New York. "I'm fine, Sis," he told her. "Had a letter from Dad that restored my perspective. No, he didn't say much but I read him between the lines: 'You're a nice boy, Richard, but you've had things pretty much your own way. Won't hurt you to take a sock in the jaw.'"

Luck seemed to have turned against him. His play had failed. Months went by, and no job. For the first time since leaving college, he began to consider the advisability of retreating to an academic career. Then Ethel Barrymore offered him a role in "Whiteoaks."

It was while he was on the road that his own play, flop though it had been, bore unexpected fruit. Sidney Howard, in Hollywood for "Gone With The Wind," had read "Western Waters" and thought

highly of it. "If you mean what you say about wanting to develop new writers," he told David Selznick, "there's a kid in New York you'd better hire. He acts too."

Richard got a bid from Selznick. It wasn't his first movie offer. The scouts had been after him, dangling the usual forty-week acting contract. Richard had turned them down, prompting his businesslike brother Henry to dub him "Art-for-art's-sake Dick." He liked Hollywood, he had no objection to acting. But he wouldn't give up his dream of writing, nor bind himself to any agreement which would interfere with it. Selznick gave him a three-way contract—to write, act and direct for six months a year.

HAVING acquired him, the producer didn't know what to do with him, so he turned him loose in the studio where Richard poked around to his soul's content. From the story department, where he learned how to break books and plays down into synopses, he followed the whole fascinating process, watching directors at work, ambling in and out of projection rooms, spending his nights with the cutters.

"How's it going?" Selznick asked him one day.

"Fine for me. What are you getting out of it?"

The boss eyed him thoughtfully. "I wonder why you couldn't play the Scotchman with Janet Gaynor."

His sister Ruth caught a typical reaction to his first screen appearance. She sat shaking in the theatre, the picture a blur till Richard's face emerged. When it faded out, she grew conscious of whispers behind her. "My, he's attractive. Who is he?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I never saw him before. But I'll certainly make it my

# TIME FOR A *SHOWDOWN!*

(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)

LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!

JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!

AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT-- ABOUT BAD BREATH!

PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?

NO. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL-- SO I GOT READY EARLY!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream

LARGE SIZE 20¢  
GIANT SIZE 35¢  
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Approved by the American Dental Association





Just a couple of cake-eaters—Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan. Incidentally, the Dead Enders reform in their new pix.

business to see him right soon again."

She wanted to turn and gather them to her breast, but restrained herself to a passionate, if inaudible, murmur: "Thank you, kind people. Thank you for liking my brother."

Richard met Mona Mayfield two or three years ago. Dark-eyed, ivory-skinned, with a soft Texan drawl, she's pretty as a picture. She'd have to be, for she was a photographer's model.

When they were introduced by Mona's brother-in-law, one of Richard's best friends, they vouchsafed each other a distant "how do you do?" The fact was that the dish had been overdone. Mona had been plugged to Richard, and Richard to Mona, till each was sick of the sound of the other's name.

Left to itself, however, the romance bloomed last winter. Ruth's phone shrilled at two o'clock one morning. She lifted it to hear a blissful voice saying: "Mona and I just got engaged."

On her way out west to be married, Mona spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Carlson in Minneapolis. Richard received two letters in the same mail, which set him purring with content. From his wife-to-be: "I adore your father and mother, and I think they like me all right." From his mother: "Mona has taken our hearts by storm."

They were married a few weeks ago in a church at Las Vegas. Their first joint enterprise as man and wife was a wire to the family: "It's all over and official and we're very, very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carlson."

You'll be seeing Mr. Carlson in Wanger's "Winter Carnival." But for a fluke, it might have been "Golden Boy." The part was offered him while he was appearing on Broadway in "Stars in Your Eyes." Selznick and Columbia had agreed on the terms of the loanout, and Richard was crazy to play it, as who wouldn't have been. The only hitch lay in his stage contract, which ran till May 1st. He was due in Hollywood on April 13th. But considering the splendor of the opportunity, he was sure he could get a release. He wired to Bermuda, where the producer was vacationing.

The answer came on April 1st. It was "no." Ruth and Mona were with him. He turned white for a moment, then asked Julian, his Filipino servant, for a Scotch and soda. "Mr. Carlson, sir," said Julian, "it's April Fool joke. It can't be true."

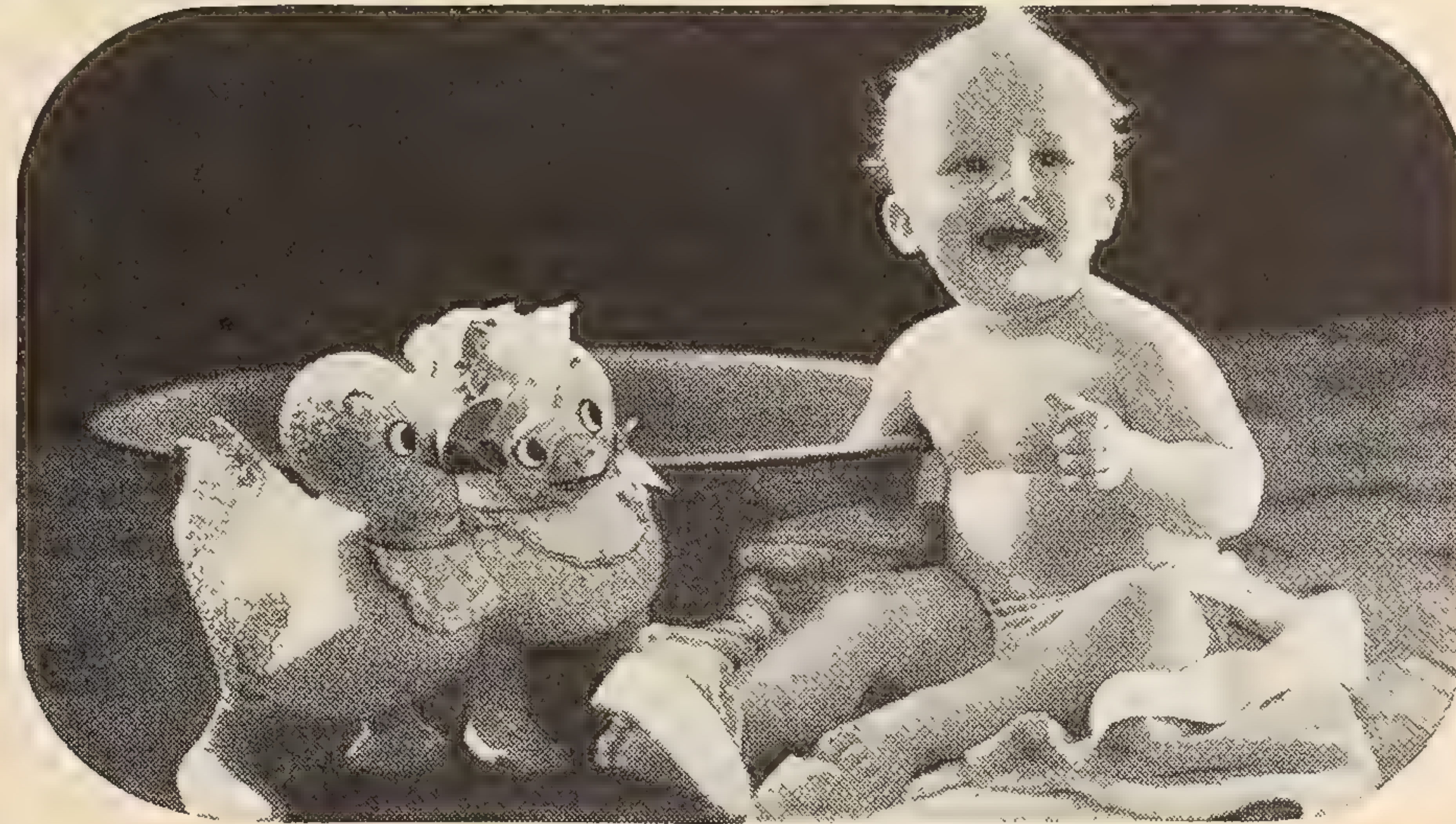
He'd soon rallied sufficiently to comfort his women folk. "Don't take it so hard, children. You know what Dad would say. 'You made a contract. Don't resent being asked to stick by it.'"



"Just listen to 'em!... 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!...' 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"



"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

**JOHNSON'S  
BABY POWDER**

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.



## DEFINITELY DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 46)



*"Thirty days  
has September"*

**—But it took Midol to  
make Betty's calendar  
agree with the rhyme!**

Poor Betty! Every month seemed three days short—three days when she had to save herself, avoiding activity to avoid severe "regular" pain. But now—thanks to MIDOL—the rhyme and the calendar agree again, and Betty lives through her dreaded days in active comfort.

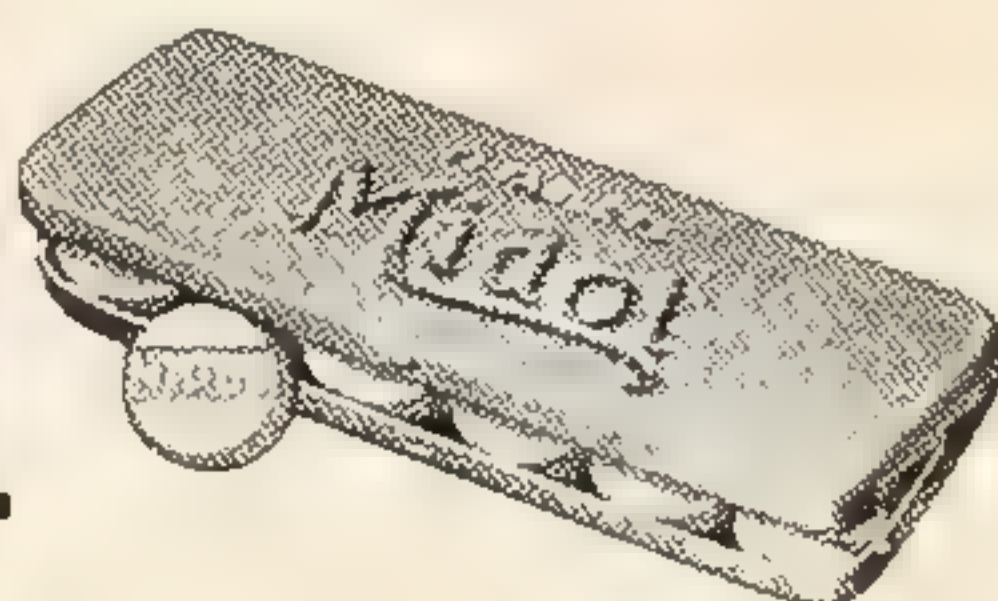
HOW MANY days of living do you lose by giving-in to the functional pain of menstruation—pain which many doctors say, and Midol proves, is often needless?

Answer fairly—add up the days and weeks of normal activity that you sacrifice in a year—and you'll not let another month pass without trying Midol for comfort.

Midol is made for this special purpose—to relieve unnecessary functional pain through trying days... to give those days back to you for active living. And unless there is some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it. It soothes the pain, lessens discomfort, lets them go on when the calendar says stop. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through even your worst day.

Get Midol now; know its comfort is near when needed. All druggists have Midol in neatly flat aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

**MIDOL**



*Relieves Functional Periodic Pain*



**APPROVED BY  
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU**

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

herself ready for anything by clock-work. The first explosion occurred when a famous director had had a busy day and was annoyed when Frances was late for her appointment to discuss an envied role with him. She was tired, so his attitude made her furious. She flew off the handle, into her car and skidded by the emerging man so fast she nearly ran over him. She drove pell-mell to the back lot and burst into violent tears. Later they apologized to one another.

The other ace director balled her out before a big crowd of extras when, due back for night shots, she overestimated her time for dinner. She was stunned, but not too much to cry, "You can't speak to me like that!" It was embarrassing all the way around. Both directors, incidentally, are now among her greatest boosters and she admits she ought to be slapped down when she's in error. Only let someone try it!

Within her there is a disconcerting restlessness. Fortunately Joel understands this. In spite of his common sense—"One of us has to have some!" exclaims Frances—he also abhors the prosaic. He wants her to go on with her career. He has always been drawn to women with plenty of zip. When Joel was Hollywood's most pursued bachelor he always dated temperamental glamor gals and when he married he wasn't, as has been so blandly assumed, reverting to the peaceful domestic type. His wife, he knew had every exciting potentiality, only better restraint.

Frances finally had to hire a nurse to dictate to her two young sons. "Before I had her, Joel and I would pick them up on the spur of the moment and start for the ranch. Oh, Joel's worse than I am! In the middle of the night he'd start for Timbuctoo, if he didn't have a contract. I knew it was wrong to be so irregular with them, so for their sakes we hired a proper English nurse."

**S**HE isn't proud of being headstrong, but unquestionably she is and it was this trait that got her into the movies.

When she finished at Hyde Park High School in Chicago she was ready for Hollywood, but her parents weren't. If she is progressing sanely in pictures it's not of her choice; she wanted to zoom at seventeen and she still is willing to be a star overnight if she can be. In high school plays she'd been emphatically good, so she dramatized herself to the n-th degree. However, she was packed off to college.

For two years Frances attended the University of Chicago and you would imagine she improved each shining hour. Not Frances! She hated it. As soon as she discovered no undergraduate could be in a college show, the required courses which were inflicted upon her irritated her. She was all eager, romantic and dramatic, and they were ice water.

"I still think college was bad for me," she maintains. "It gives a mental training, teaches you to be analytical, develops your dry side. I was ripe for emotional development, and I was doused in cold, intellectual lessons. That's the wrong track for an actress. Maybe book learning of the advanced sort would have been all right if it had dealt with art, but there was nothing like that. Yes, everything I studied in college had to be undone!"

She revenged herself at college by

studying as little as she had to in order to pass. She became a social success. "All I cared about was how many dates I could have. I went to tea dances rather than to the library, and I was silly and gaga." Classes weren't serious to her. She calls it her stupid era. She blames it on being forced onto a campus when she had no desire in that direction. She insists that it would have been better had she been allowed to come to Hollywood directly from high school.

**A**T the end of her second year she had a showdown with her dad. He consented to stake her for a year in Hollywood, and sent her and her mother west. She was determined to click, so she rented a small apartment and began listening for breaks. She heard Fox was filming a college story, so she went out and got into a line of extras checking in for the picture. When they got to her she introduced herself as a genuine college girl, and "how'd they like authenticity?" The nerve drew the job. She earned \$100 and instantly spent it as a down payment on an old Chrysler.

Piling fellow extras into the top-heavy bus was fun until she had to confess she couldn't even get extra calls. She ultimately persuaded Central Casting to register her, but she bumped into their law of seniority and so received few jobs. She began commuting to Pasadena nights. She wasn't rated good enough for plays on the main stage of the Community Playhouse there, but she got into the amateur plays in the tiny Workshop.

Eleven futile months passed. She had one more month to go, was still nowhere, and her father still wrote her she was hitting a new peak in silliness.

When she was disappointed at a new depth, the miracle she had counted on happened. She was eating lunch in the Paramount cafe one noon. Maurice Chevalier, hunting a new girl for the lead in his new picture, spotted her and demanded her.

So Frances' jump from extra to heroine was that abrupt. She had to portray an excited French girl and when they previewed, she was obviously excited, if not French. She celebrated her victorious contract by moving to a bigger apartment in the same building, one with two closets instead of one.

She was pretty and adequate, so she remained a heroine. Flattered by attention, she resumed her social whirling in the new setting. Soon she was going out with Howard Hughes and all the sought-after blades. At college she'd almost entangled herself in marriage twice, which would have been disastrous considering she had every intention of coming to Hollywood. She tried to counteract the suave compliments she now got with charming coquetry. Consequently, her life seethed with a series of situations.

The career that began with luck met a frightening impasse when she defiantly refused to be browbeaten. The depression disclosed that, through a corporate mix-up, none of the Paramount players' contracts were legally binding. All the stars were asked to resign. Those who were dissatisfied with their roles had an out, and Frances had begun to pay a third of her salary to the noted drama coach, Samuel Kayser. She realized she had to get assignments with some point, or she'd fade out. Characteristically,



she inevitably arrived late for her expensive lessons, and the venerable old man would groan, "Will you never come on time? You throw my whole day off!" She went back to him for coaching during her recent over-long vacation, contending she must be able to really act, when they hire her.

"I say," Frances declared to me, "that there is no spot like Hollywood! I think there is an impression that Joel and I stay away from it, rather snootily. We don't! Both of us love Hollywood and its people. We aren't in pictures just for the money, but because we honestly love the work. I think the finest people in the world are here. It's a vivid place, an alive place! It brings out the best in the best persons and the worst in the worst persons."

Hollywood made Frances more of a flirt than she'd been in college, for awhile. Then it toned her down in the only manner a highly emotional girl can be toned; it gave her stimulating work in which she could have pride. It challenged her to prove herself.

She gambled on leaving Paramount, and security. Her agent implored her not to be so rash. "You can stay on for two more years! It's a sure deal. And they'll crucify you if you leave!"

Frances felt she could do better if she gambled on applying for better roles. The studio was mad at her, too. For two months, although on her last picture she'd received the best notices ever, there wasn't one single bid for her services.

"I hadn't saved a cent," she confessed. "Mother and I hung onto the house we were renting in Beverly, but we had to let the maid go. I was out of Paramount, expected to immediately get something grand, and nothing happened. I began to



Gloria Jean looks and sings like a very young Deanna Durbin. She will soon be seen in "The Underpup."

do my own work in the house. I kept on going to Kayser, two hours every day; I felt I had to. But I was pretty scared with that inexplicable lull, with no money coming in and no reserve."

The lull climaxed one afternoon when Frances, alone at home, received a telephone call. Her agent had just negotiated a four-picture deal at a salary exactly five times as large as she'd made at Paramount! Her mother was coming up the street from the market, arms full of groceries. Frances ran out, knocked the food every-which-way. "We're rich, we're rich!" she shouted. Exultantly she dialed all her friends who, incidentally, had not forsaken her in the strange crisis. Their loyalty when she was on a spot is one more reason she likes Hollywood. It isn't, she knows, a callous, forgetful town. They all sent flowers, as though she were having an opening at the house.

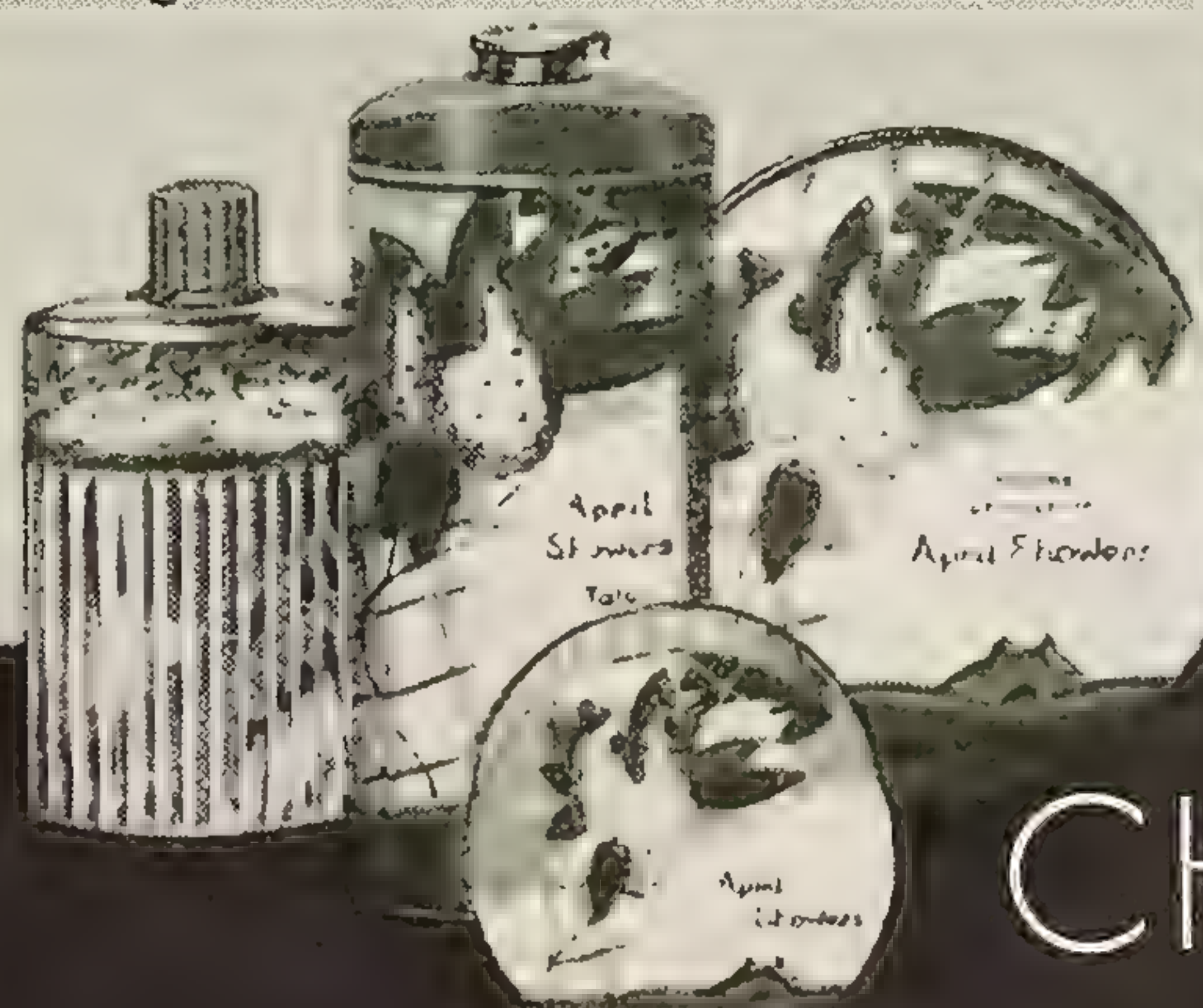
Her leading man turned out to be Joel. She looked at him warily. She was certain he must feel he was wonderful! But she wound up eloping with him. On location in Washington, D. C., she had a week off and went to New York for her first whirl there. The other admirers no longer had any spell. She long-distanced Joel, "It's marvelous here. I'm on the twenty-ninth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria and it's the most exciting city in the world!" He caught the next plane and they drove through New England on a hasty honeymoon. Last fall they returned east for the first time, bought a car, and drove sentimentally to the same towns.

Mercurial Frances Dee hasn't everything nicely catalogued. She has something inside of her that keeps her in suspense. Aside from being positive she loves Joel, and her two little boys, she is wildly at sea about everything else.

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CHERAMY  
P E R F U M E R



## THE HARDYS AT HOME

(Continued from page 43)



Sleek fitting undies that accent your tender curves without bulkiness. The delightful new cotton panel knit fabric is just the right weight for fall and carries a FRUIT OF THE LOOM Money-Back guarantee of satisfaction! They tub in a jiffy and require no ironing. Lady Loomtex Briefs also come in a FRUIT OF THE LOOM finely knit ribbed rayon. Both styles are cellophane wrapped. Vest and Pantie sizes—Small, Medium, Large • Children's Undies—"Miss Loomtex Jr." Sizes 2 to 12—19¢.



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darning socks, and playing her piano, singing, reading. "There's nothing of the actress about Sara Haden," Lewis Stone told me. "I've known her since she was a child. She's very fine."

Polly Benedict lives near the studio with her folks. There's absolutely no doubt about it, the Hardys are themselves, and that's all there is to it.

"Wahoo!" said Mickey, when I gave voice to this thought. "How right you are! Why, it's gotten so that I don't know whether I'm Mickey Rooney or Andy Hardy. Most of the people I know call me Andy. A lot of my mail comes addressed to Andy Hardy. When people ask me for my autograph, half of them ask me to sign 'Andy Hardy.' When I played in 'Boys Town' the studio got thousands of letters asking why Andy Hardy was in an institution for homeless boys. Say," he interrupted himself to ask us, "what's Andy got that I haven't got?"

"Why, nothing, dear," said Ma Hardy, soothingly. "You're just the same real boy, the two of you, that's all."

"Well," sighed Andy, "it's sure funny how a character can grow on a fellow. When I started to play Andy I just acted him without thinking about it and I still do. Say!" Mickey's eyes widened. "I guess I've got something here. I guess I don't have to think about it, because Andy and I . . . because me and Andy . . . because Andy is me, or . . ." The usually glib Mr. Rooney waved a helpless paw.

Mickey relaxed and continued, "Anyway, since that first picture, 'A Family Affair,' in 1937, Andy's become bigger and more important than I have. I depend on Andy all the time. When I'm not sure whether I should do something, I ask myself, 'What would Andy do about it?' And if I'm not quite certain even then, I . . ."

"You ask your father," helped Ma Hardy, with a smile for the Judge at the other end of our table.

THAT'S right, I do, no fooling," said Mickey. "I ask Mr. Stone for lots of advice. We all do. I even tell him about my new girls and things like that. Especially, we all ask him about acting, the way certain scenes should be played, certain lines should be spoken. He's our 'Judge' all right, no doubt about that. We all go to him for advice, for help in real life, just as we do in . . . reel life," finished Mickey.

I couldn't help notice, incidentally, with what respect Mickey, the fun-maker, the wise-cracker, treats Lewis Stone. The girls and Ma Hardy may call Mr. Stone "Pa"—Mickey calls him "Mr. Stone." One feels that Mickey holds Lewis Stone in the same respect, identically, as Andy feels for the wise and kindly Judge (whom he is fortunate enough to have for a father.)

"It's just like Ma and me," Marian broke in. "I go to her for everything."

"And it's the same with you, James," broke in Ma Hardy. "Tell about the letters you get, the people who come up to you in the street and ask for advice. Why," she said, proudly, "you've become the People's Public Adviser, No. 1."

The Judge smiled. "I do get a great many letters," he said, in his temperate way, "especially from fathers and teachers, asking my advice about their problems with their young sons or charges.

Boys write to me, too. They almost always say either that their father is 'just like the Judge' and isn't it 'swell' or that their fathers are not like the Judge and that's their hard luck. I also get many letters asking for legal advice. Recently I was asked to advise about a title search on some property in the middle-west. The papers were actually sent to me so that I might make sure they were in proper form. Another man wanted advice on his alimony suit. Of course, I write and tell such people that I am not qualified to give legal advice. Now, Mother, what about your letters?"

OH, mine are mostly letters from women in the same station of life as Ma Hardy," said Ma Hardy. "They send me dozens of requests for the patterns of the dresses I wear. I always send the patterns, with a little note of thanks. One woman wrote me and protested because she had discovered a new pair of curtains in the Hardy dining-room windows and she wanted to know how come Ma Hardy got new curtains, times being as hard as they are.

"If nothing else could convince me," said Ma Hardy, "that American women are economical, such letters as these would. They admire my clothes because they are neat and simple and inexpensive. They know exactly what it means to buy new curtains, new coats when the old one will do. I consider these letters as tributes to the characters of the Hardys, yes, but also as a tribute to American wives and mothers in general."

"Well," said Andy, briskly, at this point, "far as I can see we might as well call it a day, change our names to Hardy and all move in together. We're not Hardys just off and on, we're Hardys both on and off." His eyes, as he spoke, were fixed meaningfully on young Miss Rutherford.

"Just what is the meaning of that remark, may I ask, Mister Hardy?" bristled Polly.

"Well," said Mickey, "the other night I went to the theatre in company with Miss June Preisser, a young actress of my acquaintance. There I was sitting with this young lady, minding my own business, when the lights go out and I hear a voice behind me—what is more, I get a pinch behind me, a pinch in the arm such as no lady would give—and then a voice says, 'Cheating on me, eh, Andy Hardy? Well, I don't ever want to see you again.' Doggone, if it isn't this Polly Benedict tagging after me. I told Miss Preisser, I said, 'I'll have a lot of explaining to do on the set of 'Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever,' come the dawn.'

"Not exactly gallant, are you, son?" reproved the Judge, patting Polly's clenched fist. Andy flushed. Polly made a face at him. We all laughed.

I asked, "Do you think you will eventually marry Andy Hardy, Polly?"

"Well," whispered Polly, "I'm working awful hard at it!"

(Aunt Milly whispered in my ear, her eyes shining, "They really have gone out on dates together, you know—Ann and Mickey.")

"Aw," Mickey was saying, "you know she's playing in 'Gone With the Wind' with Gable."

"Not with Gable, silly, just in the same cast," purred Miss Polly.

"Just in the same cast with Gable is



# CATCH YOUR BEAUTY AT NIGHT!

going far enough, Miss," said Andy, darkly.

"Children, children," said Ma Hardy. "Don't mind them," Ma Hardy was saying to me, "it's all in fun. I will say one thing for us Hardys, we really have very nice dispositions. I've never known the slightest unpleasantness in any one of us, not once during all the seven pictures we've made together. We have just as much fun, really, as we seem to have."

Even when actually on the sets, the Hardys are still themselves. Their director, "Woody" Van Dyke, told me, "I'm not directing them. I'm letting them be themselves. They don't need direction, they're *folks*." The script girl on the set, who has been with them for all seven pictures, told me that she has never once known one of them to go up on a single line. "That's because," she said, "they are all saying things that come natural to them." More than that, they ad lib. They don't have to say their lines just as they are written in the script. So long as what they say carries on the story, they can express themselves freely, in any way that comes natural to them.

They all sense, too, the slightest thing foreign to the pictures of the Hardy family as the Hardy family is. Ma Hardy told me, "On one occasion I was supposed to say, 'Run upstairs, now, every mother's son of you.' Ma Hardy would never express herself like that and—she didn't. Another time there was a small scene in which Andy was supposed to comb his hair at the dinner table with no protest being made. We changed that, or rather, added to it, because, while Andy Hardy would do that, one of us would certainly correct him. We corrected him. A line was added to take care of that."

Every bit of the material comes from the common touch of real family life. Everyone, from producer down to prop man, sits in on story conferences, and everyone scrawls marginalia as they discuss the story. Unsung and unbilled, the Hardy family's technical crew draw upon their own family experiences and contribute much of the whimsical humor, the life-likeness which goes into each Hardy picture.

Yes, indeed, it's all a family affair—that's the secret of the famous Hardys.



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Betty Moran has the personality and talent of her big sister, Lois. Watch for her in "Range War."



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## HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO LOVELY TEETH

(Continued from page 45)



*Out of Date Today*  
and out of dates, too—  
**The Girl with an Overpowdered Face!**

## LUXOR

*Feather-Cling*  
The face powder  
with a light touch!

The modern miss knows that her face powder, like her conversation, should have a light touch. That's why she chooses Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that won't cake or streak. Which shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

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Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55¢.  
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in their appearance when we are along about seven to nine months old and leave us with wide open spaces in our little faces around the tender age of six or seven years. By the time we get to be twenty-one, most of the thirty-two permanent teeth we fell heir to have put in their more or less eventful appearance—with the possible exception of a third molar or two, whimsically known as wisdom teeth. These temperamental little laggards are apt to appear almost any old time, or just as likely, not at all, for some people's jaws never do grow big enough to accommodate their third molars. Then the condition known as impaction exists. Impacted teeth may press on nerves or other nearby molars, but if they don't, their presence is entirely harmless.

The four front teeth, or incisors, were built to cut your food. The cuspids, on either side of these, were made to tear and shred it, the bicuspid beyond were grown to break or crush your victuals, and the molars are there to finish the job by grinding.

**N**OW, that we've got all that settled, how shall we care for what we have in our mouths? Strong, healthy, beautifully even teeth depend primarily upon good general health and a well balanced diet which nourishes and exercises them properly. But, close on the heels of these necessities, mark down cleanliness and skilled dental care. With these four formulae working for you constantly and in correct proportions, there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't have a set of ivories that will be an asset to your beauty as well as a safeguard to your physical health.

What are the foods that help build and maintain strong, healthy teeth? Those rich in calcium, minerals and phosphorus. And which ones are they, did you murmur? Milk and eggs and cheese and butter; tomatoes, citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit, limes); meat and bread and cereals (especially those made from whole grains); leafy vegetables and greens; nuts and fish—and, let us repeat it over again, milk, milk, and more milk. If you don't like it raw, there are all those lovely sauces, desserts and beverages to disguise the stuff. But get it you should, not only while you're growing, but to the very end of your days, for milk is the best source of calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin A that ever hit your dinner table.

Dried peas and beans and cod and halibut liver oil preparations are good for teeth, too. So are all foods in which the Vitamin D content has been increased by irradiation. Some hard, coarse foods are absolutely essential to the health of teeth, because they exercise the gums and jaws and bony sockets that hold your teeth. Toast and crusts and ready-to-eat cereals, apples, celery and other raw vegetables are all just what the doctor ordered.

Sunshine is important, too, because it helps your body to produce its own Vitamin D, so essential to sound, beautiful teeth.

Well, so much for diet and such things. Now, what about the dentifrices, mouth washes, brushes and general oral cleanliness? My pets, you've got something there. A clean tooth is a healthy one, and a healthy tooth is very slow to decay. The object of brushing your

teeth is to remove bits of food that get themselves caught between, around and under tooth surfaces, and to break the gummy deposits that chewing or rinsing can not dislodge.

Your tooth brush should be small, with medium stiff but strong bristles, whose groups are widely enough spaced to allow for thorough cleanliness. Your dentifrice—whether paste, powder or liquid is purely a matter of personal taste—should be mild and free from an over-supply of soap, grit, starch or sugar. It should be the kind of dentifrice you like to use—in flavor, consistency and strength—for teeth should be brushed at the very least two times every day, night and morning and after each meal whenever possible. They should be brushed thoroughly inside and out and the whole process should require at least three minutes to accomplish its real cleaning purpose.

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow—up and down, away from the gums, toward the biting surfaces. Heavy, horizontal strokes fail, not only to remove all particles of foods, but they also injure the gums and necks of the teeth. To clean the grinding surfaces, force the bristles gently down into the grooves and use a backward and forward motion. And don't forget the inner surfaces. They may at first seem difficult to reach, but their cleanliness is of the utmost importance. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time and brush each area thoroughly.

The directions on your tube or box of dentifrice will tell you how to apply the paste or powder. Some recommend a dry brush, others a slightly moistened brush, but all agree that between times your tooth brush should be hung in a clean, light, preferably sunny place, where air can get at it to dry the bristles thoroughly.

**G**UM massage is quite as important as tooth cleanliness and can be accomplished with either a brush or your finger wrapped in *clean* gauze. And, while you're at it, don't forget to brush your tongue—way back at the end, too—and all the walls and surfaces of your oral cavity.

Dental floss, used once daily, is excellent to clean between the teeth where brushes will not reach. Carefully used, it will break up many deposits of tartar before they have become solid. It will also dislodge food particles that can be reached no other way. Be sure not to jerk or pull the floss too hard lest it cut or injure the gums. However, used with normal care, it can be a decided aid to cleanliness, health and the consequent beauty of your mouth.

And that brings us up to mouth washes and the question of sweet breath. Of course, some unpleasant breath is caused by systemic disturbances or points of definite focal infection beyond the mouth, but a considerable lot of it comes from indifferently cleaned teeth and other oral surfaces. Because of the very delicate nature of the mouth tissues and structures, a strong, powerful disinfectant can not be used as a mouth wash. The damage might be irreparable. To attempt any such measures would be sheer folly. However, mild as they may seem, there are any number of excellent mouth washes available everywhere, and no dressing table or bath-



room cabinet is complete without at least one kind.

Follow the directions on the bottle of your own favorite kind, throw your head back, and swish it around vigorously for two or three minutes—the longer, the more lasting the effect. Repeat this at least once a day and every time you have slightest doubt about the freshness of your breath. Done immediately after a good tooth brushing, it should safeguard your breath for at least several hours.

Some doctors recommend very tart drinks such as lime or lemon juices as excellent breath sweeteners. Certainly they are pleasant ideas, to say the least.

**T**HERE are, as you know, many tooth conditions that can be cared for only by a competent dentist. Since the early 1920's the science of dentistry, especially in this country, has progressed by actual leaps and bounds. Valuable new knowledge, better technique, more skillful instruments, all have made it foolish and unnecessary for anyone to fear or dread regular and sufficient dental care. Some conditions, such as straightening, cleaning, filling, to say nothing of pyorrhea, abscesses, etc., can be treated satisfactorily only by your dentist.

You should make it an unalterable habit to visit him as often as necessary—some people require attention every few months, others may go along for a year or two. But keep checking to be sure. Many a costly, painful and even permanently disfiguring mouth condition, or the unnecessary loss of valuable teeth can be indefinitely postponed or prevented by a little forethought.

If you will give yours as much care and thought as do the celluloid Cinderellas who smile down at you from the silvered screens, you'll have no furrowed brows over dental difficulties. For, whether you're in the movies or just a very private citizen, the beauty of your face and mouth can be made or marred by the care you take of your teeth.

• • •

Have you often wished that you knew of some simple, reliable cream that would actually get at those unsightly blackheads and enlarged pores—flush out the former and close up the latter—and leave your skin clean and soft and clear? Well, there is such a cream. It works like magic, overnight, and if you haven't tried it, here is a real opportunity for you. Just fill in this little coupon, enclosing three cents, and we'll see that you receive a generous sample. We know that you'll be delighted with its quick, effective action. After you've tried it, you'll undoubtedly want to tell all your friends about it.

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This offer void after 60 days.

# “Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!”



Grannie shows Millie  
a modern way to raise  
her child



**1. GRANNIE:** Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

**MILLIE:** But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

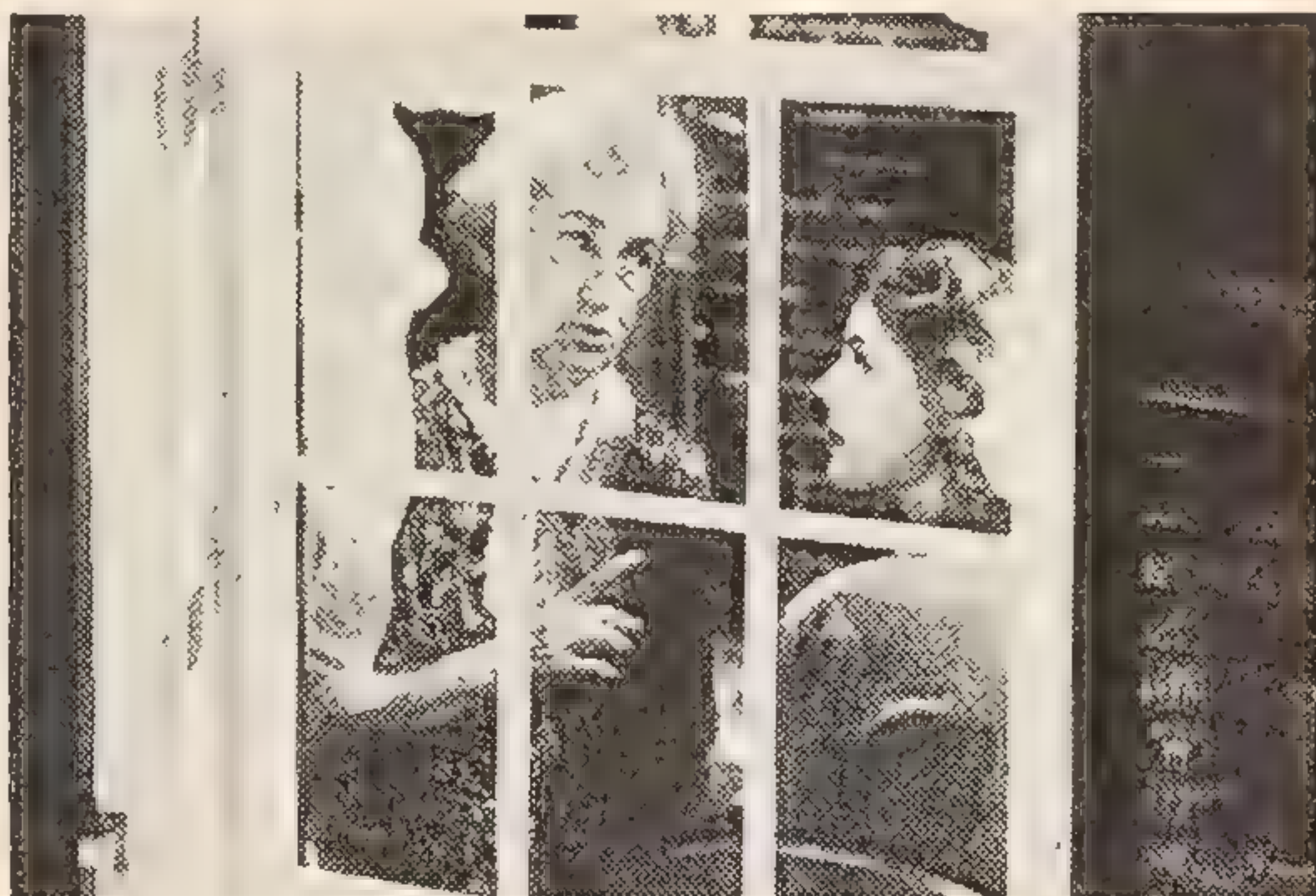


**2. GRANNIE:** My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



**3. GRANNIE:** He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant-tastin'* laxative...

**MILLIE:** That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...



**4. GRANNIE:** Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children*. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



**5. GRANNIE:** He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's **SAFE**... How about getting a bottle now?



**6. MILLIE:** Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?

**GRANNIE:** You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially for children



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(NOT COTTON)  
—ABSORBS FASTER  
THAN COTTON!

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why leading hospitals use it. Thus Fibs provides utmost security.



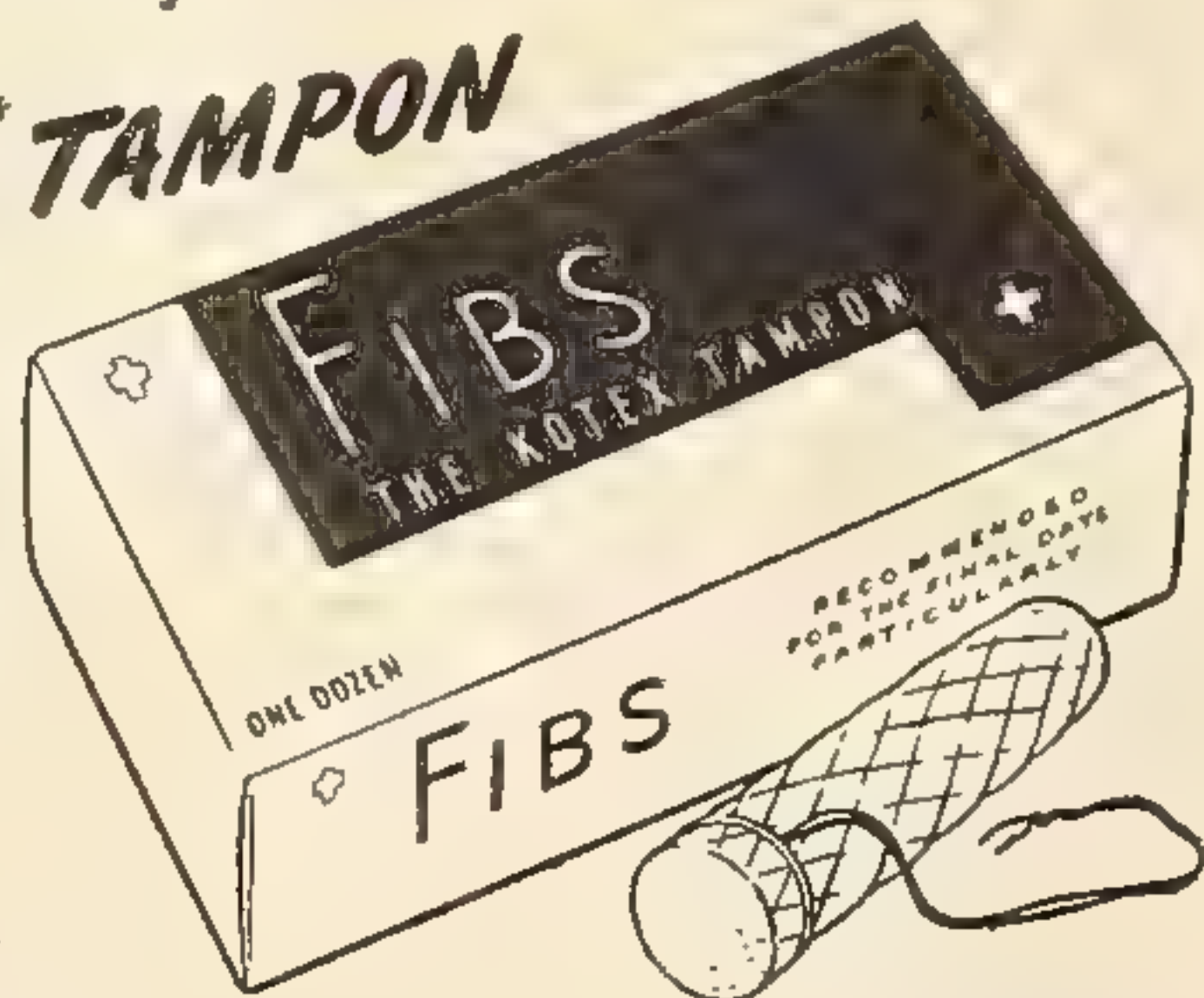
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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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Address .....

City..... State.....

## GARY'S GOOD COMPANION

(Continued from page 33)

what he gets paid for. Not me. Anyhow, they get a kick out of kissin' him." Which makes it Coop's turn to squirm.

It's almost as hard to get Slim to talk about Gary as it is to get Gary to talk about himself. Coop mightn't like it. Jack Moss mightn't like it.

"Anyhow, there's nothin' to talk about. It's all been printed, sixteen times over. I knew him when a dollar looked as big to him as it does to me now. Well, today he's got more dough an' a swanky house in Bel-Air an' a wife 'n' baby. That's the only difference. He didn't do much talkin' then an' he don't now. He was a good scout then, an' so he is now. He liked horses then, an' he likes 'em just as well now. That's all I know."

HE edges away. You take hasty stock of your tricks and decide to try the waterworks. You pull your mouth down and wonder how the hell you can make your eyes look misty with unshed tears over the story you're not going to get. It seems to work. Slim gnaws unhappily at the straw in his mouth.

"Well, heck, I don't want to make you feel bad. Go ahead, ask me a couple of questions, an' I'll see what I can do. Only don't expect much."

"Sure, I guess I know the guy as well as anybody does, but I bet we don't average more'n five words a day. Say, Coop's not the kind you go askin' questions of, like 'what's on your mind an' how did you sleep last night.' He'd think I was crazy. Anyhow, where's the sense when I know how he feels just by lookin' at him."

You suggest that the daily five-word average doesn't hold good on the hunting trips they take together. He vetoes the suggestion.

"No, we don't talk any more on huntin' trips than any other time. We just hunt, why talk about it? We get up at three or four in the morning—you can't hunt lyin' in bed, you know, nor yet in a sleepin' bag. Coop cooks the breakfast—steak an' beans or something. I carry water an' wood an' wash the dishes. Does he like cookin'? How do I know? I never asked him. I guess he likes it all right, or he wouldn't do it. He doesn't have to, that's a cinch. Sure the stuff tastes good. If it didn't, I'd cook it myself you can bet!"

"Well, then, after breakfast, we take our guns, he goes his way, I go mine, an' we hunt. Lunch?" A thoughtful gleam lights his eye. "Yeah, the whistle blows at noon, an' I yell, 'yoohoo, Coop,' an' he comes trottin', an' we fetch out the lace napkins an' the mushrooms on toast, then we play bridge with a couple of Idaho bears for partners. No offense, ma'am, but a cowboy never eats lunch."

"We get back about eight, an' one of us might have a deer an' one of us mightn't. Or both of us mightn't. Then we feed on bannock an' sourbelly, an' turn in. Coop might look up at the stars an' say it's a nice night, but we'd both be asleep before he got through sayin' it."

Sandra Cooper has been publicized as a socialite. Slim doesn't know her in that capacity.

"It's this way," he says. "Some women are all right an' some are a nuisance, no matter where you take 'em—huntin' or any place else. Coop's wife is okay. She can ride an' hunt an' shoot an' do everything he likes, an' do it good. She goes along on some of the huntin' trips, an' I

never heard her squawk or act otherwise than as if she was havin' a whale of a good time. An' she wasn't puttin' on, either. A woman might make believe to enjoy herself in the hills for a couple of hours an' get away with it, but not for days at a time she couldn't. Of course when we take to the real rough, rugged country, then she doesn't go. Too hard on a woman."

"Yeah, she's a good scout, Coop's wife. I'd know it if I never laid eyes on her, because if she wasn't he wouldn't like her. He don't go round with people unless they're good scouts."

"The baby? Well, I tell you. I've heard him talk to other people about her, but he never talks about her to me. I guess he thought I'd think he was a sissy, if he did. I know he likes her though, if that's any help to you." The sun is in Slim's eyes, and his face is straight, which doesn't alter your suspicion that he's getting his own share of entertainment from this interview.

"Well, if that's all you want, ma'am, I think I see Coop motionin'."

You point out that Coop is busily engaged lying on a bench in the sunlight (it's an outdoor set) with his eyes closed.

Slim has the grace to grin. "Yeah, I guess he don't need me right now. Looks like he's relaxin'. Relaxes easy, that guy. Sign of a good disposition, so they tell me. He's got that all right. I never saw him real mad but about twice."

"No, I couldn't tell you what about. None of my business." (He was too polite to add, "Or yours, either.")

I CAN tell you this, though. When he gets mad, he gets awful mad—like if somebody takes advantage of him, it gets under his skin. He don't storm around, like some. He gets mad way down inside, it changes the whole expression of his face. Then you just want to keep out of his way, that's all, for there's nothin' you nor anybody else can do. He goes about his own way of fixin' it up, an' then when it's fixed, he forgets it. No nine-day grouches for Coop.

"I'd certainly hate to have him mad at me. He never has been, that I know of. If he was—I'd sure feel like leaving the country. Why wouldn't I? Even my own relations never did the things for me Coop has. If there's been one guy after my job in all these years, there's been a dozen, but he kept it for me. Well, you might say, what's so wonderful in that, why should he fire me if I fill the bill? Sure, but you don't know the heat they sometimes put on, and Coop didn't always have as much say as he's got right now. But he'd go to bat for me when he wouldn't for himself, an' not in a way to make me feel any obligation either. No, sir, not Coop. Way that son-of-a-gun acts, you'd think I was doin' him the favor."

"Most of these guys, they do little things for you, they'd like you to get on a soap-box an' tell the whole world. If Coop wants to give you something, you wake up in the morning an' find it alongside your bed. You wouldn't even know where it comes from, except you know there's only one place it *could* come from. You can't even thank him. Try to say as much as 'Thanks, Coop,' an' he walks away. Says he don't like speeches. Once a guy asked him if he figured 'Thanks, Coop,' was a speech. Coop said, 'Anythin' a speech that don't need sayin'.'"





This cute trick is June Preisser, who with Pinky, her pet Pekingese, makes her debut in "Babes in Arms."

You inquire about their catalogue collection and its ultimate purpose.

"Those are to look at an' dream," Slim explains. "Sure, that's right. It's like this. Suppose you wanted to be a snake-charmer, an' what do you have to do for a livin'? Write? O.K. Then you'd spend your spare time readin' books about snakes, an' maybe goin' to the zoo.

"Well, Coop likes everything to do with outdoors, but bein' in the movies, you can see how he'd have to spend considerable time cooped up. So he takes it out in circulars.

"Say, that's nothin', what you saw. His desk an' dressing table's jammed full—with high-speed bullets an' harmonicas an' bags of Bull Durham to take up the slack. If he spies any make-up, he chucks it out, an' sticks in another batch of circulars. We know every gun that's made, every bird that flies, every saddle that's ever been built, every damn cowranch between Mexico an' the Canadian border, how big they are, what they raise, an' when the last calf was dropped. Sure, he'll never stock any game birds an' you'll never charm any snakes neither, but there's no law to stop you from studyin' out how you would if you could.

"An' anyhow, it's not all dreamin'. For instance, did you see that saddle in his dressin' room? Some baby, huh? He didn't copy *that* from the circulars, no sir. But he doped out what was wrong with the ones he found there—for him, you know, they might be all right for somebody else. Then he took pencil an' paper an' went to work figurin' out a saddle he liked. He's got four now, but they don't suit him. He was workin' on this for a week, an' it took about a month to build. It's original all the way through, only one of its kind. Except—I woke up one morning an' found the exact duplicate by my bed," says Slim, his eyes shining.

"Well, now he's improvin' on it—buildin' one lighter for huntin' an' ridin' in the hills. Time he gets through, he'll be the best saddle-designer in forty states. Not bad for a cowboy."

Lunch is called. Slim's eyes turn toward Coop, rising from the bench to his feet.

"Well, you oughta have enough there for a book now, ma'am. Sorry I can't invite you to lunch, but I don't guess you'd like what we're havin', anyhow."

"What?" you call after him, for he's already on his way.

"Couple of catalogue sandwiches an' a glass of milk."

Then he joins the other tall figure, and together they lope off toward their mid-day daily fare of bread and dreams.



NO LONGER "SHY"

Now Betty's so popular

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- (2) Powder now Dramatizes her Coloring

**F**EAR of Shiny Nose often cramps a girl's style. Unnecessarily!

*Science explains:* "Oily nose is often increased by germ activity." But Woodbury gives you a face powder of *germ-free purity*. Gossamer-fine—it stays on! Doesn't give you that "powdered look", either—because Woodbury's 8 shades cleverly *dramatize* your own coloring.

*From the Paris Style World*—Mme. Suzy suggests the new Woodbury "Champagne" shade for gold-toned skins. The newest glamour shade, "Blush Rose" is for pink-toned-complexions. Face your world with a charming face—wear Woodbury Facial Powder, like thousands of lovely girls. Enticingly fragrant! \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ at beauty counters. And, for extra sparkle, add Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.



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Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit containing smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

**CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED**

CHAMPAGNE ☐  
(For golden skin)

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# SHE'S TIRED OF BEING A WIFE

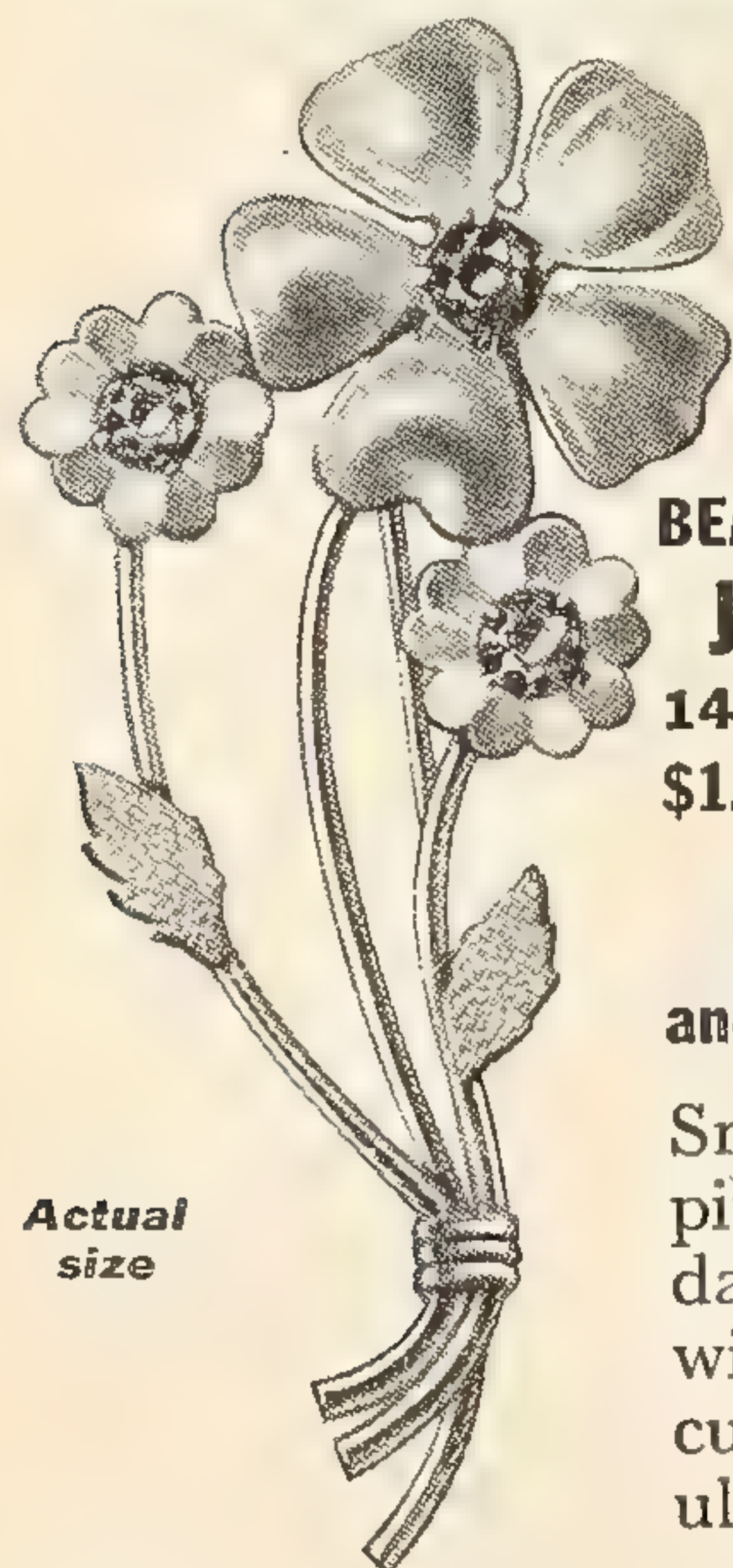
(Continued from page 27)



*Such Easy, Fast  
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**OLD DUTCH  
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Cuts grease quickly  
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**As kind to your hands  
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It's the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch Cleanser that "zips" you through your work. 1, *Cuts grease quickly*; 2, *Makes cleaning easier*. That's why millions of modern housewives use it for bathroom, kitchen—all their cleaning. Have you tried it for cleaning painted surfaces? It works like magic!



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planting in digging around in her flower and herb gardens. Oh yes, she's one of Hidden Valley's most ardent horticulturists, believe it or not!

She really knows the proper time to plant petunias, how to prune a tree and all that sort of thing. On the matter of herbs, she's just this side of being a specialist. If you happen to be one of her friends and confide that you feel a bit goutish, she knows just what slender little leaves to pluck out of her garden to brew into a tea that will make your pain disappear in three days.

Mainly, though, she encourages the luxurious and mysterious herb garden for the purposes of culinary experiments. Superb food is the watchword in the Loy-Hornblow household, and since the chef is Russian and the cook is French, the cuisine is never lacking in variety or imagination. If it were, Myrna would fix matters with her herbs! A bit of anise, a thread of thyme, a speck of tarragon, marjoram or basil—these under her guiding genius would change prosaic soup, salad and roast into epicurean masterpieces.

I remember with a certain nostalgia the delicate madrilene consommé she served me the day I lunched with her on the studio lot. We ate in the imposing bungalow originally built for John McCormack and then turned over to Myrna. She described it as "pretty swell-elegant" but vowed she wouldn't let it cramp her style.

**I**T certainly didn't. She mixed a green salad with a home-made dressing that would have made Oscar of the Waldorf livid with envy. "My special orgy," she said. "I adore mixing salads. Arthur, on the other hand, specializes in crepe suzettes."

(At this juncture Myrna accidentally dropped the wooden salad spoon into the dressing and it splashed a large drop of oil on the pink taffeta dressing gown she was wearing. She cast an eye in my direction and merely said: "Just pretend you don't see it" and went on blithely mixing more greens.)

Arthur is Mr. Hornblow, her distinguished husband. He is not only a successful producer but a man of meticulous taste, judgment and discernment in all matters, whether they happen to be books, interior decorations, music, food, or the flower which he invariably wears in his lapel. The latter is usually chosen by Myrna from their garden.

Myrna's home is a source of infinite joy to her, Mr. Hornblow, their families and friends. The best description I can give you of it, as well as of Myrna and her husband as hosts, follows. These words were expressed to me recently by a young man who is a friend of the Hornblows:

"There is no air of stiff formality about their home. If anything there is a leaning backwards the other way. The house has only two bedrooms! Imagine one of Hollywood's biggest stars having the nerve to build a house with less than six sleeping rooms, master quarters, guest dormitories, and servants halls!

"Dinner always has an accompaniment of soft Spanish or Mexican music. The guests usually number six or eight and are chosen with design and discretion, which means that they're pretty good at conversation. One thing you're never forced to do at Myrna's is play games!

She and Arthur figure that if people aren't congenial enough to talk to each other they won't profit from games.

"I've noticed that Myrna is faithful to her friends, particularly to those who encouraged her in the beginning of her career. She never appears bored or impatient, although she must often be. She never complains about the heat or the cold or the service in the hotel or anything else when she goes on a trip. She is amazingly modest about her position. She never talks shop. In fact, one wouldn't know that she was a film star from the general trends of her conversation or from her manner. She never knocks another player's performance.

"Besides all of these qualities, she has a grand sense of humor. Just one example of this is the time she talked Bill Powell into wearing a pair of shoes about a yard long when the two of them were supposed to leave their footprints in the cement lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. All in all, I'd say that Myrna has the qualities which distinguish the perfect wife!"

Perfect wife! Oh, Myrna, what would you say to that? I almost heard her reply: "Is there no justice? Heaven help us!"

And then I remembered that Myrna also said to me recently when I asked her about her activities as a homebody, "There's no home in the world worth selling your soul to—and no condition in life to which you have to dedicate your entire spirit. Once I thought that a home represented complete fulfillment. I've shattered those old notions. I've even reached the stage of considering renting my house at some future time. Two years ago, even last year, I never could have brought myself even to debating such a move.

"However, today I feel restless—the urge for change. Maybe this is linked with my new ambitions in my work. I don't know. A home after all is material. You can always get a new one. I would not want to be sentimental about a home any more than about a certain kind of character in pictures. Both can tie you down if you're not careful.

"We find ourselves at times surrounded by barriers which are self-imposed and it becomes necessary for us to crash through and discover new paths. That's the road I'm searching for now. Fortunately for me, Arthur understands this and is a great help. Whether I'm going to get to any special new destination I can't say, but, anyway, it's lots of fun and excitement to feel, at least, that you've booked passage and are trying to get there."

So now we have Myrna Loy heading in a new direction—the perennial pioneer saying, "Sentiment! Stop that!"

## STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.



# 16 DIFFERENT SHADES... FROM ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

*Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved  
on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads*



The famous Radio City Music Hall Ballet and Director, Florence Rogge, photographed during Tangee test.



ARTHUR S. ALLEN, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 different shades ranging from blush rose to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.

**D**O YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for *your* lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic color-change principle, you can have *your individual shade*—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to *your* most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

## BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel  
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## OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 97)

1. Which "Dead End" kid is married?
2. What actor received Academy awards for his performances in "Come and Get It" and "Kentucky"?
3. What picture was based on the revelations of a spy ring in this country?
4. Who recently made a trip to London and Paris in the interests of Sam Goldwyn, the Producer?
5. What gentleman kills distasteful scenes in pictures?
6. Who is responsible for the remark, "Woo, woo"?
7. What former Brooklyn girl with no screen experience won the leading feminine role opposite the star once selected as the "typical American man"?
8. Who is it whose real name is Eddie Anderson and who scored heavily in a famous comedian's picture?
9. Whose brother is one of the best sound engineers in Movietown?
10. What child star, known as a tomboy, recently received her first screen kiss?
11. What do the movie folks call the gold-plated statuettes presented to stars?
12. What blonde was voted top-ranking box-office star for the fourth time?
13. Are Joe Yule, Jr., and Mickey Rooney brothers?
14. What columnist appeared in a recent film?
15. What have Fred Astaire and Tommy Wonder in common?
16. What two stars are famous for their large mouths?
17. What female star does not use a surname?
18. Who wrote the story "Trade Winds"?
19. What does the director call to indicate the end of a scene?
20. What famous musician made his screen debut recently?
21. Who composed the song, "Have A Heart"?
22. What star flopped in movies and then made a sensational comeback in the Theater Guild Production, "The Philadelphia Story"?
23. What famous socialite will soon have her name on the theater marquees?
24. What are movies called in England?
25. Who is the little lady pictured below?





# CHECKING UP ON CHIPS

(Continued from page 37)



## "Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store — *today!*

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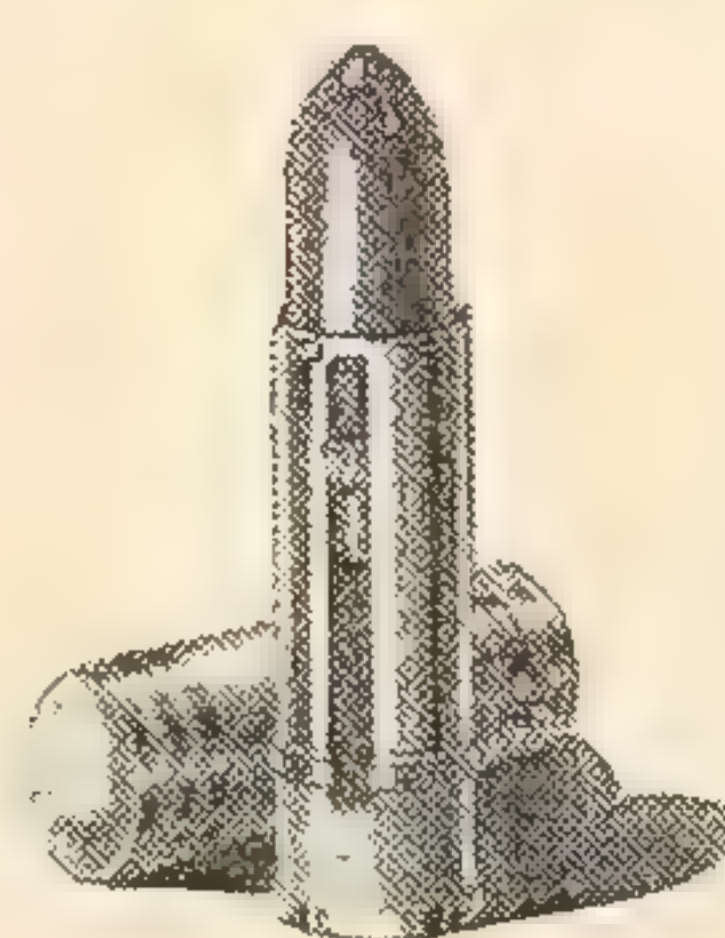
Amazing new WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied*, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



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WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—

and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill*, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! *Winx* LIPSTICK  
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

do with \$675. But the play ran for ten days and then quietly folded up and died, and young Robert Donat, though a popular figure in Lancashire and the Midlands, found himself jobless and almost penniless in a great and strange city.

When he had literally reached his bottom dollar, a stage producer offered him a three year contract. He was just about to accept it when his wife, red-haired and a fighter, said "No! If you're worth that to him, you're worth far more to yourself." So Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat came perilously near to starvation.

BOB had always been a serious boy, but that was because a plan had to be evolved and followed, to lift him out of the sooty desolation that was Withington. If, even now, you find him looking serious at times, for no apparent reason, he is probably thinking of those nightmarish months when the plan seemed to be mis-carrying completely and there was not enough to eat.

He had plenty of fine roles to play, it's true and plenty of successes, if popular acclaim and much laudatory notice in the public prints count as success. But he did not seem able to strike the long run which was so important, and which was to put the family fortunes on a sound basis. One after another the plays came off and each time, before the next one, he had a "resting" spell which consumed his laboriously-stored savings.

Nine times this happened, until he was sick at heart and began to feel he was a jinx or Jonah or something equally unhealthy. But he kept his independence of spirit and it stood him in good stead when, on the strength of a particularly fine stage performance, he was offered a chance to go to Hollywood to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smiling Thru'."

He declined. Although everyone (except his wife) said he was crazy, he declared that as he had had no film experience, it would be suicidal to go straight into a responsible role, which, if he fumbled, might mean the end as well as the beginning of his screen career. He first must start, he said, in a smaller part, in

which he could learn the technique as he went. And he was hungry when he said it. That is the more romantic side of Robert Donat—his adherence to a lost cause until it is no longer lost his refusal to-compromise with failure, his gallant disregard of the dictates of his stomach.

After innumerable unsuccessful screen tests in England—unsuccessful partly through lack of sympathetic direction or photography and partly because you can't make successful tests on an empty stomach—Alexander Korda gave him a chance in a supporting role in a film of Oxford University life called "Men of Tomorrow." This opus was not remarkable for its faithfulness to University life; but it gave a strong hint of the screen capabilities of two of Korda's discoveries, Merle Oberon and Robert Donat.

Two more minor films for Korda, "That Night in London" and "Cash," paved the way for Donat's first big screen success—the role of Culpepper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

After that he played with great success in the stage play "The Sleeping Clergyman," which actually enjoyed a long run, and at the end of which, in the early spring of 1934, he withdrew to Cornwall for a well-earned holiday.

KORDA summoned him back to London. "Like to go to Hollywood?" he asked. "I've been authorized to make you an offer. The film is 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'"

"What part?" Donat asked, conscious of his lack of experience, and expecting to be offered a supporting role.

"The Count of Monte Cristo."

As all the world knows, he accepted it, scored a great success and returned to England to star for Gaumont-British in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and for Korda in "The Ghost Goes West."

Then followed a curious period in his career. Having now reached an enviable position in the film world, in which producers on both sides of the Atlantic were clamoring for his services, he apparently had great difficulty in making up his mind which offers to accept. It's understand-



Virginia Peine and George Raft, whose romance is of the on-again-off-again type, have made up once more, so everybody's happy!



SWEET ASSURANCE  
FROM YOUR MAN—



Neglected Hands often Look Older  
—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take  
Steps that Help Prevent This!

ANNE's pretty hands were getting un-  
attractively harsher and coarser.  
Sun, weather and water tend to dry  
nature's softening moisture out of your  
hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to  
care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens supplements nature's moisture.  
Quickly helps give back delicious soft-  
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Many doctors help roughened skin to  
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dients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens  
actually helps *prevent* unromantic  
roughness when used faithfully. No  
stickiness. No wonder thousands of  
grateful women swear by Jergens! Start  
today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢,  
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New Beauty Aid! Jergens  
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See—entirely free—how Jergens furnishes beautifying  
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## WHAT IS YOUR SMILE LIKE?



George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

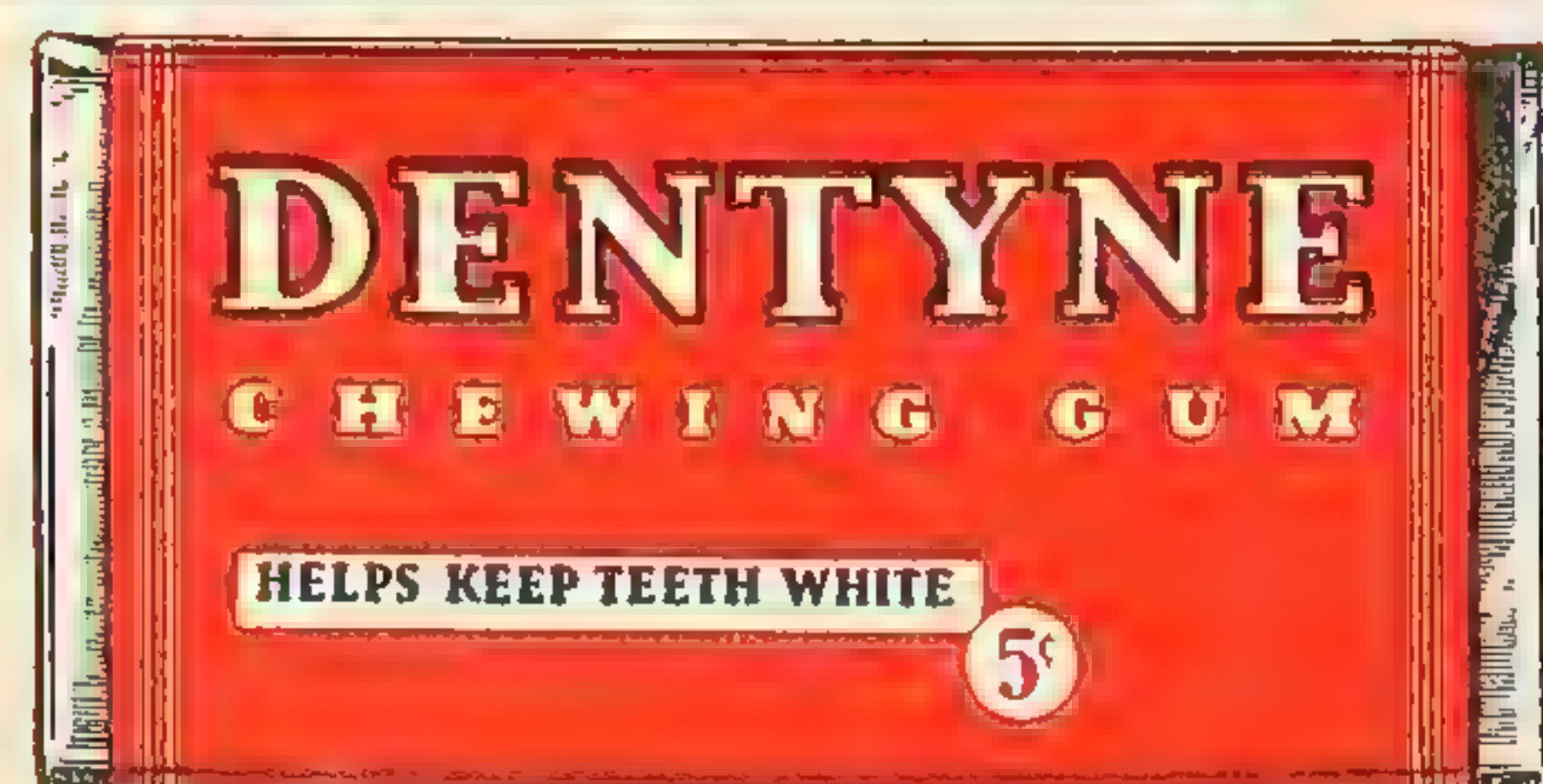


### DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

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You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich — long-lasting — delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too — slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just try Dentyne!



—and Irene Dunne wishes you'd please believe her

BY MARTHA KERR

THE NEXT person who calls me a lady," declared Irene Dunne, with a menacing gleam in her Irish blue eyes, "is going to let himself in for a libel suit! Yep, it's getting to be too much of a good thing. It's getting to where it's no longer a compliment. It makes me sound like a pain-in-the-neck, a spoiled-sport, a kill-joy and Graduation Day at a Young Ladies' Finishing School, to which, incidentally, I've never been. Was too busy earning my living, as a matter of fact, to go in for French or embroidery lessons."

Icey Irene, as well-meaning writers have dubbed her, was busy hurling lingerie into a trunk, while a very competent-looking maid stood by with an expression of dismay upon her very competent-looking features. Miss Dunne, you see, was getting set for her first vacation in months.

You may have heard that Irene Dunne has been married for nine years to a successful New York dentist, Dr. Francis Griffin, but we'll bet you've never known of any married couple treating each other with the formal deference this pair does. Emily Post, who wrote the Book of Etiquette, would surely feel that she had a couple of worthy disciples if she saw the Griffins in action.

"Darling," said Irene to Dr. G., right while we stood by as witness, "would you prefer to dine at the Waldorf or the

St. Moritz this evening?" And Darling answered right back at his beautiful wife, "You *know*, Sweet, that that is entirely up to you." And, whether or not it may seem strange after years of marriage, it all sounded very much on the level and nice to hear.

"Perhaps," confided Miss Dunne, "that the fact that I'm civil to my family and show as much consideration to them as to acquaintances, has given me this *lady* reputation. Well, if it is, I'm afraid it's a little too late to fix it up. I've just got to be polite. Anyway, shouting and throwing things takes too much out of one and I'm an indolent person by nature. Truly I am."

And the above statement should tend to refute the stories that this lovely lady can and does speak her mind on the set when things don't go as she thinks they should. And that, if mere speech doesn't suffice, she goes into a little action which the cameras are not permitted to record.

"I'm on my own now," she continued. "That is, cinematically speaking. It's best, you know. You may not have the power to select your own stories that way, but you certainly can reject them. And you do have a say as to the principals in your supporting cast, too. However, I usually give in on that point, especially since, long ago, I didn't want Randolph Scott in "Roberta." He even-



tually got it though, and when the picture was completed, he had done an excellent job and we were fast friends. He's so handsome and very sweet. Yes," she reminisced, "if I'm a nice lady, Randy's a nice gentleman."

When "Roberta" was finished, Irene Dunne decided to build a home in Hollywood. Before that she felt that any possessions anywhere would tie her down and, while she doesn't get the wanderlust often, when she does, she likes to pick up and go places and see things. The house, she claims, is quite small, but it has a secret stairway leading to her upstairs sitting-room. A panel conceals it from view and you've gotta know the ropes—or the panel—in order to make the grade upstairs. Sounds mysterious and early Tudor—eh, wot?

"I adore comfortable surroundings because I'm home so much. Maybe that, too, accounts for my lady-like reputation. Once in the traditional blue moon, I attend a night club. That comes in the nature of an event and not a habit. I really should be the answer to a press agent's prayer, for I naturally love books and pictures and playing golf and all the innocent amusements that bore many of the more colorful picture personalities."

"I watch my weight, too, and I'll bet you won't get many of them to admit that. Why is it that many women who have divine figures like to pretend that they're God-given? Gosh, I haven't had a potato since I played in 'Cimmeron', my first picture assignment. I have a masseuse, too. She sort of pounds me in a not-too-mild way. Well," Irene remarked resignedly, "it's all in a good cause—my career."

And to think we had always heard that Miss Dunne wouldn't talk! Truly, frankness seemed to be the motif of her entire conversation. She had a good one

to tell on herself, too, which is the acid test of a sense of humor.

Seems as if the Ladies of the Press in New York tendered the Lady of the Screen a luncheon at the very conservative Plaza Hotel. Miss Dunne decided, since it was a gala occasion, to go gay. Going gay for Irene Dunne means ordering lobster. She did. An hour after the shell fish had become a matter of memory, Irene stood up from the table swayed forward and staggered to the door. Her press agent accompanied her. In the waiting taxi, she passed out, but before doing so, had time to gasp, "Don't tell my husband I ate lobster. I promised him I'd never—"

The honor-bound p.a. delivered the star into the presence of her anxious husband, who wanted to know what had gone on, where they had been, what they had eaten and all the harrowing details that led up to the pass-out.

"All she's had," valiantly fibbed the press agent, "was a little lamb stew at the Hotel Plaza."

Dr. Griffin looked skeptical, to put it mildly. "It's a heck of a place to order lamb stew," he commented. Whereupon his wife opened her lovely eyes and said, "It was such an elegant lobster, while it was going down." Huh, who said that there is honor among stars!

Anna-hoo, the story proves at least a couple of things. One, Irene cannot indulge in lobster and, two, she stands a little in awe of her husband who says, "No lobster—but ever!"

Irene plans to stay in pictures as long as the fans want her and, from her recent succession of successes, it looks as if she is to be with us for some time. She has been in the movies for five years and during that time has had five major hits with several minor ones scattered pleasantly among them.

After the screen, she can always return to the musical comedy stage and light opera, where she was very much at home until the Celluloid City beckoned her. She would rather act than do almost anything else except sing and she is truly fortunate in having an individual type of cameo-like beauty to offset her natural talents. Her large film audience consists chiefly of men who set her up as an ideal. As one man recently explained, "Her appeal is provocative, yet definitely lady-like. There is nothing 'hotcha' nor sex-appealish in the Dunne make-up, which is a rare relief in these days of artificial beauties."

Miss Dunne is clothes crazy, but wouldn't be caught admitting it. Everything she wears looks as if it were casually purchased and more casually worn, but, believe us, there is plenty of time and thought put into each garment and accessory. She goes in for dark colors and conservative lines, which is a reason for her ultra-smart appearance at all times.

When she appears on the radio, she turns the extra money over to charity, though no one hears about it. She takes herself lightly and her work seriously. She is pleasant to everyone and if she encounters a bore, she may make a mental note never to see him again, but while he is in her company, he is treated with the utmost courtesy.

Irene's life is well ordered. Nothing is hit or miss, haphazard nor nonchalant. While her work may not be inspired, it is always thoroughly and very competently done. She is known as "even box office" among exhibitors, which means that, while she may not actually bring people into the theater, once in they are so completely pleased that she has collected them for her fan following. But is she a lady? We think so!

## Career girl in the Movies...

*Katharine Aldridge*  
tells how Lux helped  
her win success...

Watch this  
rising  
young star!

"Modeling in New York,  
I had to look immaculate  
always—stockings flawless  
—ready for a picture at  
a moment's notice. Lux  
was my stand-by.

1938

"In Hollywood, on a  
beginner's salary, I had to  
save. Luxing my stockings,  
undies—dresses, too—was  
my pet economy. They  
stayed lovely longer.

March  
1939

"Featured in 'Elsa Max-  
well's Hotel for Women,'  
I found that 20th Century-  
Fox uses Lux to keep all  
washables in condition—  
'a big economy,' they say!"

September  
1939

HOLLYWOOD SAYS:  
Don't trust to luck  
—trust to Lux

DAINTY GIRLS everywhere keep dresses and lingerie new-looking longer—cut down stocking runs with Lux. A little Lux goes so far—it's thrifty!

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the thrifty BIG box.



## OUR PUZZLE PAGE

7 SECOND  
MYSTERY  
STORY

"PEGGY'S ON THE GO ALL DAY LONG...YET ALWAYS SEEMS SO RESTED. HOW DOES SHE DO IT?"

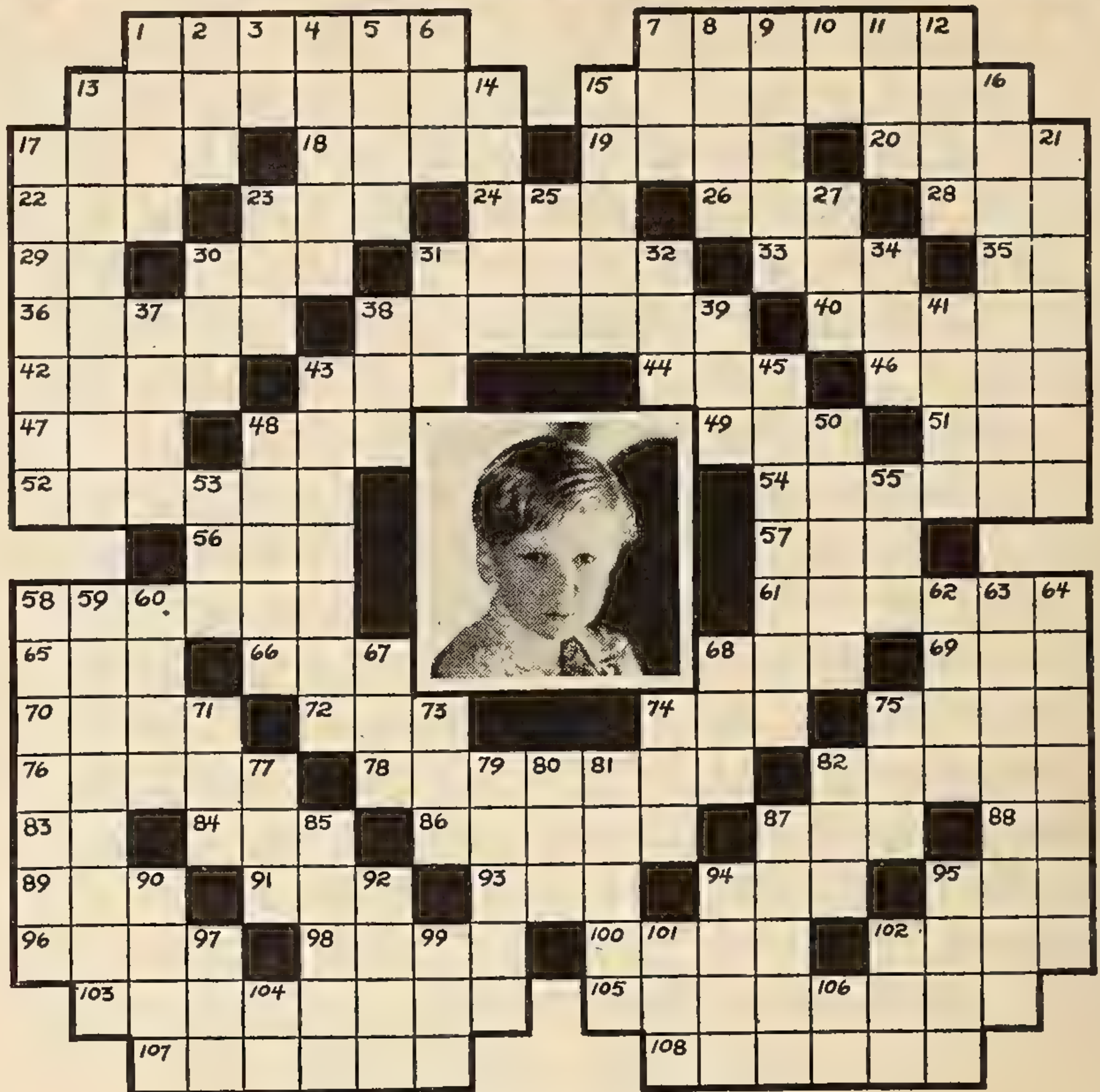


HERE'S HOW she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.



**Beech-Nut**

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

## ACROSS

- 1 & 7. First and last name of our star
13. Opposite Ronald Reagan in "Hell's Kitchen"
15. G-man in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
17. Sisters in "Daughters Courageous"
18. Part in a motion picture
19. Actor Walter ----
20. Always
22. Indian
23. "Oomph Girl"
24. Dead pan comedian
26. Nevertheless
28. Sheep
29. 101: Roman Numeral
30. Our star was in "The Devil Is A --- sy"
31. Monster in "Son of Frankenstein"
33. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
35. 1 across was in "--irit of Culver"
36. Bring upon oneself
38. She's in "Cafe Society"
40. "Ninotchka" is her next
42. Comic with "rubber" legs
43. Boy
44. "--, My Darling Daughter"
46. 1 across never gets these
47. Dead End Kid in "Angels Wash Their Faces"
48. Norse goddess
49. Anything woven
51. Color
52. Caught sight of
54. Niche
56. Beverage
57. Vegetable
58. 1 across was in "White ---- s"
61. Glamorous stars wear this
65. Fuss
66. Trap
68. Some
69. Lair
70. "---- Of Washington Square"
72. He's in "Beau Geste"

74. Knack
75. Measure of length
76. Male lead in "The Old Maid"
78. Heroine in "Man of Conquest"
82. "---- Winds"
83. Article
84. Period
86. Mentally inclined
87. Newcomer in "Sergeant Madden"
88. Male lead of "St. Louis Blues": init.
89. Free
91. To cut grass
93. Organ of sight
94. "The --- Wife"
95. "---- Us Live"
96. J ---- Gaynor
98. Cereal
100. Storm at
102. Given quantity of medicine
103. Talented actor in "Juarez"
105. Where our star's films are shown
107. 1 across' girl friend in "That Certain Age"
108. Popular character star

23. A tune
25. Go astray
27. Dress up
30. "The --- Never Sets"
31. Our star was "Peck's --- Boy"
32. Cunning
34. Seize
37. Pen
38. Birth state of 1 across: abbr.
39. Star of "Calling Dr. Kildare"
41. Was borne
43. Rich man in "Midnight"
45. Snake
48. She's in "Winter Carnival"
50. With 1 across in "The Champ"
53. Actor in "Tarzan Finds A Son"
55. Rotating piece
58. Heroine in "Union Pacific"
59. Ornamenting
60. Jimmy Durante's famed --- feature
62. Mental picture
63. Unnecessary
64. Understanding
67. Kind of dance
68. Noah's boat
71. Conclusion
73. Bark
74. The Wonder Dog
75. Cook with fat
77. Brother of "Big Town Czar"
79. Direction
80. Newest Western sensation
81. Sluggish
82. Director, --- Garnett
85. Genevieve's her first name
87. Husband of Shirley Ross
90. Inanimate
92. Bird
94. Row
95. Character actress: Pauline ----
97. "---- asure Island"
99. Southern state: abbr.
101. Exclamation of triumph
102. Dolores --- Rio
104. Musical note
106. "Invitation - - Happiness"

## DOWN

1. Star of "Boy Friend"
2. Exist
3. Hero of "Only Angels Have Wings": init.
4. Paramount comedian
5. "The Man With the --- Mask"
6. Slippery fish
7. Ear of corn
8. Submit
9. Lubricated
10. Silent screen siren: abbr.
11. Point of the compass
12. Wander
13. Afternoon showings of films
14. Kenny Baker is this
15. One source of movie talent
16. 1 across was in "---- Home"
17. Femme lead of "Panama Lady"
21. Rests



## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

## ★★ Career

"Career" is the picture Jesse L. Lasky provided as a training ground for the winners of his "Gateway to Hollywood" radio contest. The feminine winner of the contest, Alice Eden, is adequate enough in a role that requires very little in the way of talent, but handsome John Archer turns in a performance that shows remarkable ability.

Both new players are part of a deeply moving story concerning a small Iowa town peopled with ordinary but wholesome characters who little realize the drama in their lives. Dependable as always, Edward Ellis portrays one of Pitts-ville's leading storekeepers. His son (John Archer) is in love with Anne Shirley, daughter of the town banker (Samuel S. Hinds). Anne Shirley's brother, Maurice Murphy, is the spoiled and rum-swiggling son of wealth, and he's in love with Alice Eden, daughter of the town drunkard (Leon Errol).

There's a great deal of homespun philosophy narrated by Fletcher Wiley, but this does not detract from action or sentimental qualities. Anyone who has ever lived in the midwest will feel rushes of homesickness during many typical holiday-time scenes, and others will wish they had known these experiences. Other players contributing good support are Janet Beecher, Raymond Hatton, Harrison Greene, Hobart Cavanaugh and Charles Drake. The picture was directed by Leigh Jason.—RKO.

## ★★ News Is Made at Night

This is one of those breezy newspaper melodramas where managing editors, reporters and office boys turn into better mystery detectives than even the police department itself. Literally the "News Is Made At Night," and there's never a dull moment, including the last one when managing editor, Preston Foster, decides he wants reporter, Lynn Bari, for keeps.

The story is about the managing editor's determination that a condemned murderer who is going to be executed within 48 hours is not really guilty. At the moment, Lynn Bari is pestering him for a reporter's job on his paper, but he won't have women on his staff. She gets into a blackmailing spot, and he's forced to give her a job—at least until the murder is cleared up. Russell Gleason, playing the role of the publisher's son, is excellent in one of his best screen roles to date. In his father's absence, he attempts to tell Editor Foster how to run the paper, and his comedy relief adds much to the entertainment. Eddie Collins, as usual, is good for a laugh whenever he makes his appearance as Foster's butler.

There's very good support offered by such players as George Barbier, Minor Watson, Paul Harvey, Charles Halton, Richard Lane, Paul Guilfoyle and old-time star, Betty Compson. In fact, this capable line-up enhances the picture's value. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

## ★★ Stronger Than Desire

"Stronger Than Desire," not making any pretense of being a "super-colossal," turns out to be one of those pleasant surprises. The story is a familiar domestic problem, but an unexpected climax gives the picture good entertainment quality.

Successful lawyer, Walter Pidgeon, is so busy being a success that he doesn't have time to provide other than material luxuries for his wife and baby daughter. He frees spoiled debutante, Rita Johnson, from a manslaughter charge then can't get the affectionate darling off his hands. Wife, Virginia Bruce, misunderstands, and sets out to do a little flirting of her own. This leads to blackmail and a shooting which she manages to cover up, but during the trial her conscience drives her to reveal the truth. Resulting courtroom scenes are highly dramatic, giving both Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce opportunity to display their talents to advantage. Ann Dvorak turns in a remarkable characterization as the blackmailer's neglected wife. She is an excellent actress and it's good to see her again.

Additional acting honors are divided between Ilka Chase, Lee Bowman, Little Ann Todd, Richard Lane and Ferike Boros. Direction of the picture is so forceful that ex-actor, Leslie Fenton, is deserving of special mention.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 102)



## Seductive Fragrance THAT CAPTURES LOVE!

Be a gay enchantress! Lift up your spirits... lure Love to your heart... with Park & Tilford GARDENIA Perfume. This true fragrance of Gardenia flowers makes you the one girl men *always remember!* Drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tempting, pulsating glamour is yours—when you use Park & Tilford vacuum-sifted "texture of youth" Face Powder. Park & Tilford Rouge and Lipstick shades are ultra-fashionable... for that enticing look! Guard daintiness with the double-acting liquid Park & Tilford Perfumed Deodorant!

Other famous  
Park & Tilford  
odeurs: No. 3;  
Cherish; Lilac;  
Adventure; and  
No. 12.



10¢

25¢

\$1.00

# PARK & TILFORD

# Gardenia

PERFUME

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY



# HOLLYWOOD

Is your idea of Movietown a place of pink palaces?

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

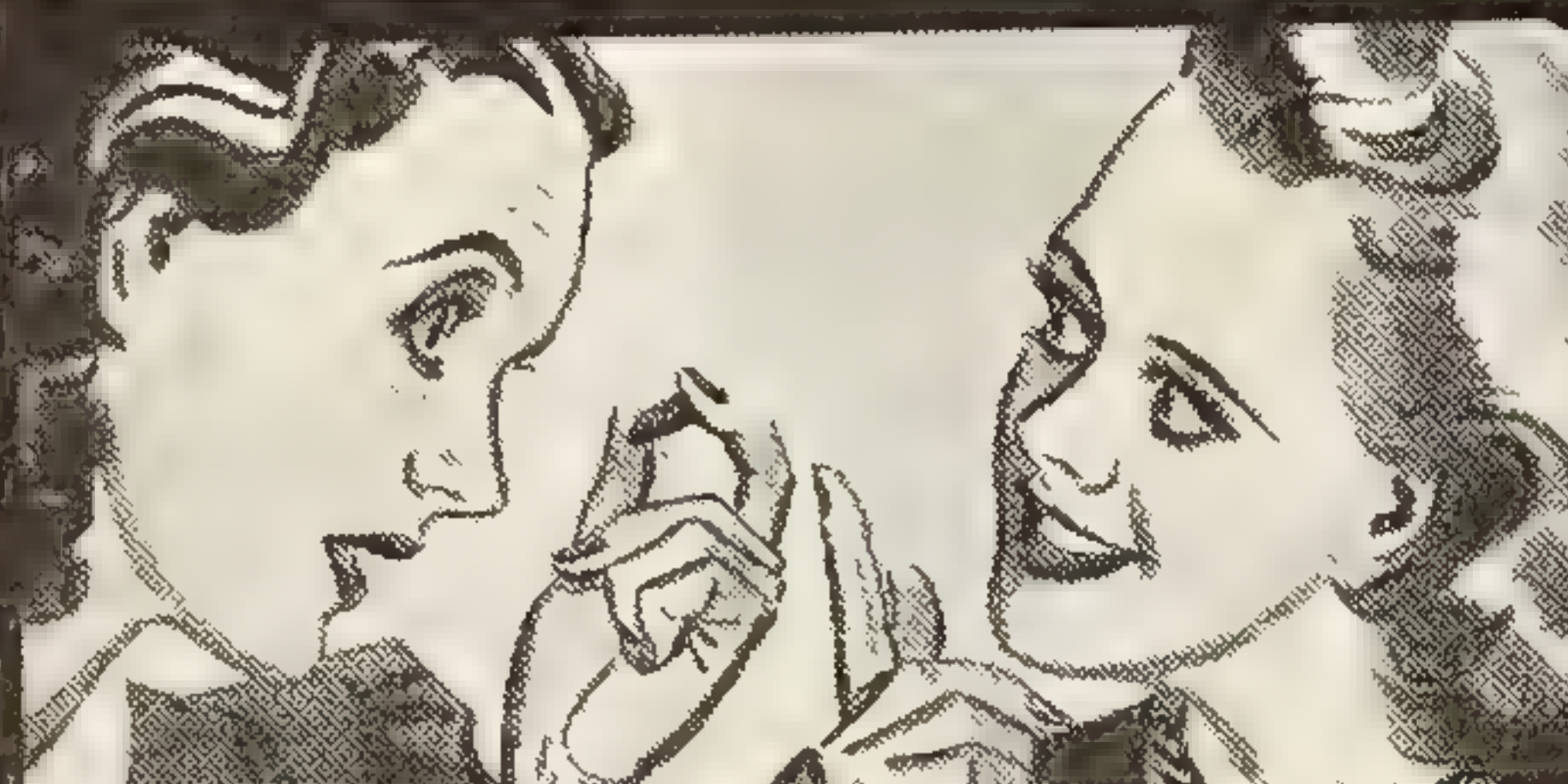
## EX-LAX MOVIES

*"The girl who punished herself"*



BETTY: I don't know which is worse ... constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?



BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for me ... a little chocolated tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!



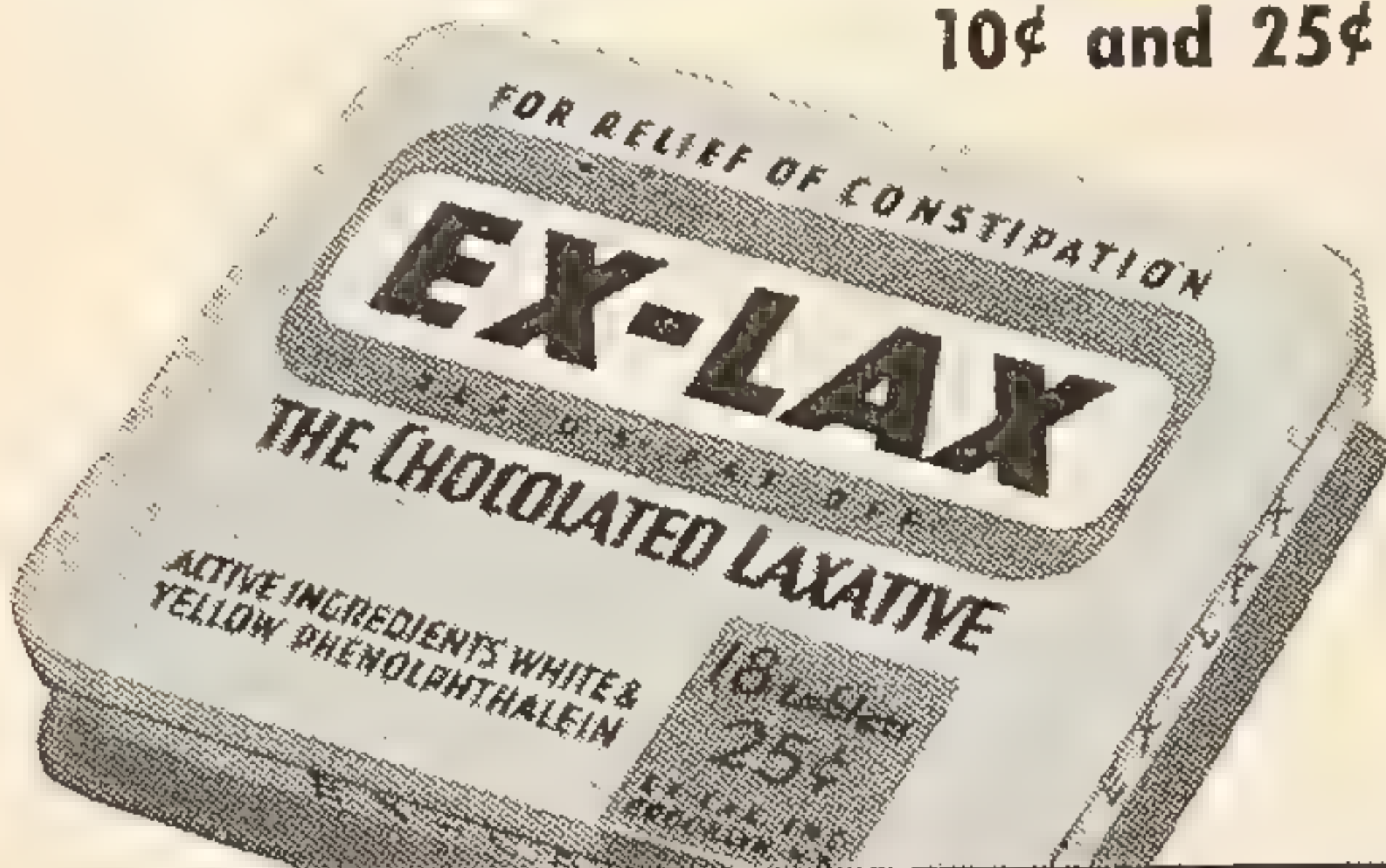
LATER

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in our family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



START \$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR

Men—Women  
Many Appointments  
Yearly.  
Qualify Now  
Mail Coupon  
Today  
SURE.

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,  
Dept. P258, Rochester, N. Y.  
Sirs: Rush to me (1) 32-page book  
with list of many U. S. Government  
Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to  
qualify for one of these jobs.  
Name.....  
Address.....

A LETTER on my desk from a swooning young relative in the East exclaims, "Oh, lucky, lucky you! You can walk right down that glittering Hollywood Boulevard and meet the motion picture stars shopping and having lunch. You may even talk to some of them. Oh, lucky you!"

I talked, a year or so ago, with a young bond salesman in Philadelphia. "How do you picture Hollywood?" I asked him. He became dreamy at once. "Oh, I think of Universal City with lots of big, pink stucco houses on hillsides, swimming pools and people in gay sports clothes, drinking and dancing and playing games. I think of limousines with the world's loveliest women in evening clothes and orchids." There was more, but you get the general trend of his remarks, don't you?

A novelist friend on Long Island remarked, "I love to think about your Hollywood because I hope it is as fantastic and as amusing as I think it is." (She had seen "Once in a Lifetime" and similar opera, but she had not seen Hollywood.)

I talked with a brakeman on an East-bound Santa Fe "Chief." "Lots of picture people ride on this train," he informed me, with some pride. "They always have drawing-rooms and stay out of sight, that's so they can go right on and on makin' whoopee, I guess."

Well, puncturing illusions is always a sad business and I didn't tell that brakeman that on that very train, shut away in a compartment, was King Vidor with a scenario writer and a stenographer whom he took right along as far as Kansas City, perspiring profusely over the final draft of an adaptation. I didn't tell him that Jeanette McDonald, who emerged now and then from her drawing room for a breath of air, wearing a magnificent fur coat, was spending most of her time in her berth nursing, rather anxiously, the cold which threatened hoarseness to that lovely and valuable voice of hers.

There was a writer from Paramount whose typewriter vied with mine through those three days in the club car. And three solemn Russian gentlemen, under contract, I believe, to Metro, conferred earnestly and constantly and covered dozens of sheets of paper with penciled notes.

Not a whoop in the entire trainload.

My Philadelphia friend was devastated when I admitted reluctantly that Universal City is actually a large, rambling, gray, rather dingy manufacturing plant with nary a pink stucco palace nor a swimming pool and that there are signs tacked up all about bearing the brisk admonition, "Let's make pictures!" Most of the people you see there, with the exception of actors in costume, wear slacks and sweaters and there is an atmosphere of swarming activity like that of a hive of extremely industrious ants.

There are, of course, limousines to be seen occasionally containing lovely ladies in evening clothes, but most of

the stars drive themselves to work in modest cars and the tendency, nowadays, is to have even the limousines as inconspicuous as possible. There is a practical reason for this. Fans and auto-graph hunters, recognizing a star's car, have been known to swarm all over it, ruining the paint job and some times even reaching inside to pull off wisps of the beauteous lady's garments or buttons from her escort's coat. Norma Shearer not long ago traded in a rococo imported car for an inconspicuous and sheltering domestic model. And Gary Cooper (after his marriage) had his famous yellow and black and chromium open job repainted a dull and dignified gray!

As for the Boulevard, I am obliged to tell my swooning young relative that I traversed its length four times only yesterday on various errands and not a celebrity did I so much as glimpse. But later in the afternoon, at a large open-air market in Brentwood, I encountered Myrna Loy, hatless and wearing a blue, pique house-dress, buying new peas and watercress and tomatoes, marketing right shrewdly, too.

Not that actors have ceased to appear in the glittering places. If you know where to look and can afford to pay the prices they ask for meals, there are numbers of smart restaurants and "clubs" where you may see lots of them, done up in their best bibs and tuckers, eating their cottage cheese and pineapple. As a matter of fact, they go there to be seen, so don't be shy about staring. And don't be alarmed if some of the girls appear to be suffering from serious anaemia. There are nearly always news photographers lurking about these places and since a certain type of make-up photographs better than most others, you will find most of the lovely ladies wearing dead white pans, heavily shadowed eyes and a splash of maroon where the mouth should be. Business is business ... and you work at your job all the time in Hollywood.

Freddie March says that that is the hardest lesson an actor has to learn in Hollywood, that he works at his job all the time. That it is not only what he does on the set that counts but what he eats, how much he sleeps and exercises, where he is seen and with whom, what he reads and thinks, how he spends his leisure moments ... all these things have definite and important bearings on his job.

So, when you see them being oh, so gay at the Vendome, the Derby, the Ambassador, the Russian Eagle or the Beverly-Wilshire, when you see them at the tennis matches or the polo games, sunning themselves at Palm Springs or yelling their heads off at the Hollywood Legion fights, they may be enjoying themselves but they are also working quite seriously at their jobs.

If you are patient and persistent you may possibly glimpse even Garbo at the puppet shows in the Mexican quarter or, if you want to take a long drive you may catch up with Clark Gable at mid-



# IS REAL

Well, just guess again

night at a certain hot dog stand at the edge of the Mojave Desert, having coffee and doughnuts all by himself. You have to know where to look. That's all.

More and more of Hollywood's frolicking is done behind closed doors. There are a number of small "clubs" which are really restaurant-bars whose proprietors will not admit anyone who is not in pictures. There, if anyone imbibes too much and pokes a producer in the nose, the story will not get into the papers. They don't have to pose for photographers or work at being glamorous. The gals can wear slacks and everybody may behave like ordinary people. It's very comforting.

Even the premiere with spotlights and loud speakers and radio broadcasts and masters of ceremony (Conrad Nagel or Eddie Cantor) and crowds outside standing on soap boxes to watch and listen while Miss Irene Dunne said, "Hello everybody!" into the microphone is practically a thing of the past. Now-a-days we have the verra, verra exclusive preview a few days before the opening of an important picture. These are held in



True, there were the days when Carole Lombard used to throw a mean party. But Mrs. Gable is a rancher now.

the day time, attendance is by invitation only and they are NOT announced in the papers, believe it or not.

People acquire large houses, barricade themselves behind corps of protecting secretaries and servants and private telephone numbers . . . and then they buy yachts or ranches or rent bungalows to get away from the large houses! Ronald



Ronald Colman never has gone in for swank, and, since he's married, he and his wife are seldom seen around.

Colman, Freddie March, Joel McRea and any number of other luminaries have ranches with nary a telephone among them. There is a new and thriving week-end resort not too far from Hollywood reached by carrier pigeon.

But please don't think from the somewhat lugubrious foregoing remarks that

(Continued on page 96)



N.R.G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth—the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day. It's fine candy and fine food!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN  
**DEXTROSE**  
FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR



# NIGHTS

The price of film fame is

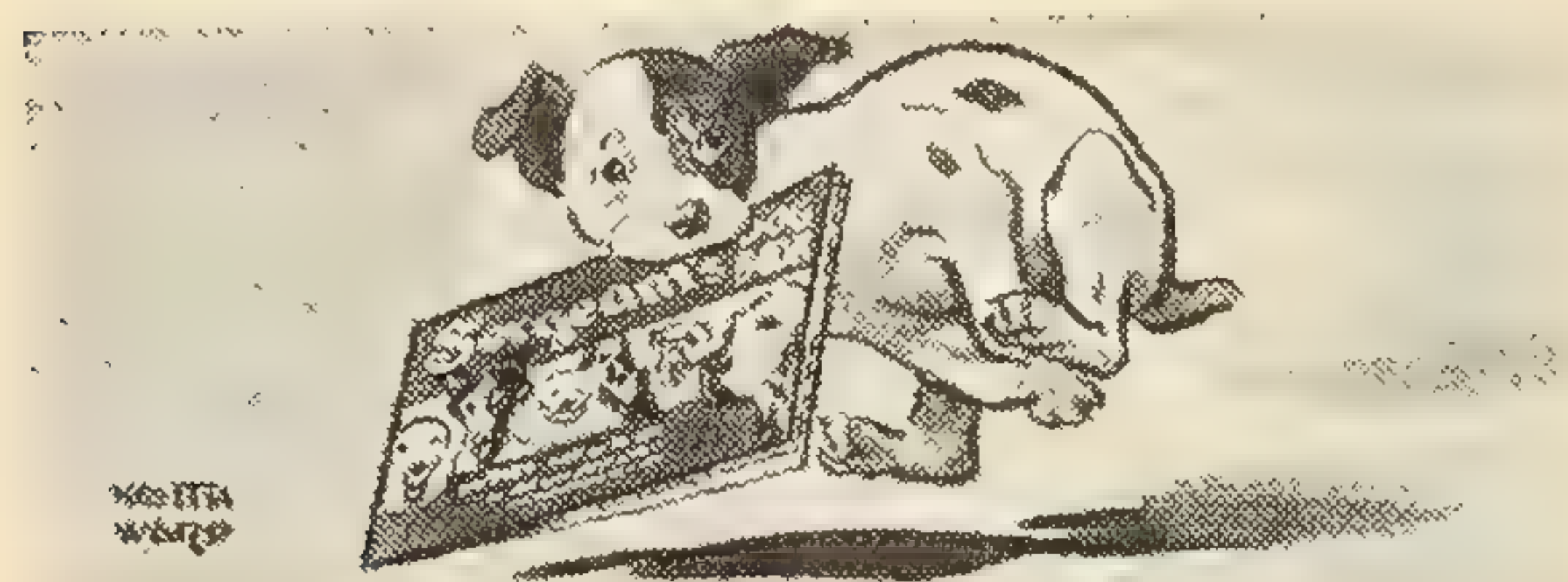
THEY ALMOST GOT  
OUR BROTHER!



Worms, I mean! We all had them, but brother nearly died — and were we scared! Then the Man of the House came in. "Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES for you," he said, and gave us some.



Boy, we certainly whipped those worms! And was the Man pleased! "With PUPPY CAPSULES now and SURE-SHOT when you're bigger," he says, "the worms will never get you!"



He's going to raise us by the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK. It's got an article by Albert Payson Terhune, too. The BOOK is free at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon. Don't miss it!

## Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.  
Dept. GR-10, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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## BABY FEET RUINED

in  
OUTGROWN  
SHOES

Effect of Outgrown Shoes

Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often. Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those CORRECT baby shoes which cost so little. Infants Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.  
H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck and Co.  
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.

## WEE WALKER Shoes

G. R. Kinney Company  
Schulte-United Stores  
Isaac Silver & Bros.  
Charles Stores  
F. & W. Grand  
MORAN SHOE CO.  
CARLYLE, ILL.

WEE WALKERS for the wee walker



Jane Withers gayly waved from the Christmas float, while behind Santa Claus hid her bodyguard.

ONE OF the prices Hollywood stars pay for their fame is fear—fear of kidnapers, extortionists, blackmailers, racketeers, gangmen, or crackpots who just want to take a shot to indulge some crazy whim. The stars fear for their lives, for the lives of those they love and some times they just fear for their pocketbooks.

You really can't blame them for being scared and tossing restlessly on their pillows. Although Hollywood has never had a major kidnapping and has never paid off in a major extortion case, threatening letters arrive daily. Despite all the precautionary burglar alarm devices, jewel thieves still force window catches and escape with fortunes, and there is no knowing when a really desperate criminal may push into a Hollywood home.

In order to soothe her nerves and give her a vocal outlet in case of prowlers, Barbara Stanwyck is having secret wall microphones installed in every room of the Taylor home. All Barbara has to do when she gets really frightened is to step to the wall, touch a button, lift her voice on high and her screams, amplified by a loud speaker contraption, will peal through ten miles of countryside.

One of the most modern protective devices recently received with great delight by Harold Lloyd and by other nervous stars is the radio beam. It is similar to that used to guide an airplane to a safe landing and throws an invisible light ray about the grounds. As soon as anybody crosses its line, the main watchman gets a flash. Thus, not even the milkman can come to call without, whether he knows it or not, announcing himself by radio.

Shirley Temple is probably the most guarded little girl in America. Shirley can't go anywhere without her bodyguard. I tripped over him one day in

my dentist's office where Shirley was having her porcelain caps refitted. Think of it—not being able to go to the dentist without the company of a man with a gun!

Of all the movie stars threatened by kidnapers, the most frightened was Marlene Dietrich; the most nonchalant, Mae West, according to Harry Dean, Special Investigator for District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles. (Dean worked intimately on the West case, donning a blond wig, false eyelashes and a pair of Mae's own silk lounging pajamas to masquerade as the star in trying to trap the extortionist. He was also head man in the famous Dietrich scare.) He declares:

"Marlene was so frightened she immediately hired not one but three bodyguards at ten bucks a day to protect her, although we also had special operatives trailing her everywhere.

"Hers was one of our more interesting cases and although we never made an arrest, we had definite theories as to the identity of her extortionist. We figured that the writer was not after money, but wanted publicity! How could he (or she) get it in this way? Well, listen and I'll tell you a story which has never been printed to the best of my knowledge.

"At the same time Miss Dietrich received her threatening letter, a woman of German descent, recently arrived in Los Angeles from Chicago, received an identical threat to pay \$25,000 or else her small boy, a good-looking little fellow with curly blond hair, about the same age as the Dietrich child, would be snatched.

"Both women reported to us about the same time. Naturally, the similarity in cases was noticed. The notes were compared. Their phraseology was much the same, the handwriting was identical.

"Miss Dietrich heard, in the course of events of the plight of her fellow countrywoman. Her sympathy was aroused. When the woman asked to talk to her, she agreed. Long conversations on the 'phone between the two of them ensued. Eventually, a date was made for the woman to visit Marlene at the studio. She arrived, bringing her small boy, dressed up in a German sailor hat and trick clothes. It was obvious from her actions and conversation she wanted to get him in the movies, and she hoped to enlist the Dietrich help.

"Well, as I said, no arrests were ever made. No proof could be obtained, but after we had spent considerable time grilling the woman about her life and plans, she became hysterical and decided to return to Chicago. Nobody has since threatened Miss Dietrich."

Dictaphones play a big part in most arrests of would-be extortionists. They were called into use when Joan Crawford shook in her slippers from terror because of a series of letters from a youth who insisted in ominous phrases that he must see her to tell her something of vital importance.

Two investigators from the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles set up dictaphones and hid themselves in an adjoining room while the shaking and quivering Joan received the persistent youth in her dressing-room. It turned out he was harmless—just wanted her to



## OF TERROR

BY JEAN SOMERS

often fear, so success can frequently come high

get him a movie job. Did he get it? I should say not. After being grilled by detectives, he was the most thoroughly scared youth in California and he'll write no more insistent notes. Joan? Well, she recovered too.

Constance Bennett handled an extortion demand in a typical Bennett fashion—quickly, and showing no nerves. Two men arrived on her front doorstep one night and pushed by the butler.

When Constance swept downstairs to see what the commotion was about, the pair informed her with polite impudence that they had come to save her from a blackmail plot; that they knew a man who was in possession of information about Miss Bennett which would precipitate an ugly scandal if released. Did not Miss Bennett wish them to take steps to stop this? Could she afford bad publicity?

Connie sized the men up with a cool appraising look.

"Certainly not," she replied, "and I do appreciate your coming right to me. If you will just sit down, I will call my friend, the Beverly Hills Chief of Police, and let you tell your story to him. I am sure he will be glad to hear it."

The men demurred. They did not think this necessary. They could handle the matter quietly.

Connie started for the telephone. The men remembered an appointment and left hastily. That was the last of them—

frightened off by a beautiful Bennett.

Crackpots or psychopathic cases, says Investigator Dean, are to be feared more than gun-toting, hardened criminals. You never can tell what a crazy man will do.

Ida Lupino had a terrifying experience with a crackpot. He was a Northern California carpenter who, with his tool kit, hitch-hiked south to Hollywood to warn Ida that her marriage to Louis Hayward was something of which the gods disapproved heartily.

He wrote her something like this: "You must not see any more of that man, Louis Hayward. He is persecuting you although you don't know it. I will kill him and I will also get you out of this world in which you are so persecuted."

Imagine how that made Ida feel. Obviously, the man was crazy, but his mental condition probably didn't affect his strong right arm and wouldn't deter him from whamming Ida over the head. A guard was thrown around the house and in due time, when Mr. Psychopathic Case showed up with his carpenter's tool kit over his shoulder—all ready for some kind of work—authorities grabbed him and carried him off.

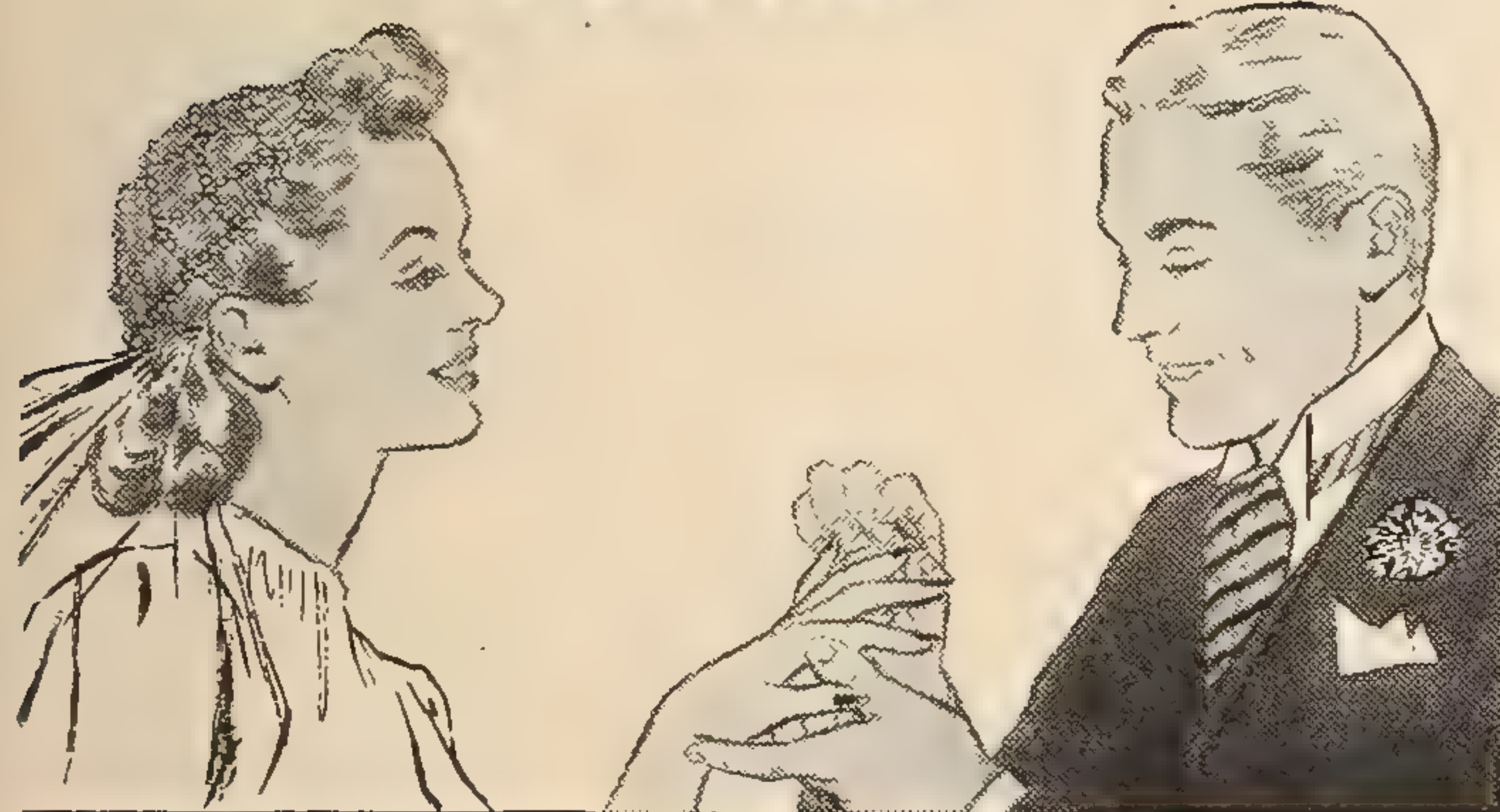
No number of threats keep the stars from going on with their jobs—jobs which toss them in the limelight and subject them to more risks than the ordinary individual going about his work.

I stood on the corner of Hollywood  
(Continued on page 96)

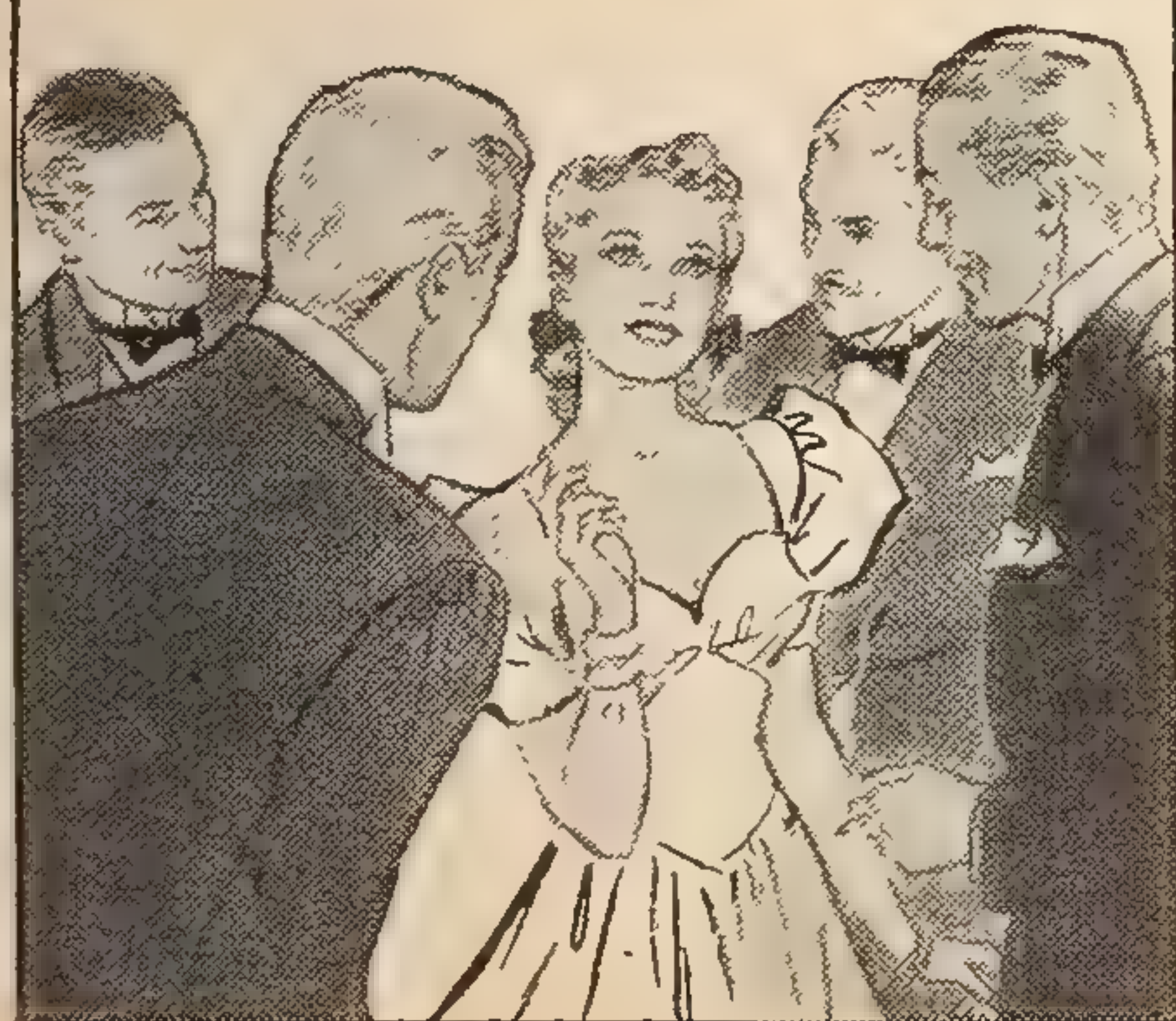


Shirley Temple is perhaps the most guarded little girl in America. See the picture on page 47.

## They thought Betty would never be a bride



I BEGAN TO USE LIFEBOUY IN MY DAILY BATH... I SOON FOUND I WAS MUCH MORE POPULAR



I KEEP MILLIONS  
*Lovable*—SAFE  
FROM OFFENDING



• Like women everywhere, Betty discovered it pays to keep lovable with Lifebuoy! Her daily Lifebuoy bath not only stopped "B.O."—it made her more sure of herself, gave her a new kind of charm and poise. Lifebuoy's *different*; contains an exclusive ingredient. Its lavish lather is lively and refreshing. Why should one risk offending when it's so *pleasant* to play safe!

### THE HAPPY ENDING

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY FOR ME WHEN TED PROPOSED I CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE TWO WHO SAID I'D NEVER BE A BRIDE!





Miriam Hopkins is a successful southern gal who, through thick and thin, has kept her eye on the top rung of the ladder. She may not be popular personally, but professionally—yes, indeed.

## THE LOWDOWN ON A HIGH-UP

She knew what she wanted and,  
what's more, knew how to get  
it! But then, Miriam is smart

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



**I**F you knew what you wanted out of life, could you attain it? Few of us realize just what we desire, and if we did, few could fulfill that wish.

Miriam Hopkins is an exception to this rule. From the time Miriam was a very small girl living in Bainbridge, Georgia, she knew she wanted to be an actress. At the age of ten her desire to get what she wanted was often mistaken for stubbornness. Even at this early age, Miriam was so entirely wrapped up in herself that she found her young mind busily working out methods to attain these childhood dreams. She has retained this fight for success to this day. Although she has worked hard both on the stage and screen—and there were many unpleasant periods for Miriam—never has she let anything or anyone stand in her way to reach the success she now enjoys. To some people this may seem hard and unkind, but to Miriam it was the only way to reach the top.

She has not made too many lasting friends in the years she has been in the theatre and pictures, for not many people could understand the way she went after the things she wanted. But the few that have taken the trouble to understand this trait in Miriam's character realize that her work comes first and they respect her for her willingness to stick to her goal. Often puzzled, however, many of her most intimate friends find it difficult to understand the thoughts behind many of Miriam's decisions.

Like most of her sudden decisions, Miriam's frequent displays of extravagance and conservatism are often criticized by the people nearest to her. Although she does not have a reputation for giving elaborate parties, she maintains a house in the swanky Sutton Place section of New York City, an estate in Bel-Air, California, which she recently bought and has completely rebuilt. In London, Miriam's friends can expect to find her living in the fashionable Grosvenor Square section of the town.

Other sudden spurts of extravagance are typified by her many telephone calls from Hollywood to London. A London call from Miriam might be a little Mayfair gossip, or a choice joke she has just heard. Conservative in other respects, Miriam is very careful over how much she might spend for a small item in her wardrobe. Carefully chosen and always in good style, her clothes and jewelry never reflect extravagance. Maybe this accounts for her wardrobe never appearing as dramatic as most stars.

One of Miriam's hobbies is to have her fortune told. She will sit for hours listening to some obscure palmist and the price is never too high if she can be given some insight about her future. Often she will drive for hours to reach some new seeress she has recently heard about. She is also a great believer in Numerology and she sits by the hour pondering over numbers she has come across during the day.

**L**ONG before Miriam had any idea of buying the late John Gilbert estate, she rented a beach house at Santa Monica. Her main reason for taking it, was Michael, her adopted son. The house was an ideal place for him. The sandy lawn was enclosed by a high board wall and Michael could play in absolute safety. Miriam bought him a St. Bernard for a playmate, but Esopé did not fancy his sandy home and was always on the run.

Miriam is completely devoted to her son and it amazes her friends to see how quickly he has copied his pretty mother's mannerisms. He does not look unlike her, with his fair skin, big blue eyes and blonde hair. Michael is called Mike by many people, much to the displeasure of Miriam. Miriam has given much thought and made many plans for his future. Many people tell Miriam that she will spoil him, but she laughs and says, "I love to see him happy and I can spoil him for a few more years, when he

must realize that life is not all play."

When Miriam is visiting London, her presence in theatrical and Mayfair society is in great demand. Always admired for her acting, English people also find her untheatrical mode of living and quiet but definite sense of humor pleasing. Two years ago, when in London, she was asked to attend their annual theatrical garden party. This event, sponsored by members of the London stage, is one of the outstanding spring social events, always patronized by some member of the Royal Family. Miriam was very gracious and arrived at the lovely "Queen Mary Gardens," where the party is held. There were many notable English personalities present and also several famous American movie stars. Miriam's job, with the other stars, was to sign autographs which were sold to anyone that cared to add them to their collection. La Hopkins was so charming and gracious that her autograph was sold in great quantities, adding many shillings to the English Actors' Fund, and establishing her more firmly in the hearts of the English, thus raising her English box office appeal.

Miriam enjoys going to the theatre in London, as one always dresses, and she is a great believer in evening dress. When in London working on a picture, she spends most of her week-ends in Paris. When you go to Hollywood, you will seldom see Miriam Hopkins. First, she spends every day she can in New York in her Sutton Place home.

She enjoys life more in the east than on the coast. When in New York the people she will see are most likely to be of the Social Register. Miriam seems to find in this group much more fun than she would with the Hollywood set. Second, Miriam is none too fond of café and night club life, and she dislikes being photographed in public. In fact, she insists that she is not. One night she was sitting in one of Hollywood's clubs when a camera man spotted her. But La Hopkins also spotted him. So the poor man





George Brent and Miriam Hopkins appear together in "The Old Maid," with Bette Davis as "the other woman."

had to break his photo plate and there was no picture.

On the other hand, Miriam does not mind having her picture taken if she has on screen make-up. She feels that unless she is properly made up she will not photograph to advantage. This is quite true, for she is freckled and her eyebrows and lashes are very light, so unless they are made up, her expression is pretty blank. She hates large parties and has a knack of slipping in and out of a place without anyone noticing her. Although, if she is spotted, she can easily become the center of attraction. If necessary she can turn her charm on and off like a light. Yet very few people ever see the light on. But since the motion picture industry is in Hollywood, Miriam is forced to spend most of her time there. She has always been her own greatest teacher and is able to establish each new role with the same casualness as her daily mode of living. After seeing Miriam Hopkins in a picture, one realizes that she has portrayed a very natural and convincing person. One of the greatest assets to her acting is her speaking voice. Although she has not lived in the South since she was a girl, she still retains much of the southern softness in her voice.

Miriam Hopkins' performance in "The Old Maid" is said to be so fine that her cinematic bids will be boosted sky high upon the picture's release. She has not been seen as frequently as she used to be, simply because she has been pretty demanding as to salary and roles. If that is a fault, it is perhaps a wise one. For, many stars have suffered because they have been forced to take mediocre parts. Miss Hopkins, consequently, has waited for what she considered something really worth-while. She has it now.



Miriam and Director Fritz Lang attend "Four Feathers" preview. 'Tis said that Mr. L. will direct the star's next.

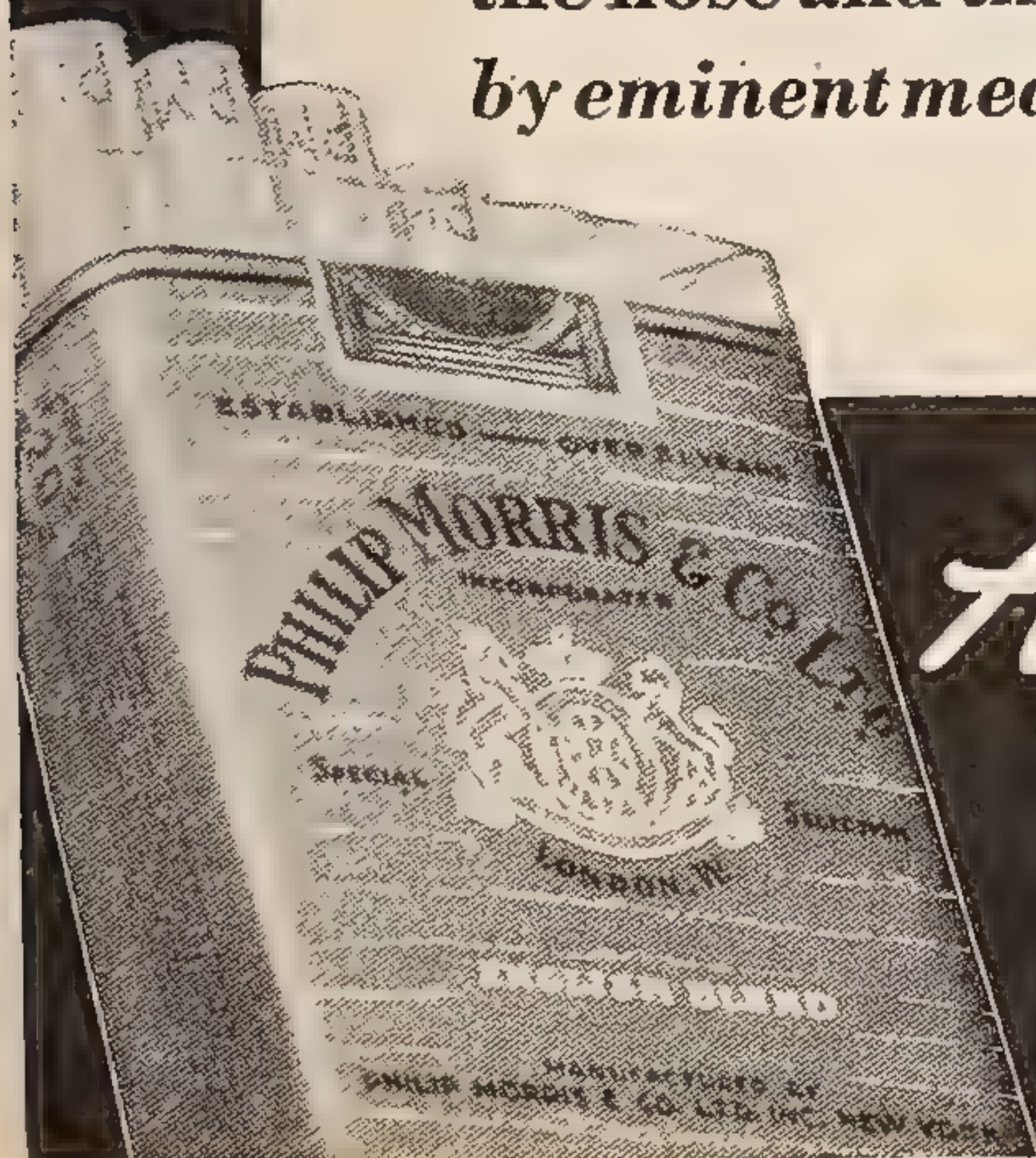
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*America's FINEST  
Cigarette!*





A NASTY JOB  
MADE EASY—  
27 YEARS AGO!



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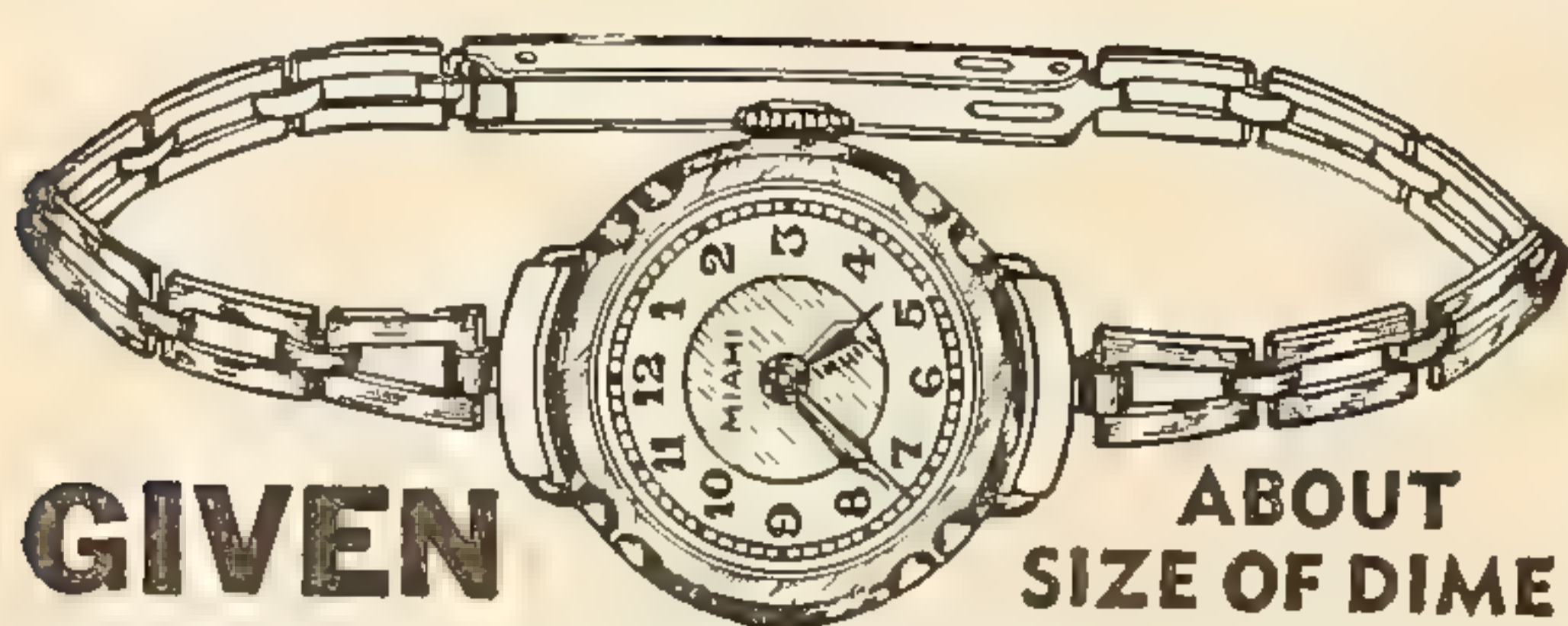
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

Sani-Flush has made one of the tasks you used to dread simple and easy. It cleans the closet bowl—and does it without any drudgery on your part. Use a little Sani-Flush regularly. Keep the closet bowl sparkling clean.

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We don't promise your youngsters will get all "A's," BUT—if constipation's making them dull and irritable in school, just see how things brighten up when you give them Feen-a-mint, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. They'll like Feen-a-mint's delicious taste. And they get all its famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder they say: "Gee, Feen-a-mint seems just like magic!" Millions use Feen-a-mint—try it in your family now!

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CHEWING GUM!

Here are "the Women." And you'll have to admit that you'd travel a long way before you'd meet as handsome a trio as Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford at one sitting. Further, can you imagine the histrionic competition in this picture? You're right! It was sumpin'. And so, we can hardly wait to see it, can you? The private previewers claim that Miss Russell does plenty of scene stealing. We shouldn't be at all surprised!



## CINDERELLA CONFESSES

(Continued from page 39)

That was one thing I couldn't conquer. I not only kept burning food; I kept burning myself. I'm ashamed to admit it, but that's the way it was. And I had to cook, because our budget didn't allow us any kitchen help. I began to think of going back to work, just to be able to have someone else do the cooking.

"From the first, Fred was sympathetic about how I felt, but he thought I'd get over it. I thought maybe I would, too. Instead, my cooking became worse. I'm not joking. Finally, one day I gave up and Fred said understandingly, 'I guess your place isn't in the home.'

"I looked up Demarest. I said, 'You used to think I should be in pictures. Do you still think so?' He said, 'Yes,' and took me down to Paramount for an audition. And they signed me to a stock contract. I don't think they'd have signed me if I hadn't been willing to take a cut in salary. The usual starting salary is \$75. I started at \$50." That was in May, 1936.

"The contract was for seven years, with options every six months for the first two years, then options every year. Contracts like that let studios out cheaply and quickly if you don't click. And if you do click, they have you where they want you—unless they feel like tearing up your contract and giving you a new one. But there isn't much to feed your hopes in a stock company.

"There are fourteen or fifteen of you in a company. But not the same fourteen or fifteen for very long at a time. The faces keep changing. New ones appear, and others disappear, without ever getting a chance on the screen. Once in a while

they get 'bit' roles, but those don't count. Nobody is going to notice you as a dress extra, or get any idea of what you can or can't do. I know. I played 'bits' in eleven pictures before 'Sing, You Sinners.' And that break didn't come from any of them.

"I was in that stock company for two years, and in that time I saw a steady stream of young hopefuls come and go. The only explanation for my lasting is that I signed on at a low salary and I didn't ever get a raise.

"When I signed, Phyllis Loughton was the talent coach. She was very helpful. I learned about self-improvement from her. That's something else about a stock company. Your life is a daily barrage of criticism. I had to learn all over again how to walk, sit, light a cigarette, open a door, and countless other things, all in the cause of greater poise. It wasn't easy.

"I had to learn how to have control of myself—in every gesture, every facial expression, every inflection of speech—no matter how nervous or upset I might be. I had to learn how to seem at ease when I wasn't. I had to learn how to pace my voice to milk the last bit of meaning out of a line. My transformation into an actress wasn't simple and miraculous. It was long, hard work.

"Meanwhile, I had to pose for leg art and not let anyone think I was embarrassed about it. I had to face the fact that this was the only way an unknown could get her picture in the paper, which might somehow, sometime, lead to a movie break. We fed our lean little hopes on such things—fantastic as they were.



"Oliver Hinsdell succeeded Phyllis Loughton. He believed that one way to make professionals out of amateurs was to put them on a stage in front of an audience. He had us do a scene from some play every two weeks in the studio Little Theatre, with producers and directors for our audience. I don't know how many we did—a dozen, at least—before we did the scene from 'Golden Boy.'

"I played the little trollop from Brooklyn. I had to yell and scream and otherwise be volcanic. They hadn't expected I could. Once I had asked Artie Jacobson, Wesley Ruggles' assistant, if he couldn't help me in some way. His answer at the time was, 'Not till you're an actress.' That afternoon, he came backstage and said, 'You're ready to meet Mr. Ruggles now. And he's looking for a new girl for the lead in "Sing, You Sinners." I met Mr. Ruggles. That was a Friday. He gave me a script and asked me to come back Monday and read a scene for him. On Tuesday I had a silent film test and on Wednesday I got the role.

"Right after that, Frank Lloyd, who had also been in that Little Theatre audience that Friday afternoon, picked me for a role in 'If I Were King.'

"I didn't think, 'Cinderella, thy name is Terry Ray!' What I thought was, 'At long last—a chance!' Ironically, when my big thrill came, I didn't get the full spice of it. I had been tested for so many roles I didn't get that, when I actually got one, I had used up part of my excitement."

It was St. Patrick's Day that the Front Office called her in to tell her that, while giving her a new life, they wanted to give her a new name to go with it.

"They picked 'Drew' out of the telephone book. Then, because I was Irish and it was St. Patrick's Day, they decided



Jeffrey Lynn's a grass-cutter as well as a rug-cutter. He's mowin' it down on his San Fernando lawn.

on 'Erin' for a first name. I was 'Erin Drew' for two weeks. Then the New York office thought the 'Erin' part sounded phony. They substituted 'Ellen.' I didn't like 'Ellen' at first, but now I do."

Most of the people who-knew-her—when still call her Terry, but her husband calls her Ellen. And when "Skipper" feels like being real cute, he will say, "Hello, Ellen Drew." Speaking of "Skipper" and names, Ellen thinks that she and Fred are on the verge of giving him a Christian cognomen.

"We're rather inclined toward 'Michael,' which isn't the name we'd have chosen if we had named him when he was born, before he had a personality of his own. He'll be called 'Mike,' of course."

When Mama has to work, a girl takes care of him, when he isn't in kindergarten school. And, very definitely, Mama's cooking days are over. "We hired someone the first week I went to work," Ellen says, with a chipper smile.

They live in a small rented house, miles from the swank of Bel-Air. They "hope to build next year." They'd like a small ranch among some rolling hills. They're demon horse-back riders. Aside from swimming, badminton is Ellen's only other form of exercise, as she has such a terrific time keeping her weight up. Her one hundred and ten pounds are spread very scenically over five feet, three and a half inches.

She has a dimple in her chin. Her mouth is what the character-analysts call generous. ("It's a little too generous in the lower lip," she says, self-critically.) She has a quick, friendly smile, grey eyes with an Irish sparkle, and a pert nose with an Irish tilt. Her hair is light brown.

And there you have, up to date, the salient statistics about Ellen Drew, who says, "Please—I'm no Cinderella."

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in RKO-Radio's  
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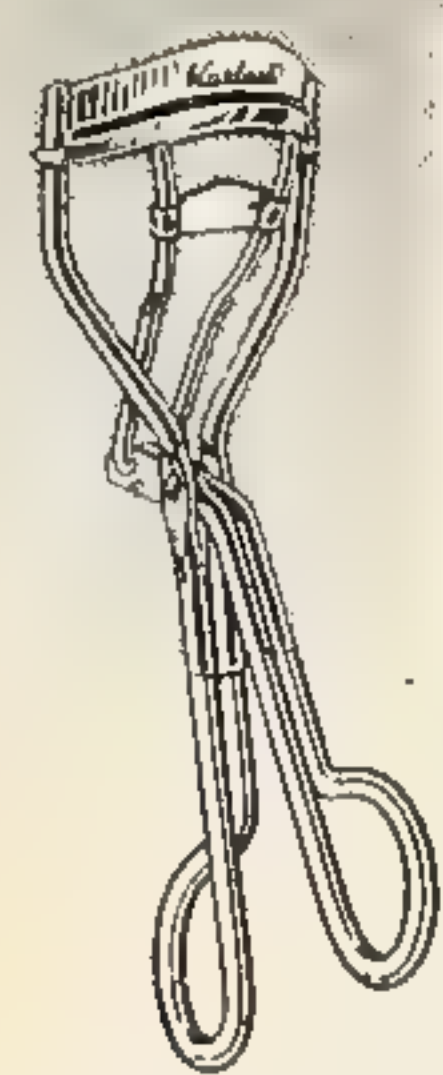
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE



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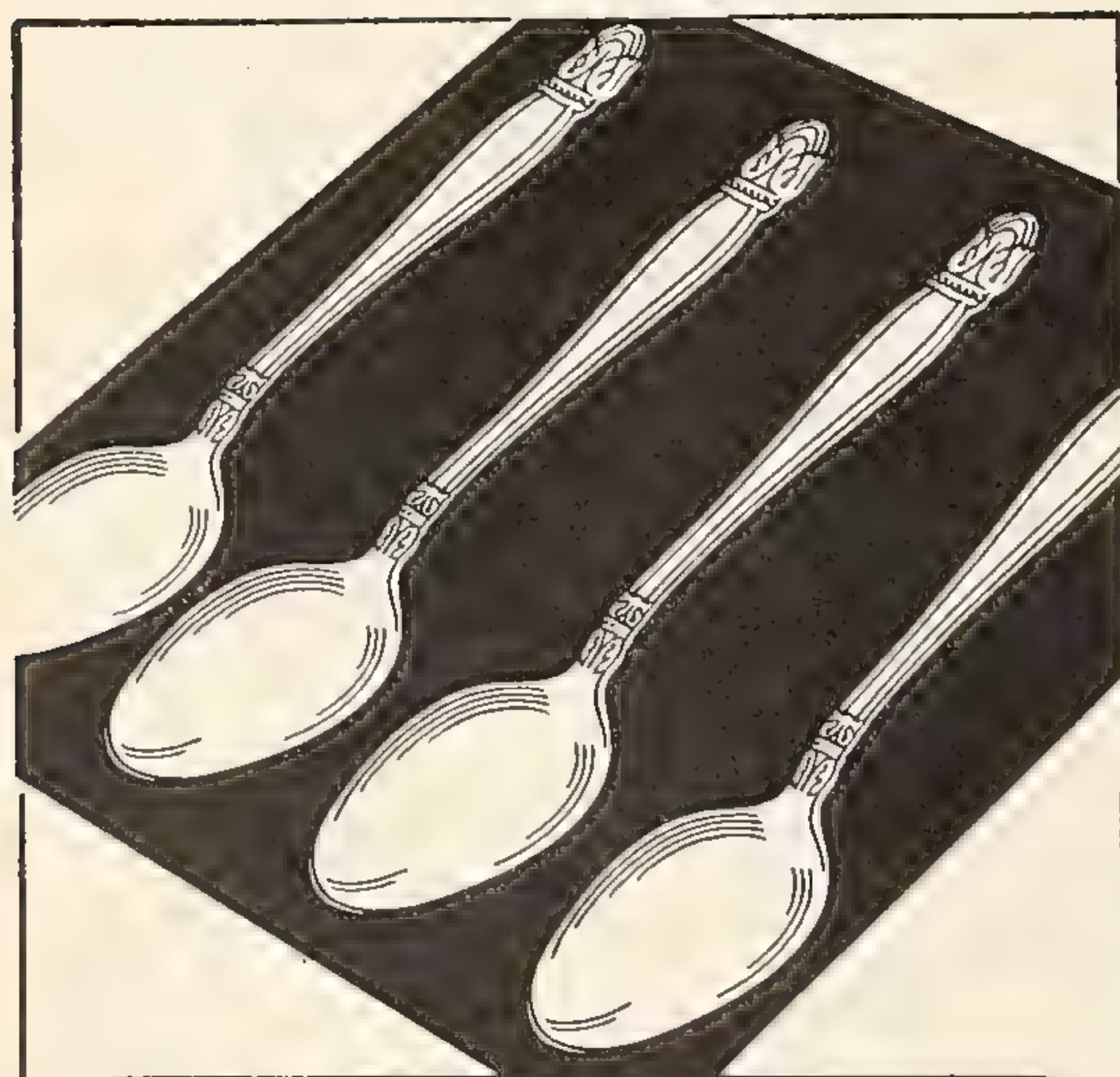
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# MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M).....	C 3 1/2 ★	Maisie (M-G-M).....	3 ★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Man About Town (Paramount).....	3 ★
Ambush (Paramount).....	2 ★	Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists).....	3 ★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M).....	C 3 ★	Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3 ★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Mickey, The Kid (Republic).....	2 ★
Bachelor Mother (RKO).....	C 3 1/2 ★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3 ★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Mikado, The (Universal).....	C 3 ★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3 1/2 ★	Missing Daughters (Columbia).....	2 ★
*Beau Geste (Paramount).....	C 3 ★	Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 ★
Beauty for the Asking (RKO).....	2 1/2 ★	Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2 ★	Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 ★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3 ★	My Son is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	3 ★	Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2 1/2 ★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Mystery of the White Room (Universal).....	2 ★
*Blondie Takes a Vacation (Columbia).....	2 ★	Mystery Plane (Monogram).....	2 ★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2 ★	Naughty But Nice (Warners).....	2 ★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	2 ★	Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2 ★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2 ★	News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2 ★	North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2 ★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	North of Yukon (Columbia).....	2 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Off the Record (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramount).....	2 ★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3 ★
Burn 'Em Up O'Connor (M-G-M).....	2 ★	On Borrowed Time (M-G-M).....	3 ★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3 1/2 ★	One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3 ★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	C 2 1/2 ★	On Trial (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
*Career (RKO).....	2 ★	Pacific Liner (RKO).....	3 ★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Panama Lady (RKO).....	2 ★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Paris Honeymoon (Paramount).....	2 ★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Climbing High (Gaumont British).....	2 1/2 ★	Pride of the Navy (Republic).....	2 ★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2 1/2 ★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3 ★	Pygmalion (Pascal).....	3 1/2 ★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4 ★	Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Daughters Courageous (Warners).....	3 ★	Risky Business (Universal).....	2 ★
Disbarred (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2 ★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3 ★	Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners).....	3 ★	Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2 1/2 ★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3 ★	Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2 ★	Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2 ★	6,000 Enemies (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2 ★	Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Five Came Back (RKO).....	2 ★	Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2 ★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2 ★	Son of Frankenstein (Universal).....	2 ★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Sorority House (RKO).....	C 2 ★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2 1/2 ★	SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic).....	2 ★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Gambling Ship (Universal).....	2 ★	Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO).....	2 ★	Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2 ★
Girl From Mexico, The (RKO).....	2 ★	St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	C 4 ★	Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4 ★
Good Girls Go to Paris (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Stolen Life (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Street of Missing Men (Republic).....	2 ★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3 ★	Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2 ★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3 1/2 ★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Hardy's Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	C 3 ★	Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2 ★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Sun Never Sets, The (Universal).....	2 ★
Heritage of the Desert (Paramount).....	2 ★	Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia).....	2 ★	Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2 ★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2 ★	Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★	Tell No Tales (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
House of Fear, The (Universal).....	2 ★	They Asked For It (Universal).....	2 ★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2 ★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4 ★	They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3 ★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3 ★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3 ★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	C 3 ★	Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach).....	3 ★
*I Stole a Million (Universal).....	3 ★	Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3 ★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3 1/2 ★	Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2 ★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★	Undercover Doctor (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Juarez (Warners).....	3 ★	*Unexpected Father (Universal).....	1 ★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners).....	2 ★	Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3 1/2 ★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2 ★	Waterfront (Warners).....	2 ★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	While New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2 ★	Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
King of the Underworld (Warners).....	2 ★	Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3 ★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Winter Carnival (United Artists).....	3 ★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4 ★	Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2 ★
Last Warning, The (Universal).....	2 1/2 ★	Wolf Call (Monogram).....	2 ★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2 1/2 ★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3 ★	Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2 ★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4 ★	Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4 ★
Long Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2 ★
Long Shot, The (Grand National).....	2 1/2 ★	You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3 ★
Love Affair (RKO).....	3 1/2 ★	You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★	Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Made for Each Other (United Artists).....	3 ★	Zaza (Paramount).....	3 ★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount).....	2 ★	Zenobia (United Artists).....	C 2 ★

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



## HEIGH-HO, SCARLETT!

(Continued from page 35)

existed between herself and Clark Gable.

"Who could quarrel with Clark Gable?" she asked. "We got on well. Whenever anyone on the set was tired or depressed, it was Gable who cheered that person up. Then the newspapers began printing the story that Gable and I were not getting on. This was so ridiculous it served only as a joke. From that time on the standard greeting between Clark and myself became, 'How are you *not* getting on today?'"

Because everyone was curious to meet the woman who was playing Scarlett O'Hara, she received many invitations, but accepted few of them.

"I did meet Norma Shearer," she told me, "and she was very gracious. Even before I met her, she sent me a wire congratulating me on being chosen for the role of Scarlett."

There was no congratulatory wire, however, as has been reported, from Paulette Goddard, who was considered the likeliest candidate until Vivien came along so unexpectedly.

Though she made no new friends in Hollywood, Vivien did renew one of the greatest and finest friendships in her life, with Laurence Olivier, the English actor who played Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights."

These two handsome and dynamic young people have been rumored to be in love with each other. And if a novelist were trying to choose a hero and heroine for a tale of romance, he couldn't do better than to choose the violent Englishman with the shock of dark hair

and the tiny girl from Darjeeling, India, whose eyes are greener than tea. They would make a grand story.

Just to look at these two together—and they were constantly together in Hollywood—is enough to cause romantic rumors. They are as like each other as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler were. Both are theatre people, and both are equally determined that regardless of what laurels they gain in Hollywood, they will continue acting on the stage part of the time.

Laurence Olivier is the more explosive of the two. The violence you sense in Vivien Leigh is a suppressed violence. But Laurence Olivier, in the past, has not hesitated to express his contempt for Hollywood. He has said with ill-concealed impatience, "No actor, you know, would be here at all if it were not for the money there is in it."

**Y**OU won't catch Vivien making a crack like that. If you ask what she thinks of Hollywood, as I did, she will flutter her long lashes helplessly and say, "But I really didn't see Hollywood. I spent five months working in 'Gone With the Wind,' with only five days off, and during those days I was too busy catching up on my sleep to get any reaction to Hollywood."

They both have a touch of the devil in them. When Laurence was in a small English company, where wreaths were used to hide the holes in the backdrop, he once tore the wreaths down in the middle of a scene. What was exposed

to the horrified public of England was plainly scandalous—women behind scenes in the company dressing-rooms, in various stages of dress and undress. Laurence was promptly fired.

Again, you wouldn't catch Vivien indulging in any such obvious tactics as this. But the touch of O'Hara in the girl comes out in other ways.

Take, for instance, the matter of her first role in a small picture. It seems that somebody's sister's husband was writing a motion picture script for Cicely Courteledge, the English musical comedy star, and promised Vivien a small part in that. When she came forward to claim the role, she discovered that she wasn't really getting a part at all, but instead was expected to play one of many school girls. Those girls wouldn't even have a line to say. Vivien was bitterly disappointed.

But she must have brightened up later, when she learned that there would be six special girls, each of whom would have about three lines.

"I squeezed myself in among the special girls," she told me, "instead of just appearing with the others." When I asked her how she managed this feat, she said, "I just squeezed myself in."

Laurence has been known to antagonize interviewers by telling them out and out that he is allergic to them. Vivien just outwits them. If you ask her a question she doesn't want to answer, she tells you wistfully she really wishes she could remember, but her memory for personal things is outrageously bad.

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And then there was that memorable interview with the reporter who asked her if any of her mother's people had ever settled in the South.

"No," she admitted.

"Have you ever been in the South?" the reporter went on.

Vivien got the idea. "No," she said. "But maybe this will help you. My last name is pronounced just like that of General Robert E. Lee."

Oh, yes, they're a lot alike, this Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. They even have similar backgrounds. Laurence is the son of an English priest, descended from the French Huguenots who fled to England to escape persecution. Vivien, you'll remember, is also of French descent. Both Vivien and Laurence are fond of French foods and wines.

But before you begin getting ideas about them, it's only fair to say that at the present time Vivien is married to Leigh Holman, a prominent English lawyer who is as fair as Laurence is dark. And Laurence Olivier is married to Jill Esmond, an English actress with whom he came to America a number of years ago, and with whom he scored a Broadway success in the stage play, "The Green Bay Tree." Vivien has a daughter, and Laurence a son.

Rumor has it that Vivien Leigh is estranged from her husband, and that Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond have come to the parting of the ways. The rumor mongers would have you believe that it is only a matter of time before Vivien and Laurence are divorced from their present mates.

**I**F that's true, then Vivien is indeed in a spot more dangerous than any in which Scarlett O'Hara ever stood, for right now Vivien's career is so important to her that it is questionable if she will risk it for any man, no matter how much she loves him.

The friendship—or romance, if you accept the rumors—between Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh began a little over two years ago when they were both cast in the English picture, "Fire Over England." Vivien was playing her first important role on the screen, as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Elizabeth. What more natural than that Laurence, with his wealth of experience on the screen, should find the ambition of this young woman, with the face like a flower, touching and should try to help her in every way he could? With his help and encouragement, she made good.

Afterwards, they appeared in several plays together. When Laurence Olivier, who had distinguished himself in Shakespearean plays at the old Vic Theatre in England, was asked to play Hamlet in ancient Elsinore Castle in Denmark, the original scene of the tragedy, she was chosen to play Ophelia.

In the love scenes they clung together like two people who could never let each other go. Laurence's face was dark with brooding, and his eyes wild with a hopeless passion. There was a bewitching, haunting quality about Vivien's performance.

**A**T that time she was an experienced stage actress. Because of her eagerness to act, she had burst through the cocoon of her early training in convents in England and Italy, where she moved like a small but vital young ghost through the simply decorated rooms with their medieval walls. Even then the knowledge that she wanted to act was stirring in her, and she would whisper to Maureen O'Sullivan, her classmate, "I'm going to be an actress some day. Watch and see."

In the convent in Italy the restraint under which she was put was even greater than in the English convent. She learned that it was not considered decorous to wear pajamas; instead she was poured into long linen night dresses especially made for the students, and when she went swimming in the late afternoons, she had to wear specially made bathing suits which had so much calico on them that it was all she could do to keep from sinking.

"I felt as if there were tons of lead weighing me down," she laughed. And no doubt, she felt as if those ancient traditions were also weighing her down.

Still, her resolve to act was a bright, shiny, almost tangible thing. After years of formal education, when her parents asked her what she wanted to do next, she didn't hesitate. "I want to become an actress. I'd like to go to a good dramatic school."

They sent her to the Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

Certainly she didn't mean to fall in love. But living the quiet, constrained, sheltered life she had all during her girlhood, was it any wonder that she should be swept off her feet by anyone so good-looking, so worldly-wise, so altogether charming as Leigh Holman, the fair-haired young barrister?

They met at a hunt ball in South



When "Lady of the Tropics" was privately previewed, Gloria Franklin proved so good, additional scenes with her were inserted in the picture.



Devon. It seems that in England, the various counties give balls of this type, to which all male members of the hunt come in pink coats that resemble their hunting coats, save that they are more formal, like our own tails for evening. And the women come in bright colored evening gowns.

Free for the first time from the restraints imposed by the various schools she had attended, Vivien proceeded to fall madly in love with Leigh. He found her exquisite and charming. A few months after they met, he proposed to her, and within a year they were married.

Five years ago, Suzanne was born to them, and for a time Vivien was content. But the desire to act didn't die, and after a few months, Vivien found herself tormented with restlessness. She knew then that much as she loved Suzanne, there was a need in her to act and that this urge couldn't be denied.

After arranging for a governess to take care of Suzanne, she appeared in two insignificant pictures whose names she has forgotten. But David Horn, an actor who worked with her in one of them and who had been signed to play in "The Green Sash," asked her if she would care to appear with him. This gave her that first cherished opportunity to go on the stage.

"The Green Sash" ran for only two weeks in a suburban theatre," she told me, "but it was a magnificent play for me. It dealt with Italy in the fourteenth century, and believe me, everything that could happen happened in that play. Everybody died or went mad. My lover in the play disappeared, after letting me down badly. Oh, it was a grand play for me."

Later came her success in the stage



Mickey Rooney and Ann Rutherford play together both in and out of the "Andy Hardy" series.

play, "Mask of Virtue," and in the moving pictures, "Storm in a Teacup," "Dark Journey" and "Yank at Oxford," in which she played the college vamp.

Cecil B. DeMille burned up the wires trying to get her for "Union Pacific," but she turned up her pretty nose at that. When she came to Hollywood on a vacation, she told reporters she had no intention of making pictures in the United States. And she swears she didn't.

"But who could turn down a role like Scarlett O'Hara?" she said. "Such a part comes along once in a lifetime."

American audiences will soon have the chance to see Vivien and Laurence Olivier together in a picture. For if present plans go through, she will play the quiet, timid second wife in "Rebecca," while he will play the husband.

"I'd been up for twenty-four hours when I made the test," she told me. "We'd had a dawn shot to make the night before for 'Gone With the Wind' and I hadn't had more than two or three hours of sleep. So, as you can imagine, I was not exactly bright for the test. When I saw it, I was beyond judging what things were like."

However, she is very anxious to play the part.

"It will be such a complete contrast to the role of Scarlett O'Hara," she told me, "that it will keep me from being typed."

Her hobbies are collecting old china and playing the concertina. So far she can play only two numbers, "Banjo On My Knee" and "Sidewalks of New York," but any day now she will get around to "Marching Through Georgia" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

"When you see Vivien on the screen," a press agent told me, "believe me, you will be seeing Scarlett O'Hara." Now, I do.



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# HOLLYWOOD IS REAL

(Continued from page 85)



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Hollywood has lost all her fantastic aspects! Joan Crawford *does* drive that black and chromium roadster . . . only not along the Boulevard. Alice Brady *did* take five dogs to a pre-view and the subsequent party at the Ambassador. There really is a men's club in Hollywood to which no one without at least three inches of chin whiskers is admitted. Some of our biggest stars have belonged to it temporarily. There are club rooms and the members amuse themselves with checker games and beer.

Bill Fields *did* start to juggle plates and knives and forks in a small restaurant, to the proprietor's horror, as a protest against slow service. Honestly and truly, Anna Sten kept baby chickens in her living room and a jack rabbit actually lived in a box on the balcony outside her bed room. (It had a most unpleasant disposition and was polite to no one but Anna.) Hollywood's creme de la creme really *did* slide down things at Carole Lombard's beach concession party that time, with resultant, painful bruises. And, speaking of bruises, the Countess di Frasso had difficulty going up and down stairs for days after she arrived at a party riding on a camel. I really *did* see a lady, wearing red satin pajamas, taking a huge Dalmatian for his exercise in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel.

What I am getting at is this. Hollywood still had her idiosyncrasies, always will have. But they are not as apparent to the casual-passer-by as they used to be. The whole atmosphere of the place

is changing. The making of pictures is no longer a glorious romp. It is a serious and some times heart breaking business. The present generation of actors has been sobered somewhat by the spectacle of former big shots taking nose dives to ignominious ends. Clara Kimball Young who made, and spent, a million. Francis X. Bushman. Valentino, who was practically bankrupt when he died. More recently Noah Beery who, after years of successful work upon the screen, found himself nearly penniless.

Sables and orchids and solid gold plumbing are no longer considered necessities in Hollywood, although they have not entirely disappeared. Hard work and investment in government bonds are becoming downright fashionable.

When I first met Alison Skipworth I asked her how, with her ripe experience of stage trouping, Hollywood impressed her. Was she amused or irritated by it?

"I see nothing fantastic or amusing about it," quoth Miss Skipworth. "Hollywood is filled with earnest, talented people, working harder and more intensely than people do anywhere else in the world. Some of them are doing fine things. All of them are striving to do fine things. Hollywood is an agonizing community!"

Hollywood still glitters in spots. It still cuts capers which make you wonder whether you are living in some Lewis Carroll land of fancy. But Hollywood works at its job now . . . and fantasy gives way gradually to reality. And perhaps that's as it should be.

# NIGHTS OF TERROR

(Continued from page 87)

Boulevard and Vine Street one evening shortly before Christmas and watched the Santa Claus parade wind up the street. In the first float, sitting beside Old Nick himself was Jane Withers—smiling, bowing and waving to the folks on the sidewalk. She looked as if she were having a grand time.

The woman who stood next to me, with her own little girl by her side, said, "My, aren't her parents lucky to have a child to make all that money for them!"

"She worked for it for quite a number of years," I replied.

"What of it?" said the woman. "She's got it now and nothing to worry about!"

Nothing to worry about. Behind Jane, covered by a mass of red bunting, crouched into cramped positions, but still on the alert, and with their hands on their gun holsters ready for the draw, were two husky bodyguards. What the petulant mother who envied Jane's parents didn't know was of the danger that even then confronted the small star. Of the sleepless nights Mrs. Withers had spent, wondering, worrying, fearing that the "finger had been put on her daughter, repeating over and over to herself the contents of the extortion note which read: "Have \$5,000 ready and wait until you hear from us. If you don't, we will get your daughter, Jane. Don't tell police. If you do, we will get Jane. You know what will happen if you talk too much. We will take her for a ride. (Signed) 'Ace.'"

And, yet, because her job demanded it, Jane rode down Hollywood Boulevard

that night in full sight and gun range of anyone who wanted to take a pot shot. Nothing to worry about—!

A few weeks after the Santa Claus parade, the man who wrote the threat letter and who penned a similar one to Freddie Bartholomew asking "\$25,000 or it will be just too bad for Freddie" walked into the Los Angeles police station and gave himself up. He signed a full confession and inside of three days was on his way to prison to serve a twenty-five year sentence. Yes, he was caught and sentenced, but he'd done his work—frightened Mrs. Withers and Aunt Cissie so that they will never sleep quite as soundly again.

Shortly after her marriage to Roger Pryor, and when Roger was in Chicago, Ann Sothorn received a series of strange 'phone calls. Her telephone would ring. She would answer and no one would answer her, although she had the strange feeling that someone was listening. This happened several times before she notified authorities and was informed that often this was the way burglars checked to find when people were at home. Very startled, Ann installed an alarm system, bought herself another dog and left word that one of the servants was to stay on the premises all of the time.

Al Jolson was the victim last year of a telephone fiend, who called him in the dead of night, and informed him that Ruby Keeler, who was in the hospital for a minor operation, had died suddenly. Imagine his feelings, until he found out the truth. What an experience!



## SUNNY SIDE UP

(Continued from page 31)

for them. Last year I not only didn't feel like working but I couldn't have worked if I had felt like it. Last year everything was upside down. I was upset and unhappy about everything.

"This year everything is right side up. Now I feel well. Now I am free of my RKO contract. Now I am free-lancing. I am terribly happy about 'Union Pacific.' I love my part in 'Golden Boy.' I like the script of my next picture at Paramount.

"I want to feel really free again. I don't want to be tied down to the responsibilities of the two ranches, mine and Bob's. I don't want us to settle down. And that settling down business is more dangerous for men, I believe, than for women. Out there, it's too easy to come home, get into old clothes (you know, the black tie and all) and then say that it's too much trouble to drive back into town again. We want to go places and do things. At least, we want to be where we can. I don't know what places, specifically, or what things. We just want to be near, to be in everything! We'll keep Bob's ranch, keep the horses there and use it for week-ends. But we'll have a place in Beverly Hills where we can stay when we're working.

WE haven't any plans," said Barbara, flippantly, positively flippantly, I assure you. "The only plan we may be said to have calls for our being together as much as possible. As it is now, I leave the ranch at 5:30 in the morning in order to get to the studio, get my make-up on, be on the set in time. Bob, not having to use any make-up, doesn't have to leave until 7:30. Result: we never have breakfast together, seldom lunch together, though Bob has rushed over here to Columbia a few times to lunch with me. Only sure date we have is for dinner and that's at odd hours.

"But as I was saying, the plan is that we haven't any plans. We haven't planned where, or even whether we shall have a permanent home. We haven't planned for a family, one way or the other. We might take another child, we

might have a family of our own. We haven't bought a single new thing since our marriage, not even a piece of furniture. Why, I didn't even plan a trousseau. I got married in a little blue dress which just happened to be new. When we got half way to San Diego I realized that I'd forgotten my hat! I had to borrow Holly's (Holly is my secretary and good friend) to get married in.

"Not that I was too haphazard about it, don't get me wrong. We didn't, for instance, get married on the spur of the moment, as has been said. People asked us why we pulled a fast one, a surprise. But we didn't. They must have forgotten that 'way last February we said that we'd be married sometime in May. Well, we were married sometime in May. And I did conform to sentiment, too. I wore 'something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.' Old shoes, the dress was new and blue, the hat was borrowed and there was I, the old couplet come to life.

"I am sentimental about it all," confessed Barbara, again confusing me. "I must confess that I always have remembered all of our anniversaries, such as the anniversary (commemorated each month) of the day we first met, the music we first danced to, the first flowers Bob ever sent me (they're pressed in the family album at home)! You needn't look so distraught, it isn't a change in me to be sentimental. I've always been a sentimentalist, at heart. But I've never dared to admit it before, that's the change. For unless you're happy and feel secure in your happiness, it's a dangerous thing to admit to, sentiment.

"Anyway, we haven't any plans. I know that if you make plans and they don't work out, they break your heart. So we haven't any and don't intend to make any. 'Plan for nothing and be prepared for everything'—that's the Taylor motto. I'm so thrilled, so absolutely happy right now, this very day, this very hour, that I'm simply not concerned about the next hour or the next day." Never did I think I'd live to see the day

Continued on page 103)

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## Answers to Quiz on Page 77

1. Leo Gorcey.
2. Walter Brennan.
3. "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."
4. James Roosevelt.
5. Will Hays.
6. Hugh Herbert.
7. Susan Hayward.
8. Rochester.
9. Norma Shearer's.
10. Jane Withers.
11. "Oscars."
12. Shirley Temple.
13. No, Yule is Rooney's real name.
14. Ed Sullivan in "Big Town Czar."
15. Both are dancers.
16. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye.
17. Annabella.
18. Tay Garnett.
19. "Cut!"
20. Jascha Heifetz.
21. Mickey Rooney.
22. Katharine Hepburn.
23. Elsa Maxwell.
24. Cinema.
25. Hedy Lamarr.

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# STRICTLY HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 41)

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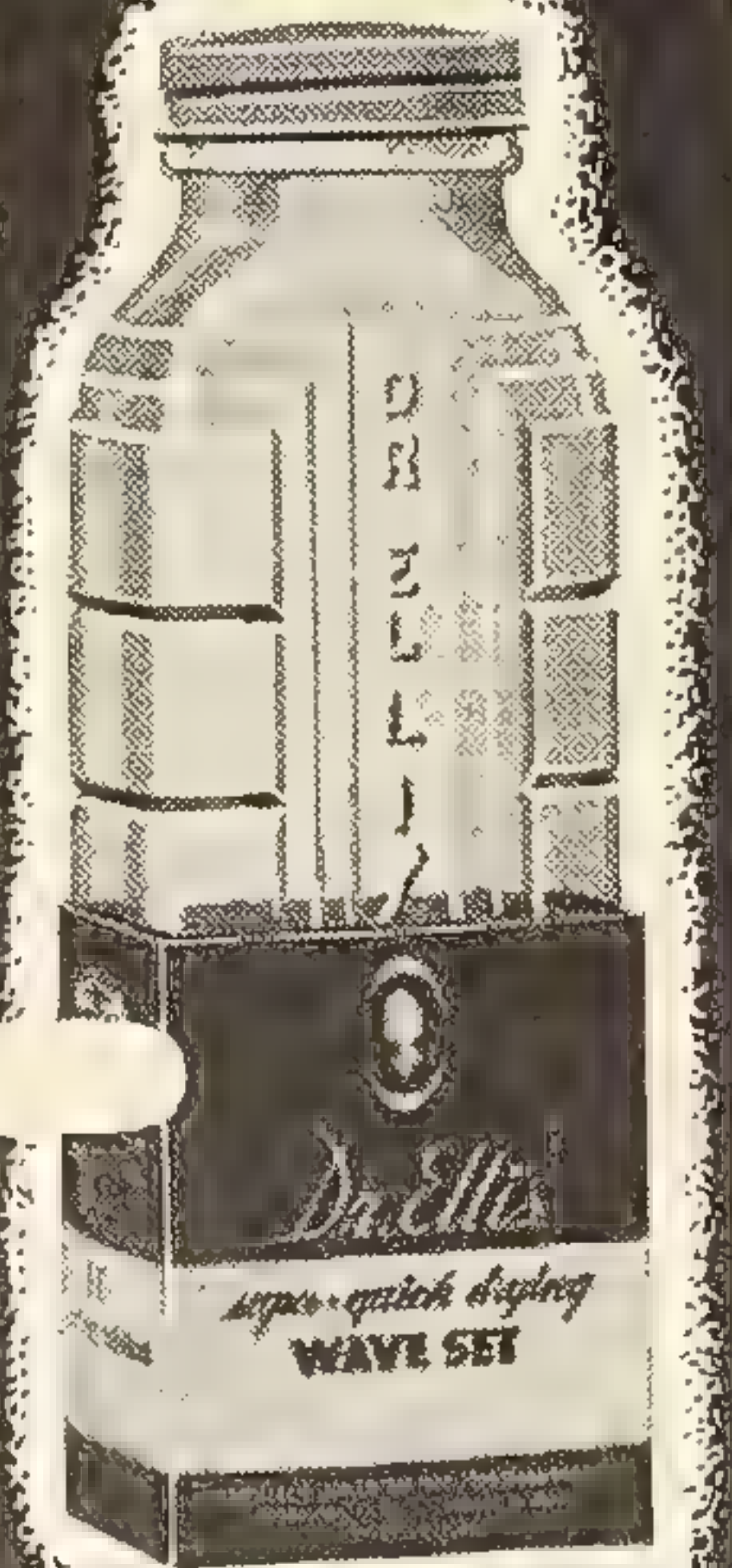
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similar situation, to get ahead. It would not occur to her to copy.

She never planned to get into pictures. She didn't scheme and study. She hasn't suffered, nor outwitted an inferiority complex. Lana mixes easily. People aren't fearsome strangers to her. She has an innate poise. When she was dancing in a grammar school performance she came down upon a splinter suddenly. Without batting one of her big blue eyes, she switched into a toe dance which didn't involve the hurt heel.

Never having heard of an inhibition nor, so far, of a consequence, she has never experienced a worry. This is rather hard to believe at first, but it's so. Her objective was, and is, to have a good time. She expects to live vividly, to be kind when she can be, and she is so full of youthful vitality that she makes you wonder how any other goal could seriously appeal to anyone.

LANA was happily having fun, when, at fifteen, she found herself in the movies. She and her mother resided in several inland California towns before settling in San Francisco. Mrs. Turner persuaded a woman friend to share their apartment with them, so Lana would be looked after when she came home from school. After a year at a convent, Lana returned to a public school as a junior high student. She was so exuberant she was elected girls' yell leader.

The other memorable event of her youth happened the same year. She set forth alone on a trip half-way across America. She was fourteen and it was summer, so she informed her mother she wanted to go to Missouri to visit grandma. Mrs. Turner said yes, and next day Lana was downtown turning the shops inside out for bargains in new ladies' wear. She says she didn't have many close friends, because she'd moved so much—not that she minded. In the next breath she recalls how eighteen chums saw her off on the bus.

"After two weeks in Webb City, I decided I'd visit an aunt in Chicago. I was tired of sitting up in a bus, so I took the train. No," she added with a patient smile, "I wasn't afraid to travel by myself. I told everyone I was seventeen and got away with it. But when I got to Chicago, my aunt had moved and left no new telephone number. So I went over to the Travelers' Aid counter in the depot. 'Here I am to see my aunt. She's gone and I've only a little money left. What am I supposed to do?' Well," Lana sighed, "when I asked them that, they phoned around until they found her. I had a marvelous week! One night I stayed up all night! The rest of the kids back in San Francisco had never done that. Their dates weren't so hot!"

Her aunt agreed with Lana that it would be more fun if Lana flew back to grandma's, so there was an airplane ticket as a parting present.

After a brief sojourn with grandma again, Lana entrained for San Francisco via Alberquerque, to see the southern route. "When I got to New Mexico I discovered I had no money left. I was hungry, so I said to the conductor, 'I don't know how to send a telegram from a train. Will you wire my mother for me?' He was awfully obliging about it. But at Needles I only got five dollars from her! So I stuffed myself with candy and peanuts.

"Then I got off at the wrong time in

Los Angeles, and missed the train north. I didn't know a soul, and the next train didn't leave until morning. I just went to the Travelers' Aid again. They took me over to the Y. W. C. A. for the night. When they called me in the morning I certainly hated to get up so early. 'How do I get over to the station?' I asked. They got me a taxi and sent me over.

"When I got to San Francisco I supposed somebody would at least meet me with a car. I was so mad, having to lug all my baggage in a street car! Half way home I dragged my poor mother off; I just had to stop in at Jack 'n' Jill's. That was the drug store where all the kids collected. I was so disappointed when they weren't there that night that I just cried and cried."

Half the time Lana is thoroughly naive, and so amazingly frank and good-humored that you laugh with her as she tells on herself. Then you are conscious of her beauty, of her exquisite grooming, and of the smart way she wears her attractive clothes.

Her mother learned of a better beauty parlor job in Hollywood. That was their only motive in coming where the studios are. Lana enrolled at Hollywood High, and didn't enjoy it because classes had begun to be boring routine to her. She had celebrated her fifteenth birthday, and had been at Hollywood High only two months, when fate selected her for fame and fortune. Temporarily disgusted with the intricacy of typing, Lana was cutting the class to have a coke at the nearest drug store fountain. The publisher of Hollywood's leading movie trade paper had noticed her in there before, and this day he gave her a card which he explained was an entree to Zeppo Marx, the agent brother of the acting Marxes. She should, he maintained, be in pictures.

THE "you oughta be in pitchers" situation was just a line to Lana, but a visit to the Marx office would be a swell excuse for omitting classes all the following day. So next morning she trotted over to call on Zeppo. En route she kept forming a spicurl on her brow, why she doesn't know. She hadn't worn one there for ages, and hasn't worn one since that day.

She was so evidently photogenic that Zeppo rushed her out to Warners. The casting director wasn't a great deal more than lukewarm, so she was guided in to see Mervyn LeRoy, who was seeking a new leading lady. The clever little producer recognized her potentialities. "But I promised Zeppo not to admit I was only fifteen until after I'd signed the contract with Mervyn LeRoy," Lana confessed. Three days after the signature on the dotted line, she was before the cameras acting a lead. Lana, who'd never bothered trying out for a junior high play, who'd only bothered to have fun, skipped the customary training that easily.

I questioned her as to what she did with her first paycheck. "I really didn't know what to do with it, so I carried it around with me for a week. Then my mother took it. She said we had a few bills to pay, and I'd get it back." Lana harbors absolutely no desire to be a business woman about her career. Her mother officiates in that capacity, and when Lana marries she'll let her husband do the budgeting. "When I earn more money," she revealed, "the first thing I'm



going to buy is a limousine. Then I want to send my mother on a trip, and build her a house. After that I'll quit working."

When Mervyn LeRoy left Warners for M-G-M, Lana went along and Metro realized her valuable assets could make a mint for them. Each time her option has been taken up, Lana has moved to a more expensive apartment, until now she is at home in a swanky building overlooking the elegant Sunset Strip. There are stars to the right and left of her, and a wonderful swimming pool for the tenants. She wants to take flying lessons, but Metro shakes its head sternly.

"I suppose," I said, "that you are studying with the studio drama coach." (We were lunching in the commissary on the lot. Lana eats whatever she wants and her figure remains superb. She hasn't adopted caviar tastes, either. After asking me to suggest something, she decided on a choc malt, a tuna sandwich on rye, and a huge piece of chocolate layer cake. But first she begged my permission to get rid of her gum, under the table. "Otherwise," she remarked earnestly, "I'll have to swallow it!")

A languid look filled her beautiful big blue eyes at my mention of the drama coach. "I should be studying with her. But I haven't started—yet."

Her candor hit even more of a new high when I wondered if she and her handsome boy friend, a Hollywood attorney of twenty-seven, had marriage in view for the near future. For two years Lana has been going steady with Greg Bautzer. Neither her mother nor her studio wishes her to marry this young.

But she's no puppet! "Yes, I've thought of getting married. A lot. We've almost eloped a number of times. But we got into fights instead. Sometimes I can't get



Remember Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels? Well, they're back from London for a Hollywood holiday.

to sleep for hours after Greg's aggravated me."

The more indifferent a man is, the more fascinated Lana is liable to be. Greg was aloof, she declared. "We carried on the most terrific flirtation this town has ever seen before we ever spoke. I saw him everywhere I went. Finally I had to smile, so then he broke down. We were introduced. Still he didn't ask me for a date. However, a girl I know was to be guest star at the Biltmore Bowl, and she invited me to join her party and invited Greg as my escort. He answered, 'Certainly. Only I was hoping she'd call herself!' When I heard that, I muttered, 'Wait a minute, do they all call him first?'"

"When he drove me downtown that night we instantly got into a glamorous conversation. He began by announcing he'd never fall in love or marry again. I thought, this is where Turner steps in, this is my opening scene! That," she amplified, "was away back during the Big Apple. And in three weeks things were going too calmly. That wouldn't do, so I broke off, and went with someone else for a month." Then she reconciled, and it's been kisses and quarrels ever since. With accent on the former.

"I can't lie to the man. Back during the Lambeth Walk I tried it. Greg was east on business, and I did step out with someone else. I took the precaution of renting a black wig, as disguise. But the papers got it, and when Greg returned he gave me the devil." She shuddered contentedly.

Lana is one aspiring actress who adores night clubs and says so. Fortunately, Greg is an excellent dancer as well as a prospering lawyer. She is very proud of his progress. "I'm always there at his office when I have free time, talking

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about styles or the races to his secretaries. We're having more fun until he comes roaring in and shoves me out, but fast!"

They weathered a crisis when he forgot about her parking ticket. "Greg forgot to appear for me, and I had to go down to juvenile traffic court! That was the week before my eighteenth birthday. I was all decked out in my silver fox and asked the judge what would happen to me. That was the wrong approach. 'You'd better get a lawyer, young lady!' the judge barked. 'I've got one, somewhere,' I replied. And when I caught up with Greg was he sorry!"

When they aren't rhumbaing at La Conga, they're playing tennis at the Westside Tennis Club, or waltzing on roller skates at a public rink.

Lana's case illustrates once more that sex appeal and hundred per cent femininity are still the surest aids for a woman. She hadn't diligently prepared for this break. They didn't give her the traditional Hollywood treatment for be-

ginners; no one had to show Lana how to stand or walk interestingly. She got that down pat, on her own. The studio's fashion experts, used to browbeating amateur Crawfords, grin with glee when Lana enters their domain. She buys glamorously, without any instruction, and in a jiffy she poses for their fashion spreads in the ideal manner. The studio's coiffure king has little to do, because Lana instinctively knows how to make the locks lie loveliest. She's been made a golden blonde, but she didn't scream in haughty indignation at the bleaching, as arty young imports from the theatah do. At fourteen Lana marched down to a beauty parlor herself and had her brown hair died a brilliant red. So if it's still better blonde, why not, she muses, be blonde?

She is driving a bright red car and she's knitting a striking green sweater for her pet Pekingese between scenes in her newest picture. Lana describes herself as "strictly Hollywood." That's why she stands out above the crowd!

## THE HAPPINESS BOY

(Continued from page 29)

Recently, when he appeared in "The Three Musketeers," a new legend grew up that Don was one of the greatest fencers who had ever come to Hollywood, and that if he had lived in the time of D'Artagan, he would have put all the fencers of France to shame. His fencing teacher is supposed to have said that until Don Ameche came along, Douglas Fairbanks was the best fencer among the actors, but that Don Ameche had outstripped even Doug Fairbanks.

When this was mentioned, Don turned slightly red. "It is news to me," he said. "I studied fencing for three weeks. To become an expert fencer requires at least three years."

Don and Tyrone Power are said to be rivals. Their feud is supposed to have started when Tyrone first came to Chicago at the time of the World's Fair and applied for dramatic roles on the air. Every time he asked for a role, he was told Don Ameche had been selected. Finally he was given a small part in a radio play in which Don was to be the star. But even that didn't help Tyrone, for while Don continued to be the most sought-after dramatic actor on the air, Tyrone got nowhere. Finally, when he was asked to read funny papers to children over the air, Tyrone quit.

YEARS later, they met again in Hollywood. When Tyrone came to Hollywood, he found that Don Ameche had already played a dual role in "Sins of Man." For a while it was nip and tuck between the two men. Don Ameche created a stir as the Indian in "Ramona," and Tyrone Power was very effective in a small bit in "Girls' Dormitory." Both men had parts of equal importance in "Ladies in Love." Then the tide turned. Given the lead in "Lloyds of London," Tyrone became even more popular than Don was.

Today Don is extremely popular at the box-office, but Tyrone is even more so. Don was announced for Sonja Henie's last picture, "Second Fiddle," but Darryl Zanuck changed his mind. He took Don out of the cast and put Tyrone in.

"Tyrone and I are the best of friends," said Don. "I'm not at all hurt when Tyrone is put into a role for which I've been considered, and I know Tyrone isn't hurt when I'm put into a part for which

he's been considered. We've often laughed about our 'feud.'"

I asked Don if he objected to such stories. Many actors do resent faked items but Don is merely amused. "There must be a demand for such stories," he said, "or the papers wouldn't print them."

You would imagine that all the myths that have been published about Don Ameche were invented because nothing really dramatic ever happens to him, yet that isn't true. In some respects his life has been ultra-dramatic, but he talks about the highlights very matter-of-factly. He plays his big moments off the screen, just as he plays scenes on the screen, without a trace of ham.

LET'S look at the record. He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the son of an Italian father and a mother in whose blood was mixed the strain of many nationalities. When he was fourteen, Father Sheehy, a man who is still his friend, introduced him to Honore Pendergast, and for three years they were madly in love with each other. "Of course it's only puppy love," their parents said. "It isn't possible for two people that young to know their own minds."

Don Ameche was sent off to a university. It wasn't until many years later that he met Honore again, and found it hadn't been puppy love after all. With Honore to encourage him, he acquired a firm faith in his own destiny. Gambling on that faith, he went to Hollywood and took a test for M-G-M. The test was so bad that the director told him, "Look, I hate to give advice, but you're a nice guy, and I'll break my rule for you. Honestly, if I were you, I'd stay with radio, where you've got a name and a reputation. If you go into the movies, you'll ruin that reputation. You have a funny chin and you're not the handsome hero type."

Completely discouraged, Don went back to Chicago. But an agent, who was a friend of his, upon hearing about the failure of his movie test, said, "It doesn't prove anything. Plenty of actors have flopped on half a dozen tests and then made good. Twentieth Century-Fox wants to test you at their expense." This time Don's test was successful, he was assigned a dual role in "Sins of Man." For one role he was his brunette self, for the other he wore a blonde wig.



It was while he was playing the role of the Indian in "Ramona" that the most unbelievable incident of his Hollywood career occurred. One day, while swimming out at LaJolla, Don felt something suddenly sting the bottom of his foot. On having it examined, he learned that he had been stung by a sting ray, and that he would probably be in some pain for several days. The next day he was sitting in a chair on location with the company at Warners Hot Springs and discussing the incident. "All I need now," he said, "is for a rattlesnake to come along and bite me." Suddenly he saw a snake edging along the side of his chair, and was almost transfixed with horror. At the same time one of the workmen saw the snake and killed it.

"That sounds as if it couldn't possibly have happened," I told Don.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's true," he said.

Another dramatic thing which happened to Don was his appearance with Mae West in the famous broadcast in which Mae shocked the country by playing Eve to Don's Adam, in a very suggestive manner. In one scene Don was supposed to kiss Mae's eyes and lips. Then there was a moment's silence. It was broken by Mae's voice saying insinuatingly, "Oh, so that's what you want!"

"How did you happen to appear on that broadcast?" I asked Don. "Did the script read all right?"

"I suppose," said Don thoughtfully, "it didn't, but none of us realized it. I just didn't think. It did not occur to me that a burlesque of Adam and Eve would give offense to many people. If it had occurred to me and I had had any choice about the matter, I certainly would not have appeared on that program. Of course, as a matter of fact, I have no choice about the lines I read. But if I had realized that the script might be offensive, I should certainly have said something to the director about it. Nearly always when an actor does object to a line, the director will try to have it changed. That is the only time anything like that ever happened to me," said Don gravely. "I hope nothing like it ever happens again."

The silliest of the legends about Don is that with success he has become a dull, prosaic person, without a spark of fun in his make-up. The opposite is true. When it comes to playing practical jokes, he is the holy terror of the Fox lot. "At one time or another," he confessed, laughing, "I've wrecked the dressing-room of almost everyone on my lot. I throw all their belongings on the floor. I tear up all the lamps, and fling the contents of the make-up kits about the room."

#### Solution to Puzzle on Page 82

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Recently when Tyrone Power was elected king of the movies in a newspaper poll, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda worked out a plan to rib the new king. When Tyrone came down to the studio commissary that day, he found a huge throne awaiting him with his name in large letters across the back. Grouped around the throne was a staff of courtiers, who bowed mockingly. The waiter who came up to take his order was dressed in regal attire, and addressed Tyrone as "Your Majesty." By the time the lunch was over, there wasn't the slightest danger that Tyrone would let the new honor go to his head.

Every month Don is enthusiastic about something else. One month it is golfing; another, it is horseback riding; a third, it's swimming. Right at this moment it's brood mares and baby colts. Don and Chester Lauck have a racing stable near Hollywood, where they breed their own colts, more as a hobby than for profit, and Don will talk about colts for hours to anyone who will listen. When one of his horses wins, he is in seventh heaven. When one loses, he shrugs his shoulders. He is a good loser.

HE is very moody, on the heights one day and in the depths the next. Any sad story or hard luck tale depresses him, and he will stay depressed all day. He very often forgets appointments and often shows up at the wrong place. He has gotten into innumerable jams through his inability to remember appointments. But when he does remember them, he always arrives on the dot. That's the result of his radio training.

When he answers the 'phone or calls up a friend, he never says, "This is Don Ameche." No, first he must pretend to be an Italian, a Chinaman or an Irishman. Not until he has thoroughly confused and bewildered his friends, will he admit who he really is.

He detests formality, and prefers a simple picnic to an elaborate banquet. In Hollywood, where a star never speaks to a featured player, and a featured player never speaks to a bit player, and a bit player never speaks to an extra, Don pals around with Bob Melton, a stand-in.

He hates to dress up in formal clothes. Once he was invited to a formal dinner by Chester Lauck, who is Lum of the famous Lum and Abner radio skits. "You mean I have to wear a dinner jacket?" he asked.

"Yes, and a silk hat and white tie." "You know how I hate them," groaned Don.

"You shouldn't," said Chester. "If you only knew how grand you look in tails, you'd love formal dinners."

"All right," said Don. "I'll come."

When Don and Mrs. Ameche arrived, Chester Lauck breathed a sigh of relief. He'd half expected Don to pull something. But there was Honore, in a stunning white gown, with an ermine wrap. And there was Don, looking grand in a topcoat and silk hat. Of course it was just like Don to be carrying an awkward-looking package in his hand. For a moment Chester wondered what the bulky package could possibly be.

As he helped Don off with his coat, all the men and women at the party gasped. For under the topcoat, Don had on nothing but a bathing suit! As they all looked on, Don calmly began unwrapping the awkward-looking package, which turned out to be a picnic lunch, containing sandwiches, hot dogs and a soft drink. Then Don sat down on the floor in the living-room, and very much at ease, proceeded to dispose of his picnic lunch, while the other guests filed into the dining-room.



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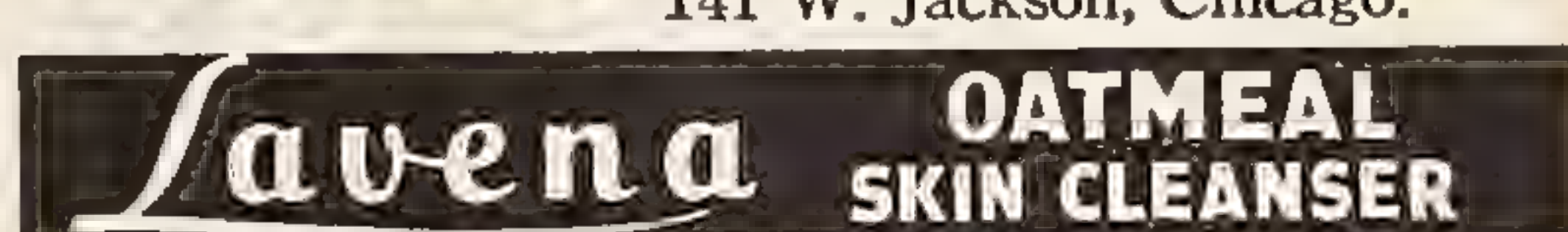
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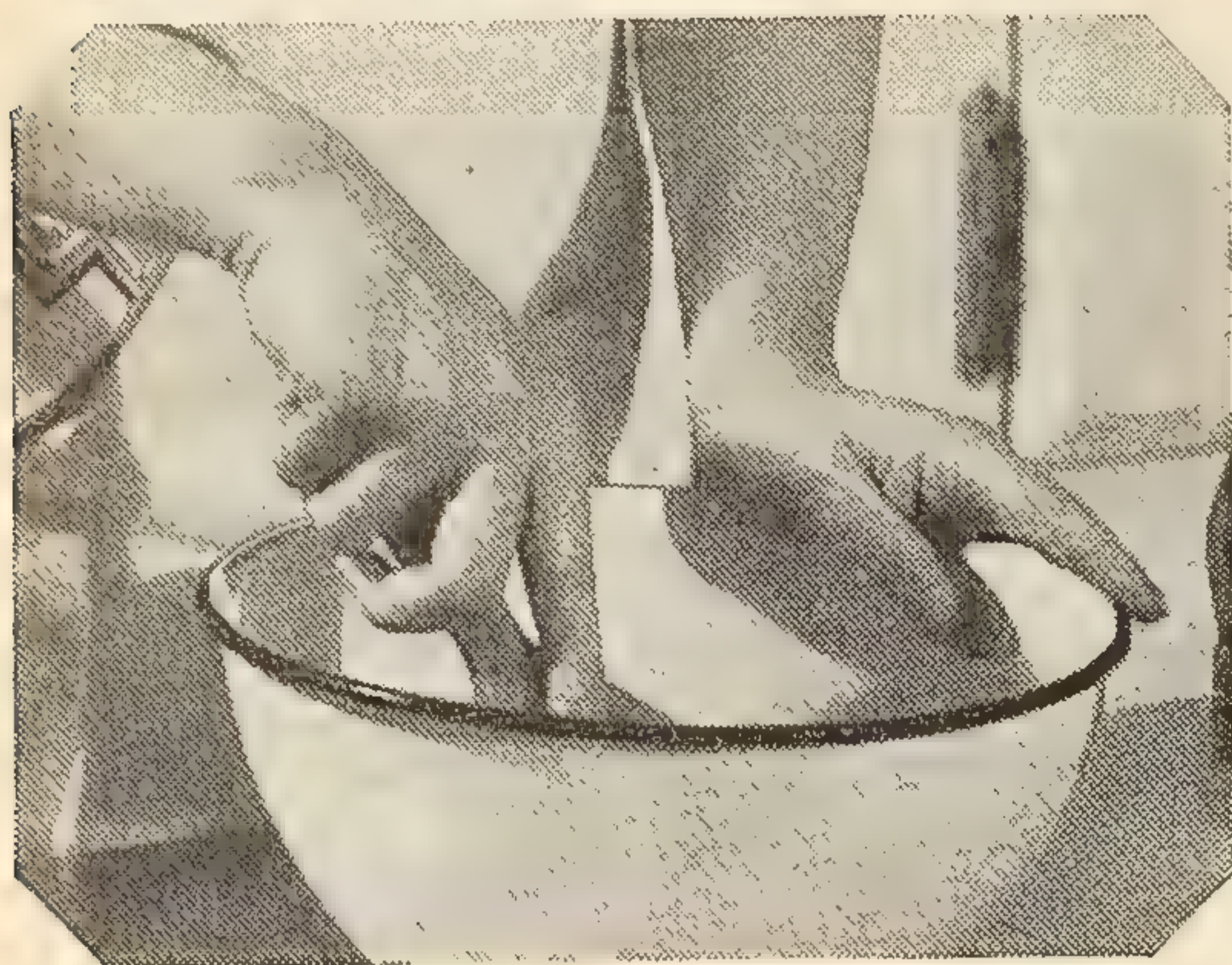


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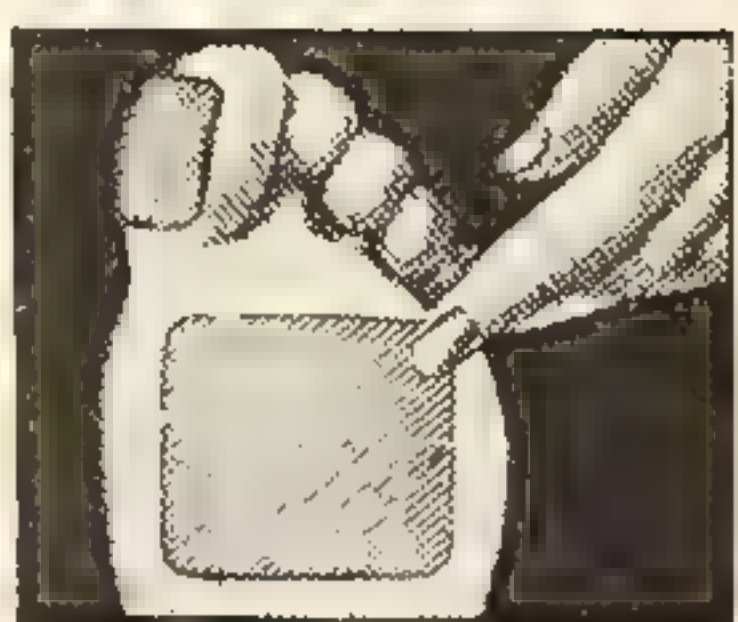
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City \_\_\_\_\_

## MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 83)

### ★ Magnificent Fraud

Akim Tamiroff aided by Lloyd Nolan, Robert Warwick and George Zucco perpetrate the "Magnificent Fraud," which is one of the most fabulous, super-colossal hoaxes yet inflicted on a mythical South American country. Tamiroff is really a cafe actor fugitive from a French murder. When the president of the republic is bombed, Tamiroff steps onto the executive throne through a plot carefully planned by Messrs. Nolan, Warwick and Zucco. Nolan is from Chicago, and has become a power behind the government. Warwick is the army chief. And Zucco is a politically ambitious schemer.

Complications develop when Nolan falls in love with Patricia Morison, an American visiting the country with her fiancé (Ralph Forbes). With them as chaperon is Mary Boland, a fading opera star, who repeatedly reminds Tamiroff of days when she and the president made ardent love between operas. An operative of the French police (Ernest Cosart) suspects the status of the fake president since he's been on the actor's trail for seven years, and the climax speeds to a quick but satisfactory exposé.

Love scenes between Nolan and Patricia Morison are torrid, and the tropical background with revolutionists behind every palm tree has an exotic appeal. Steffi Duna and Barbara Pepper contribute their share of native beauty, and good support is offered by Abner Biberman, Frank Reicher, Robert Middlemass and Donald Gallaher. A one-sentence

criticism of this picture would be that there is too much Tamiroff. Directed by Robert Florey—*Paramount*.

### ★ Unexpected Father

Sandra Henville, otherwise known as "Baby Sandy", takes the spotlight again, but this time with justification for she's starred in the picture. Unfortunately, the studio was so anxious to capitalize upon the charms which Sandy showed in "East Side of Heaven" that they rushed her into a picture without proper attention to story or direction. The result will not prove entertaining to most audiences but many will find Sandy's gurgling activities ample compensation for their time and ticket.

In the acting department, Mischa Auer is responsible for most of the highlights. With a group of down-at-the-heel theatrical people, he falls heir to the orphaned Sandy. The plot concerns the frantic and understandable efforts of the group to keep the baby for themselves, in spite of the attempts of an unsavory relative of Sandy's and the law to foil their efforts. Shirley Ross and Dennis O'Keefe, two other vaudevillians, are also in on the deal. In love with each other, but constantly bickering over one thing and another, they are finally brought together by Cupid Sandy and all ends happily. Joy Hodges, Mayo Methot, Jane Darwell and Paul Guilfoyle are others selected for pretty thankless roles. Directed by Charles Lamont.—*Universal*.

## INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 15)

role in "Union Pacific." You will see him next as one of the three heroic brothers in "Beau Geste," soon to be released. Preston is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. You can write him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

**Helen Brown**, Newark, N. J. We agree with you that John Garfield is one of the most popular picture personalities of the year. His real name is Jules Garfinkle and he was born in New York City, N. Y., March 4th, 1913, of poor parents. He received his education at the Theodore Roosevelt High School and the Angelo Patri School for Boys. His start came at the age of fifteen when he got a stage role in "Lost Boy." Innumerable stage assignments followed and it was his performance in "Golden Boy," a Group Theatre production, that brought him to Warner Brothers' attention. He got off to a fine start in the company of the Lane Sisters in his first movie assignment, "Four Daughters," and has been kept very busy ever since. His last picture was "Daughters Courageous," and he will soon be seen in "Dust Be My Destiny." John is married to Roberta Mann, a non-professional, and they have a baby. You can write him in care of Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal.

**Rea Steele**, Baltimore, Md. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska on May 16th. He graduated from the University of Minnesota where he studied Journalism and various other writing courses. When he was unable to find a newspaper job, he became interested in the Little Theatre group, though his interest was mostly in the technical end of production. He was a scene designer and painter for three years in Omaha. Then he went to New York hoping to find

professional stage work there. After some work in a summer theatre, he understudied in several plays in New York. His first break was in the stage version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and the movie of the same play was his first Hollywood role. He is six feet, one inch tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair is black, and his eyes blue. You'll see him next in "Drums Along the Mohawk" with Claudette Colbert.

**Mrs. Al Strouf**, Niagara, Wis. The two brothers in Barbara Stanwyck's picture "His Brother's Wife" were played by Robert Taylor and John Eldredge.

**Rita Barisic**, New York City. Gene Reynolds is thirteen years old and five feet, five inches tall. He has hazel-eyes, brown hair and weighs eighty pounds. Before he entered the movies three years ago, he posed for commercial posters, advertisement photographs and commercial motion pictures. His latest picture is "They Shall Have Music."

### INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN.

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Please send me your chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars. I enclose 5c (stamps or coin) to cover cost of mailing.

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Street.....

City.....State.....





Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman count bowling as their favorite fun. Incidentally, they're set to marry as soon as Jane is free.

## SUNNY SIDE UP

(Continued from page 97)

when I'd hear Stanwyck make this profession of perfect happiness. It couldn't be more revolutionary if Garbo talked! "Bob is keen about his work," Barbara was going gaily on. "You know how crazy I am about mine. Talk about our work at home? Of course we do. Why not? Next to each other, next to Dion, it's the main interest in our lives. I'm interested in everything Bob does, as he is about everything I'm doing. We discuss the scenes we've done or are going to do, but we never talk about what we may be doing next year, five years from now. How does anyone know what they'll be doing or what they'll want to be doing next week?"

"Perfect happiness. No plans. That's why there isn't anything much to say, nothing to plan. Did you ever stop to realize that when you're really happy, you don't talk much? It's because when you're happy, you just don't seem to have anything to say. It's the same about plans. It's only when you are unhappy or dissatisfied that you make plans, plans for changing whatever conditions are making you unhappy. You don't make plans when things are perfect as they are. Why should you? You don't want to change anything. I," said Barbara, this new, startling, shining Stanwyck, "I don't want to change anything now. For the first time in my whole life I'm completely, absolutely happy. And if there is anything to add to that, it's on the other side of Heaven—and I can wait."

I murmured, "Well, marriage has certainly turned you upside down, Miss S.!" Barbara laughed, that new, bright ringing laughter which seems, for the first time in her life, to well up from her heart. . . "No, right side up" she told me. "Sunny side up!"

## DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 17)

### "Wuthering Heights"

Never before have I seen a picture which impressed me as deeply as "Wuthering Heights." For weeks after seeing it, I found myself thinking back over its exquisitely portrayed characterizations and subtle shadings of moods.

The contrast it presented after a cycle of hilarious comedies was refreshing—it gave one something to think about after he left the theatre. A love so powerful that it swept all before it was not a new story, but was presented in a new way—cruelty and tenderness all at once.

Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, who were magnificent and really did the story justice, should be in line for the Academy Awards. So should the director and photographer for their beautiful work. "Wuthering Heights" is a gallant tribute to the genius of Emily Bronte and to the art of motion pictures.—Mary Slaughter, Philadelphia, Pa.

### Allan Jones

Do you realize that Allan Jones has not made any pictures since "The Firefly?" I think that it's a shame because he is a fine actor and a marvelous singer. I feel sure he deserves to be starred.

Please give him a break because he is tops with me. He is my favorite so I think I have a right to complain. Won't someone do something about Allan Jones and make me and other Jones fans happy? Isabella Capotosto, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Enclosed find 10c for set of 4 latest shades of MINER'S LIP TIPS (little lipsticks) and color chart.

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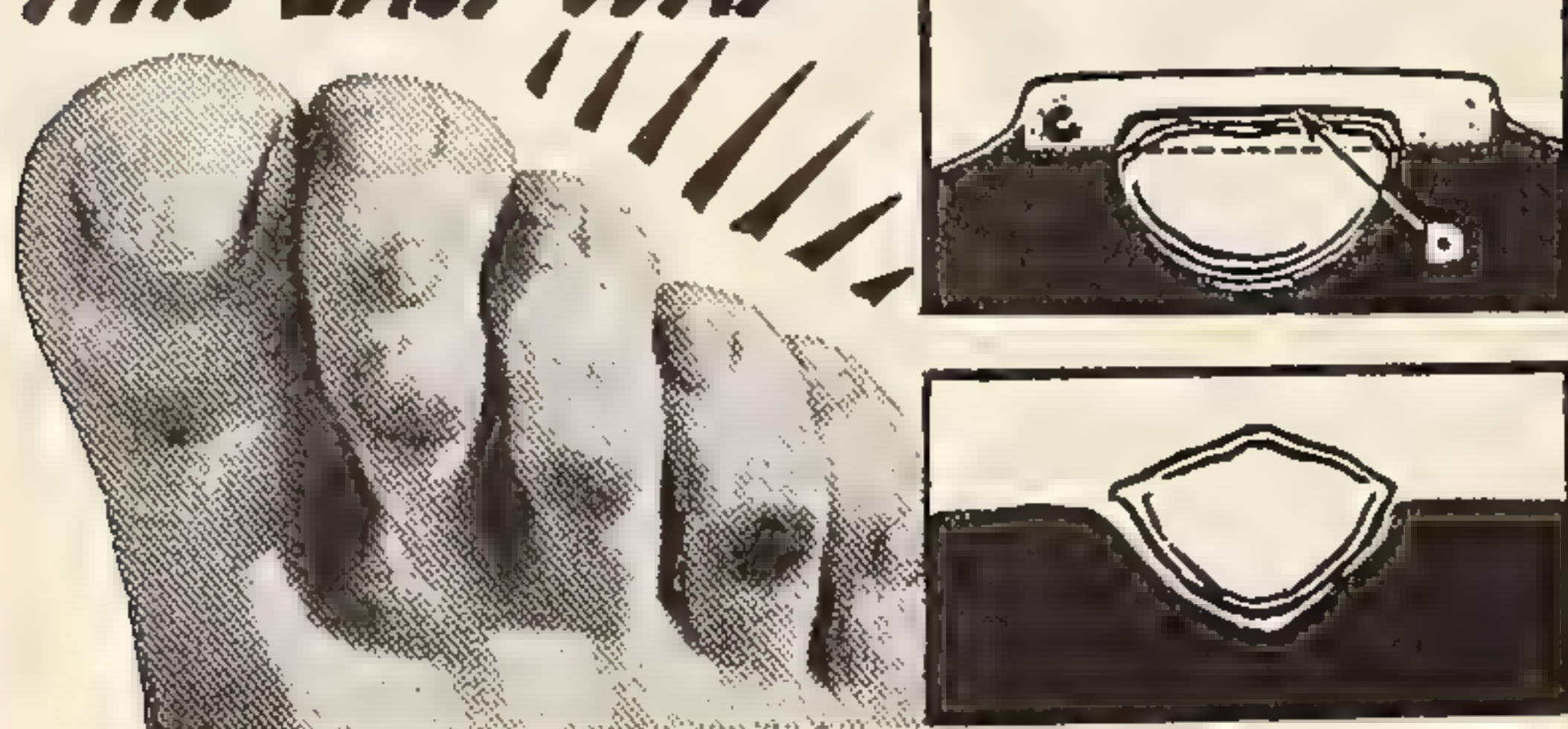
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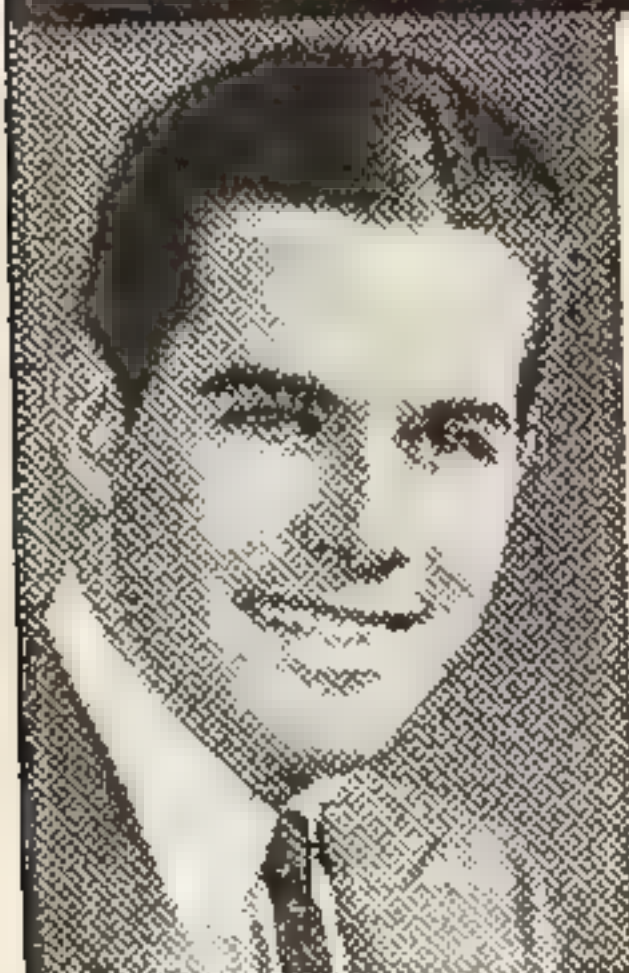
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## GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

### DID YOU KNOW?

That Zorina's real name is "Bridgitt" and she hails from Sonja Henie's home town of Oslo, Norway? . . . That while Annabella was in her native France honeymooning with Tyrone Power, she sent gifts of the country's best perfume to all the girls in the studio wardrobe and make-up departments? . . . That Alice Faye's birthday present to her hubby Tony Martin was a colossal diamond and star sapphire ring? . . . That Errol Flynn and Fred Perry are plotting a nationwide exhibition tennis tour? . . . That Kay Francis really is going to marry the German Baron Barnekow and soon? . . . That Wayne Morris and his bride (Bubbles) spent their vacation at Fawcett's Lodge, Minn. just to be near Wayne's kid brother who's now one of the most publicized bell hops in America? . . . That the studio make-up departments have to fluff dusting powder on bald heads to cut down the shine for the camera? . . . That the Basil Rathbone "Bus Service" was started during filming of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"? The actor filled up his station wagon with members of the cast every morning en route to the studio. . . . That Eddie Norris and Margaret Lindsay are really a serious romance, and her young sister Jane Gilbert has fallen for Hedda Hopper's son DeWolf, Jr.? And that the damper's been put on the Eddie Albert-Jane Bryan amour? He's dating Helen Wood and she's seeing the night spots with Bill Lundigan. . . . That Donald Crisp is including Germany in the itinerary of his European tour even after that stirring performance in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"? . . . That Myrna Loy had a tough time dying in "The Rains Came"? It took 10 days with Myrna vowing she'd please the director if she died in the attempt. . . . That the handsome young boy visiting on the set of "Our Neighbors—The Carters" with Fay Bainter is her son Reggie? . . . That Martha Raye says she's going to let her hair go

"au naturel" as soon as she finishes her "blonde" role for "\$1000 A Touchdown"? . . . That "Golden Boy" William Holden has hung up his gloves and tucked away the violin, and is now biting his finger nails awaiting public reaction on his first picture?

### ANN'S ECONOMY NOTE

One of the best-dressed girls in the younger set is Ann Rutherford. In spite of just inheriting a neat additional income from an aunt, the dark-eyed actress believes in sticking to her economic clothes budget. Here it is, girls. A good-looking suit for daytime wear, a black crepe dress for afternoons and informal evenings. And five hats to go with each costume. Before you say five hats aren't your idea of economy, consider more of Ann's advice. Make 'em! With a fifty-cent felt shape, blocked with the aid of your own nimble fingers and the kitchen tea-kettle, and adorned with a bunch of flowers from the five and ten, you can have chapeaux that will leave the other girls drooling with envy. Ann even wore a Rutherford original in a recent picture—so it can be done.

### ROMANCE NOTES

Ken Murray has fallen head over heels for Mary Healy . . . Joan Bennett still thinks Woolly Donahue has that certain something, but she's dating Lee Bowman and Walter Wanger—with emphasis on Wanger . . . Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan continue to be the town's warmest romance . . . Arleen Whelan is back with Alex D'Arcy after everybody thought that was all over . . . Binnie Barnes has put Cesar Romero on the good friends list and has given her heart to radio announcer Mike Frankovitch—at least until ex-husband Mr. Joseph comes back to town . . . Andrea Leeds prefers Bob Howard and Rita Johnson is smitten with Lin Howard, and we mean smitten. Both are of the "horsey" Howards family,



They don't come any busier than Baby Sandy, who, between shots of "Unexpected Father," revises the script! She's a glamor girl, too, what with that little curly top-knot and mascaraed lashes. Cute?





A bevy of beauties snapped at the beach. Gale Page and the Lane sisters—Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla—are the comely quartette.

owners of Seabiscuit, Ligaroti, etc. . . . Virginia Field is dividing her time between young Hal Roach and Richard Greene . . . the Ann Sheridan-John Conti romance looks like wedding bells in the near future . . . Mary Beth Hughes is consoling Tom Brown's heart these days . . . Bonita Granville is sporting Bobby Jordan's school pin over her heart . . . Baby Sandy has all of Hollywood wrapped right 'round her little finger . . . the Chuck Laucks (he's Lum of the Lum and Abner radio team) are buying baby clothes . . . Odds are ten to one that Connie Bennett will marry Gilbert Roland after she gets that divorce from the Marquis De La Falaise in Paris . . . Rochelle Hudson is keeping her new romance a secret, but friends say she's planning marriage soon!

### A NEW PHOTOG!

At the Trocadero the other evening, Marie Wilson borrowed our photographer's camera to take a picture of her escort, Nick Grinde. Joy Hodges wandered past just then. "I wouldn't do that, Marie," she said seriously, "the Screen Actor's Guild will be after you. You don't have a photographer's card, you know." Marie dropped the camera like a hot cake, and Nick Grinde put his head in his hands, moaning. "Don't tell her that," he said, "Don't tell her ANYTHING." "Don't you worry, Nick," put in Marie at this point, "Maybe I can get a card."

### SHORT SHOTS

Jeanette MacDonald's birthday gift to her mother was a season ticket to the Hollywood Bowl symphonic concerts . . . Joe Penner has joined the race track crowd and has seven nags in training for the Santa Anita season . . . Richard Greene gained 16 pounds while he was in the hospital recuperating from that tonsil operation . . . Jimmie Cagney was practically shell-shocked after the first day of shooting those old-time firearms for "The Roaring Twenties" . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were that curious to meet Hedy Lamarr, and stared like a couple of the towns best tourists . . . One

of the funniest sights in town is the wide circle Dr. Joel Pressman cuts when the photographers start flashing bulbs at wifie Claudette Colbert. He doesn't like the ribs he gets from his professional pals . . . Anita Louise lets her finger nails grow to an inch and a half, and gives them a new paint job daily . . . Wally Beery and daughter Carol Ann have had all the tourists gaping at the night clubs. Daughter has a real ermine wrap and a frilly party dress that continually takes all the attention away from the glamor gals . . . Captain Frank Morgan slipped on a wet deck and broke three ribs. The director on his picture has ordered no more week-ends on the yacht . . . Martha Raye says she likes wearing screwy hats. It brings out her personality . . . Freddie Bartholomew is taking jitterbug lessons . . . Errol Flynn commutes between La Conga in Hollywood and the new La Conga on Catalina Island . . . Baby Sandy's daddy, Roy Henville, has been promoted from milkman to salesman. Practically everyone at Universal is buying milk from his company, which makes him their star salesman.

### SEEN ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Garbo in the back seat of her ancient limousine studying her script for the next day as the chauffeur supervises filling of the gasoline tank . . . Gracie Allen handing nut-burgers into the back seat to little Sandra and Ronnie who watch mama Gracie with big eyes from behind voluminous white paper napkins tucked under their chins . . . Joan Blondell on the sidewalk getting a big greeting hug from Bing Crosby when she pays a visit to the crooner's very informal office which nestles next door to Brother Everett's swank agency . . . Paulette Goddard climbing out of her shiny town car and stopping to pull on her heelless slippers as she pays her weekly visit to Marglen's Beauty Shop which she owns . . . Joe E. Brown depositing the weekly pay check at the bank and grinning broadly at every one who turns to stare . . . George Raft parking his maroon roadster in front of his tailor's and waving to a beautiful blonde.

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Mischa Auer, ever the prankster, slips a piece of ice down Shirley Ross' back. Shirley doesn't look too grateful for the cooling off and we can't blame her.

## A FISH STORY

Edgar Bergen often uses his own experiences to liven up the radio routines on his weekly programs. But it's not likely that Charlie McCarthy will have much to say about fishing for some time. Bergen's been deep-sea fishing every Saturday for the past four weeks with his pal, Don Ameche. Between them they have caught exactly nothing.

## JUDY'S DATE

That six weeks' personal appearance tour did Judy Garland a lot of good professionally, but not socially. She hasn't been able to have a single date since returning home, due to making up her school-work. She couldn't even graduate with her class from Beverly Hills High School. With her daily work at the studio in "Babes In Arms" and all her home-work at night, Judy was easily the busiest girl in town. But her final exams have been passed with flying colors and now that the diploma's in the top dresser drawer and the picture's in the cutting-room, Judy's a free woman and making up for lost time. A No. 1 date in her opinion is Artie Shaw.

## EUROPEAN VACATIONS

War scares can't stop Hollywood stars, once they have their minds set on European vacations. Edward G. Robinson is taking his wife and son, Manny, for a trip abroad, Madeleine Carroll has left for France and her new chateau, George Raft and Mack (the Killer) Gray are enroute, Norma Shearer is going to spend a month at Cannes with the Charles Boyers, Cary Grant is in London with Phyllis Brooks, who may be Mrs. Archie Leach by now and Gene Autrey is going to show the folks abroad what an honest-to-goodness cowboy looks like.



## CITIZENS ALL

Becoming American citizens is the aim of foreign glamor girls these days. Marlene Dietrich recently crashed headlines when applying for citizenship papers and Sonja Henie has announced her intentions of following suit in the near future. Hedy Lamarr has just revealed that she quietly obtained her first United States citizenship papers six months ago, under her real name of Hedwig Kiesler.

## HONOLULU COMMUTER

The Paul Munis are planning to buy property in Honolulu and settle there permanently. If they do so, John Halliday will have to share his title of "Honolulu to Hollywood Commuter." On the set of "Intermezzo" he disclosed that he has just sold his Hollywood home and will keep his island place as his only residence from now on. Halliday's spending all his spare time trying to sell Hawaiian real estate but to date the Munis are the only ones interested in commuting 2566 miles for studio calls.

## PAULA'S WEDDING

Paula Stone made one of the prettiest brides in Hollywood history, at her recent marriage to Duke Daly, the orchestra leader. Just before the ceremony, it was found that she had something old and something blue but she hadn't borrowed a thing and couldn't go up the aisle flaunting tradition like that. So Anne Shirley, one of the bridesmaids, and Paula exchanged shoes on the spot. Anne admitted that she was glad to get her slippers back, because the bride's foot size put her own to shame. We can't report on who caught the bouquet because Paula sent it to her mother in New York. Mrs. Stone had been unable to attend the wedding, but got a long and garbled account of it when all the bridal party long-distanced her from the reception.

## ANDREA'S "EXPRESSION"

After the preview of "They Shall Have Music," a girl was overheard raving about Andrea Leed's performance. Her companion wasn't so enthusiastic. "She was good in 'Stage Door,' all right," he admitted, "but I'm tired of that 'going up the staircase' expression."

## DICK'S BACK

Richard Greene fans will be glad to hear that he is back at work again on the set of "Here I Am A Stranger." Production was held up five weeks awaiting his recovery from a serious automobile accident, in which the English actor suffered a badly injured knee cap. Dick is still wearing an iron brace on the injured knee, which prevents him from standing over half an hour at a time in front of the camera. But it doesn't prevent him from doing the night-spots almost every evening with Wendy Barrie. They have to enjoy their swing music from the side-lines, but Wendy's satisfied with the situation.

Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper and Helen Parrish, a trio of youthful players, stage an informal get-together. They're certainly attractive youngsters.



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